

GENESEE COUNTRY SCRAPBOOK

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The Rochester Historical Society

GEORGE EASTMAN
CENTENNIAL ISSUE

1854 — 1954

EARLY LETTERS OF THE KODAK FOUNDER

First Publication

Of Letters Written During His Boyhood

And On His First Trip Abroad

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF GEORGE EASTMAN
BY CLOSE FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES

Volume V

Rochester, N. Y.

1954

George Eastman

1854-1932



THE CENTENNIAL YEAR

This issue of the Genesee Country Scrapbook is devoted entirely to George Eastman, the individual who so profoundly affected the life of Rochester and surrounding communities. His story is one of the most extraordinary industrial sagas in our history. His lifelong love affair with his home city is unique in the annals of American communities. His life is a subject of unending fascination for the student of local history, as well as for those who concentrate upon his international importance in photography, education and health.

The editors of the Scrapbook have focussed this issue upon Eastman as an individual. They hope that the letters and reminiscences they have included will cast light on the human being behind the international figure. They wish to extend thanks to George Eastman House, Inc. for permission to print the early letters in their collection, and to the individuals who have contributed reminiscences.

Early Letters of George Eastman

TO HORACE H. EASTMAN, HIS UNCLE

These three letters are the earliest known Eastman letters. They were written to his uncle in Waterville, New York, the town from which George Eastman's family had moved to Rochester in 1860. Eastman's devotion to his mother was a vital factor in the development of his personality, and is apparent in these letters written when he was 10 and 11 years old.

Among the interesting details in these letters is the fact that the first letter is signed "George W. Eastman." Eastman's father's name was George Washington Eastman, and it is generally accepted that his son had no middle name. Perhaps he signed this letter incorrectly through some boyish wish for association with his father.

In the letters George Eastman mentions his sisters: Ellen Maria who was to become Mrs. George W. Andrus, and was the mother of the late Mrs. George B. Dryden of Evanston, Ill.; and Emma Kate, who was crippled by poliomyelitis as a child and died in 1870.

Rochester Nov. 20 1864

Dear Uncle Horace

I have not had time to write to you before because I am so busy evenings learning my lessons. I go to the Public school No. 3 now and yesterday I went down street and got myself a ticket to the Public schools library. The principal of the school is Mr. Rowley. There are eight teachers in the whole school. Upstairs where I go there are three teachers and two recitation rooms. Mr. Rowley hears his recitations in the large room before his desk. I study Geography two Arithmetic Reading Spelling United States History. Thursday Katie and I went to a birthday party there were not a great many there but we had a very nice time. In the afternoon we played games and in the evening we had music. We have two cats but they are visitors. I did have some chickens but I killed the last one yesterday. Yesterday I was playing with some boys one of the largest ones was chasing the rest of us when one ran against a brick wall and broke out one of his front teeth. The young Ladies Aid Society are going to have an Oyster supper and Ellen is a member of it I am going to it. Ellen had such a splendid time at your house I have wished a great many times to have been there. I hope that your eyes are better than when Ella was there and I should like to have you write me a letter if your eyes are well enough and you have time to write to such a little boy like me. How is Sammy Fergurson getting a long now I should like to see him. It is getting late and I guess I must put up my writing. Mother Ella Katie and myself send a great deal of love to Aunt Mary and yourself from

George W. Eastman

Rochester Dec 30th 1864

Dear Uncle

The morning after your letter came I went down street and found it in the Post Office. I carried it up to Uncle Russel and he told me where the freight depot was and I went down there but they said all the freight from the east went to the other depot so I went down there and found the tub of butter and I told the man that I wanted he should send it up right away but it did not come until the morning before Christmas. I found it was too large to put in mamas stocking but I put it in the store room she did not know any thing a bout it until I told her that a man wanted her she sends a great many thanks for it and she said that she did not think any one had so nice a present. Katie had for her Christmas presents a gold pin and a book I had a portfolio and we had a picture between us besides lots of candy and figs. we had our Sunday School festival Wensday afternoon Mother made me a dozen and a half little frosted cakes Tuesday morning Mother received a tub of lard from Uncle Russel Kilbourne. Cousin Minnie Eastman has been here three weeks and is a going to stay a Month longer. Mother Ellen Katie and myself send a great deal of love to you and aunt mary from George

Rochester Nov. 19, 1865

Dear Uncle Horace

I received the box safely a day or two after the letter, and Mother thanks you very much for her part of the present I go to school to Mr Carpenter in the old University building near the corner of Bufflo and Elizabeth Streets he has about seventy scholars and it is the best private school for boys in the city. I study Algebra. Geography. Arrithmetic. Reading and Spelling. school is called at quarter of nine we have a recess of 5 minutes at half past ten and fifteen minutes at half past twelve o'clock then school is dismissed at two. Almost every afternoon the boys play Base Ball and I think it is nice fun. Katy has been to school this fall but it is getting so cold that she can not go any more so she is going to recite to Mother Mother is not very well now Mother Ella Katy and myself send love to you and Aunt Mary

George Eastman

P. S. the other day there was a man here in the city named Rockwell training horses he had two bay horses that he drove without the Bridle, and governed them entirely with motions of the whip. Mother wants to know if you and Aunt Mary are not coming out here this fall.

TO MISS MARY EASTMAN, HIS COUSIN

In September, 1871, when he was 17, George Eastman used his vacation from the Rochester Savings Bank to visit relatives in Ashtabula County, Ohio. His particular chum seems to have been his cousin, Mary Eastman. These two letters, signed affectionately, "your adopted brother," and "your brother", glow with reflection of the good times enjoyed by the two young people.

Rochester Sept 28/71

Dear Cousin,

I found myself at home Saturday afternoon at half past five, very glad to get there, & somewhat tired with my long ride. It was dustier on the cars than I have ever seen it before & by the time I got home I had about all I could carry in my nose, eyes & mouth.

It hardly seems possible that I have been gone three weeks. When I opened the office Monday morning it seemed just as though I had closed it as usual last Saturday night. Cousin Minnie is here yet, she is not going back to Columbia, but expects to teach at Beloit Wis. this winter.

Cousin Eliza Thompkins is staying here while her mother is in New York. She returns to Syracuse next Monday or Tuesday. The weather is cloudy & chilly & just cold enough to require a fire & warm enough to make the fire uncomfortable. I speak of the office, at the house the grate fire is very pleasant.

The Western N. Y. Fair opened Tuesday, it is held on grounds a mile south of the city on the Erie R. R. today is the big day, & the city is full of strangers & has a very lively appearance.

I got Uncle Barnard's clock home without further mishap than the loss of the key as I got off the cars, & it is now in running order. How does Mr. Gage fill my place at the churn? does he earn his board? I yearn to clasp the dasher of that churn to my bosom once more. The girl says she will give me a chance to wipe dishes here, but somehow or other I don't seem to hanker after it. I feel a great deal better than before I went away & think that with the help of some exercise at the gymnasium I shall be able to stand it till my next vacation, then, if I do not have a month it will not be my fault.

Mr. Buell, my senior employer celebrates his golden wedding a week from today. he is about 72 years old, his partner (in business I mean) is 26; some difference in years & still more in looks.

Ellen sent an invitation by me for Miss Ella Newton to visit her, as I did not see Miss Newton I forgot to deliver it. Will you when you see her please tell her that Ellen wants her to come & see her? Mother sends her love to you all.

With a great deal of love to yourself, cousin Carrie & the others,
I remain your

adopted brother,
George

Rochester N. Y. Oct 12/71

My dear Cousin.

I take this evening as the only opportunity I shall have for some time to answer your letter. The Chicago fire has given us a job that will keep us busy for a week or two. Several of the Companies represented by us have suspended, which necessitates the making of new policies covering property to the amount of three quarters of a million or more. I have had 30 minutes for dinner & thirty minutes for supper today & expect to work till ten or Eleven o'clock & ditto for the rest of the week.

Just now there is a lull in the storm while the "heads" decide on course of action, which I take advantage of. You mentioned cousin Emelines being in Chicago, I trust she got away from there without accident. I have thought of her a great many times since I got your letter & hoped that she was safe at Kingsville. I suppose Cousin Porter & Mr Webster are among the victims of the great fire. I hope their losses are small. Was not the fire awful — but I suppose you know more of the details than I, if cousin Emelin has got home. We had a very pleasant but short visit from Cousin Delia & her mother. We wished we could have made it pleasant for them to stay longer. Every time I go up stairs to see Mrs Ranney she sets me at work on her machine. Says "make yourself useful as well as ornamental." I always think of you, I do not consider that debt paid, but we will call it even till I come again. I hope to hear from you again before long. Kingsville news will always interest me with such a Chronicler. I have felt pretty well ever since I came home. My lungs do not do exactly the fair thing by me but I guess they will be all right when it comes cold weather. How is Cousin Carrie? has she commenced that tidy she was going to make for me when I got married? tell her to make it alike on both sides.

Give my love to Mary Luce. Does she consider me a success as a Wart Doctor?

We have just rec'd a letter from Ellen. she says the baby has gained a pound a week & is getting along nicely. Mother is allways asking me who it looks like — as though a young one 3 weeks old looks like anything but a little monkey. Mother joins me in love to all the relatives -

With a great deal of love for yourself

I am, in haste,
your brother Geo.

TO HIS MOTHER

From the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, June, 1876.

Photography was given a prominent place among the exhibits at the Philadelphia Exposition, and it is speculated that these exhibits may have helped arouse Eastman's interest in photography. However, he makes no mention of photography in his letters to his mother.

Philadelphia Pa
June 24/76

Dear Mother.

An opportunity to sit down & rest is more appreciated by me to day than ever before at the same time I can still further improve it by giving you a short account of my trip thus far. Until I arrived here the temperature was very agreeable but yesterday afternoon it was quite warm & today the rays of the sun have been almost unendurable

To commence, I telegraphed Ed from down near Ithica & he came up to the next station to meet me-He has not improved in the seven years since I have seen him & though he pressed me to stay I found it easy to invent an excuse for not staying over - I reached M Chunk* about five - - While at supper at the Mansion House I made the acquaintance of a gentleman who afterwards turned out to be the counsel for defence on a murder trial in progress there - He was very pleasant & in the evening he invited me to take a walk & pointed out all the places of interest - - in the Morning I took the 8:30 train up the Switch Back - - which I will tell you all about when I get home. I found the mines were not working & it was not likely that I could get a chance to go down so I got back in time to get an earlier train for the City - - I got in here about half past two & came directly to this hotel which I had made inquiries about at M Chunk It is not a bad place for the charges my room has a handsome fine set & white spread on the bed - - I get my breakfast & supper here & dine on the grounds at the Dairy - The hotel consists of 20 or 30 nice little houses on the corner of two streets quite near the grounds There seems to be no extortionate charges here probably because there is no crowd - To come to the show - yesterday afternoon I spent in a general tour of the grounds on the circular RR 1/2 of one isle of Main Building Today I finished the Machinery Hall & some small buildings & about half way across the end isle of the Main - - All I can say is that it is bewildering

love to all

George

* Mauch Chunk — a railroad junction 77 miles from Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, June 28 1876

Dear Mother

I have neglected to write you for some days of my doings I have had my hands full I assure you doing the Exhibition during the day & the city at night. Sunday I went to church twice - over to Camden on the ferry & up the Schuylkill to Wissahicon.

Monday yesterday & today I have been on my feet all day - and Monday night went to see Sothern & had to stand up. Last night I went to see one of Offenbach's operas - got home about twelve & was up at eight to breakfast - Until this evening the Weather has been intolerable yesterday afternoon about five there was a thunder shower which did not mitigate the heat - but the shower tonight has cooled things off a little. I have tried to go through the thing systematically & have accomplished a good deal of walking if nothing else I have been through all the buildings - some more & some less thoroughly - Machinery hall & the Main Building I intend to traverse every aisle. I have accomplished this in machinery hall & have got about half through the Main Bldg - I shall devote tomorrow entirely to the Main Building & as much of the next day as required to do the City - I shall reach New York Saturday I think and shall expect to get a letter there - I have looked for one here but am not positive that you have the address I shall only be able to get a fair general idea of the exhibition in this short time. It would take a very great while to get a square look at everything that interests one -

The ingenuity that exhibitors have displayed in arranging such things as tacks - - caudles soap hardware needles thread pipe & all such apparently uninteresting articles is something marvelous - - and they command the attention of the observer even against his will - - Then the expense incurred for cases in hundreds & hundreds - - in fact almost all exhibits is terrific - - Although in many cases there is a great deal of beauty I think they leave no impression upon the mind - - I can hardly recall a single one - - Many of the foreigners use black & gold exclusively the effect of which is very fine and if they were uniform as far as that is concerned I think it would be an improvement. To give you an idea of my impression in regard to merit of different exhibits England leads in high art Silver work that is plaque (or replica) work hammered by hand from flat metal and accomplishes things almost of the impossible - - Norway in silver flagee work which is very wonderful China in Bronze - - which is way ahead of everything - Russia in enameling gold in colors - - and last of all America in useful silver ware - - Tiffany-Starr & Marcus & the Caldwells & the Gorham Co have immense displays of silver - precious stones watches &c - of the latter some not larger than a quarter eagle - the Gorham Co of course is confined to Silver ware - - the only thing in the great array that I really covet is a tea set of solid silver inlaid with copper & niello - a metallic black enamel the surfaces are perfectly smooth & the inlaying has the effect of an outline drawing - - it is unique & only \$750. You can buy anything you want almost for thirty five hundred or six thousand dollars - - everything is for sale & lots already are sold - - though they cannot be taken away I saw a man buy a rag about as large as a napkin at the Tunis dept for \$25.00 & it was as homely as the bank carpets.

More when I get home. With a great deal of love my dear Mother

George

Eastman's First Trip Abroad

LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER

George Eastman became interested in photography during the Winter of 1877-78 and began experiments aimed at simplifying the photographic processes of the day. These experiments led to the invention of an improved method for coating dry plates. In the Summer of 1879 he took a leave of absence from his job at the Rochester Savings Bank and went to England to patent his new process. During his stay in England he contacted many of the leading figures in the photographic industry, as described in the letters below. Eastman's determination and courage come out strongly in these letters written when just turning 25 years of age, he went abroad to secure the foundation of what became the Kodak business.

London July 1st 1879

My dear Mother

Arrived in Liverpool Saturday about 6 o'clock pm took a cab & drove about 3 hours - took London & Gt Northern R R to London at 11 p m 2d class & got to the city at 6 o'clock Sunday morning stopped at the R R Hotel Euston Square & spent the day going about I could only secure room for that night & Monday morning transferred my luggage to a small private hotel where I lodge only - London is crowded on a/c of the great agricultural Show - - It being in the height of the season anyway -

I am very well indeed & enjoy skirmishing around very much Everything looks encouraging - - I cant tell how long I shall remain here before I go to Paris -

Shall write you as soon as I make up my mind where to go -

With lots of love I am your aff son

George

London July 13, 1879

My dear dear Mother

How I wished you were in Paris with me. I dont think much of London as a place of residence but Paris is lovely I should like to live there a year It would take nearly that time to fully explore it thoroughly although it seems but a village compared to London If I can onlybring you over here some time you would enjoy it I am sure - I have had experience enough now to know where to go & how to travel comfortably - In these two cities - All this experiance tends to strengthen one conclusion & that is if you travel for pleasure to travel first class only - go to the best hotels & take nothing but the best of everything - or - dont go If you travel upon business it may be different.

I have bought only one thing and that is an opera glass just like the one I had with me. As far as I can see everything is as dear as at home with the exception of optical goods & fine watches & such things that are chiefly made here & not at home Hotels are very high priced - The Continental the largest in Paris where I stopped one day is from six dollars a day up - if you live "en pension" that is take all your meals there & then you have to take them by the card & have no selection as at the Hudson New York where you can get anything at any time at only four dollars -

Give my love to all the friends and expect to see me about the 27th or 28th With lots of love I am your aff son George

To give you an idea of the season - strawberries are just at their best in Paris & just beginning here -

CONFIDENTIAL

London
KingsCross

Sunday July 6th/79

My dear Mother

The weather has been perfectly vile every day I have been here - - It rains every few minutes and is foggy & smoky all the while - - Yesterday afternoon I was out at Kingston on Thames and saw the Sunshine for the first time in a week - - but it rained before I left -

I have been about a great deal in spite of the weather however & have now got to feel quite at home Tomorrow evening (Monday) I start for Paris to return Friday - - This will give me only three days there but it is all I can spare - - I have been disappointed in getting my machine¹ ready but expect to have it Friday I have been to see the Editor of the British Journal² - - he was rather incredulous when I told him what I could do & was a little cool - - but the next day when I showed him the drawings confidentially he was surprised & offered to do anything for me that he could - - Gave me points as to the different people I wished to see &c Since then I have talked with two of the most likely ones & think I shall have no difficulty in using the machine to learn all I want

Sam'l Fry the man I saw yesterday is a live man & he caught right on - - If you will open a British Journal you will see his adv - He took my portrait 3 times - Took me down to his house to wine - - showed me all over the town & while I went across the river to see Hampton Court telegraphed his partner the renowned Chas Bennett³ to come up - He is appoint another interview when I return They already employ 18 hands & are unable to fill orders - - They make the best plates & hold the secrets of their process to be worth \$2.500 - - !!! If I can make any arrangement with them I shall go out to their works & stay - It may be that before you get this I shall telegraph Mr. Hart⁴ for another week so that when you get this you had better enquire at the Bank I feel very well indeed think the hard work of sight seeing is good for me - - I shall expect to find letter at the Bank tomorrow from you

Yours with love

Geo

1. His plate coating machine, which he patented during this trip to England.

2. Of Photography — the leading magazine in the field.

3. An amateur photographer who so greatly improved the dry plate in 1878 that it became adopted by professionals.

4. Roswell Hart of the Rochester Savings Bank.

TO HIS MOTHER, 1879-1882

Rochester Savings Bank
Rochester, N. Y. Oct 8th 1879

My dear Mother

Glad to hear you are so well & that your trip was so opportune -- I do hope that this sultry weather has not had a bad effect upon you -

Amelia & Mr. Peet will arrive at 4.35 this PM. I suppose Eliza forwarded A's letter -

Got another letter from Mawson & Swan¹ to day They want me to set a price & say they desire to come to terms with me - They are another big house - and they want to know if I would "co-operate" with Mr. Swan if he should come here - Selden² says their letter is an acknowledgement of the validity of my British Claims I am going to confer with him (S) tonight before answering their letter

Write again & let us know if you are well

With love to all I remain your Affectionate Son Geo Eastman

Saw Mrs Holbrook on the walk just now & she wanted me to enquire if the Terrys had come to town She thinks it would do her good to go down to the Lake -- asked me what you paid (of course) & thought it high (of course too) She came down the next day after you left to call & you ought to have heard her quiz me about my trip

Rochester Oct 13th/79

My dear Mother

Amelia & Mr. Peet came Wed. PM & remained just 48 hours - They were very sorry not to see you. They take their horses & man and intend to board until they go abroad in the spring. They rented their house furnished - Mr. Peet is one of the Penn-State Ins. examiners, just been reappointed for three years He went to see Andrews who offered him 40 ¢ for his stock. The Co is in about the same condition as last year. Andrews told me the Co was doing a prosperous biz but the profits were used up by freshets this year -

Have heard nothing from Almond

Nothing new since my last about England - Pete said he would lend me the money to start the biz if I did not sell the Eng - patent. this was his offer I did not ask him

Hope you will have a good time in K. They will be glad to see you - Dont you intend to stop in Buffalo? With lots of love

George

1. Proprietors of the Liverpool Dry-Plate and Photographic Printing Company, London.
2. George B. Selden, patent attorney, and a fellow amateur photographer.

Rochester Savings Bank
Rochester Oct 19/79
5 pm

My dear Mother:

Found your letter here this afternoon. Auntie & Eliza looked for you yesterday but I had no idea you would come without letting me know, you should telegraph me when you start - You say nothing about your health, I hope you are not feeling badly -

Almond & Delia came Wed PM took Al to the opera house that night the next afternoon Eliza & I took them down to the Bay it was delightful weather. Friday afternoon I got a double team & we rode all around town They left yesterday (Sat.) @ 10 A.M. Delia is looking ever so much better than when we were in Waterville.

Heard Friday that Bolton had honored my draft for \$150. that makes all but \$25. & what he has collected since I left, from Fry - I have not yet heard how much -

We are getting along well at home & desire you to stay as long as you care to. Auntie has rec'd c'k for 50 - since you left -

Take care of yourself my dear Mother & have as good a time as you can

Your

George

R. M. S. "Germanic". (Stationery)

Sunday [Mar. 11, 1882] 3 p m
off Fastnet Light

My dear dear Mother,

How I wish I could get a letter from you at Queenstown It seems a long time that we have been on the voyage although we have had very good weather excepting Monday & Tuesday which are marked on the log as "Heavy Southerly Gale", During these two days everyone, nearly, was sick and few at table, I was in my berth all day Monday but got up & stood in the Companion Way nearly all day Tuesday the only place where one could get fresh air -

The past few days I have enjoyed as much as I expect I shall ever enjoy an ocean trip, which is not saying a great deal for there are much pleasanter ways of killing time than those available on board ship -

The weather has been much milder than I expected, between 50° & 60° all the time - Have been on deck most every day without an overcoat.

The White Star line is very much like the Cunard in every respect, except the arrangement of the staterooms our room is very comfortable & we only paid \$72 each \$144 for the round trip¹ - I expect to return on this ship Mch 30 but of course our plans may be altered a dozen times before that -²

1. Eastman made this trip with his partner, Henry Alvah Strong.

2. He returned alone on the S.S. Republic, sailing April 4.

I hope to get a letter from you & Eliza on the next steamer & shall leave word to have them forwarded wherever I may be - - -

Give my love to Eliza & tell her I have not allowed myself to worry about the factory

With much love I am, your aff son

George - -

love to Aunt Eliza

Ashfield

Low Fell

Gateshead on Tyne

Mch 29/82

My dear dear Mother,

I am staying here at the house of Mrs Mawson of Mawson & Swan quite a pleasant place & with exceedingly pleasant people -

Shall cable you today that I sail Tuesday April 4th on the Republic, Strong & Butler are in London where I shall probably join them Saturday or Monday I expect a letter from you today & hope to hear good reports

Tell Eliza everything will be all right as soon as I get home

We cabled you from Queenstown on arrival and I hope to hear today that you received it all right -

I shall be glad to get home again, although I have had a much better time than when I was here before

I don't quite recollect when Amelia was to sail but it is possible I shall see her in Liverpool, I shall find out today and if she arrives before I sail will telegraph her for her address in London

With lots of love I am,

Yours as ever

George

EASTMAN DRY PLATE COMPANY

101 and 103 STATE STREET

Rochester, N. Y., May 21st/1882.

My dear Mother:

You must not think that you are forgotton because I don't write, I have thought every day that I should write you a long letter but I have so many things on hand that it is six or half past before I know it -

We have got the Tropic¹ business down fine & think also the new "Special" formula about which Mr. Anthony² says he thinks has every desirable good quality & that it is to be the plate of the future - We shall issue both

1. Eastman was a pioneer in making photographic materials for use in tropical countries.

2. Proprietor of the largest U.S. photographic supply house, E. & H. T. Anthony & Co.

the "Inst"¹ & "Special" in both forms tropical & ordinary. Besides this I am fitting up the 3d floor (or getting ready to) and putting Elizas washing apparatus in shape - A big cask to hold 120 gals is to stand in the corner of the wash-room (where the wash tub usually is) cased in & packed with sawdust to hold the water & ice, a pipe will run through the floor down into the cellar where the ice water can be drawn directly into the pivoted jars - The emulsion is to be stirred by machinery so that about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the work & all the sloppiness will be done away with. Eliza has a new assistant a big good natured irish woman something of the Johnny Lynch style, If she is not too old to learn she will be a capital person -

Things go on very well at the house except that we miss you greatly - Maggie does well made a rum omelette today & cooks as well as usual. The last lot of Coffee we got of M & C was poor - after trying it two days for lunch I went up & bought some more yesterday - I bought a $\frac{1}{4}$ lb & can cond-milk down to the shop & made a pot full that was beautiful - We shall for the present make it ourselves here as it seems to be no great trouble - You will laugh when you learn how I "settled" it - I put a tuft absorbent filter cotton in a glass funnel & poured the coffee through it into the cup, it was effectual for the coffee came through perfectly clear.

If I go to sea again I shall certainly take my own coffee rig -

I have just been around to Mr. Strongs they were just through dinner & Mrs S gave me a piece of Strawberry shortcake the first of the season - very good. They are all well - enquired after you & wanted to know when you were coming home! I said you had hardly got away yet - -

Gertrude seems about the same, the Dr prescribes wine & liquor & she takes it like a little man -

Hope you are having an agreeable time will come up next saturday night & spend the day if convenient all around

Did you receive the cards Scramtom & Wetmore sent? & how do you like them?

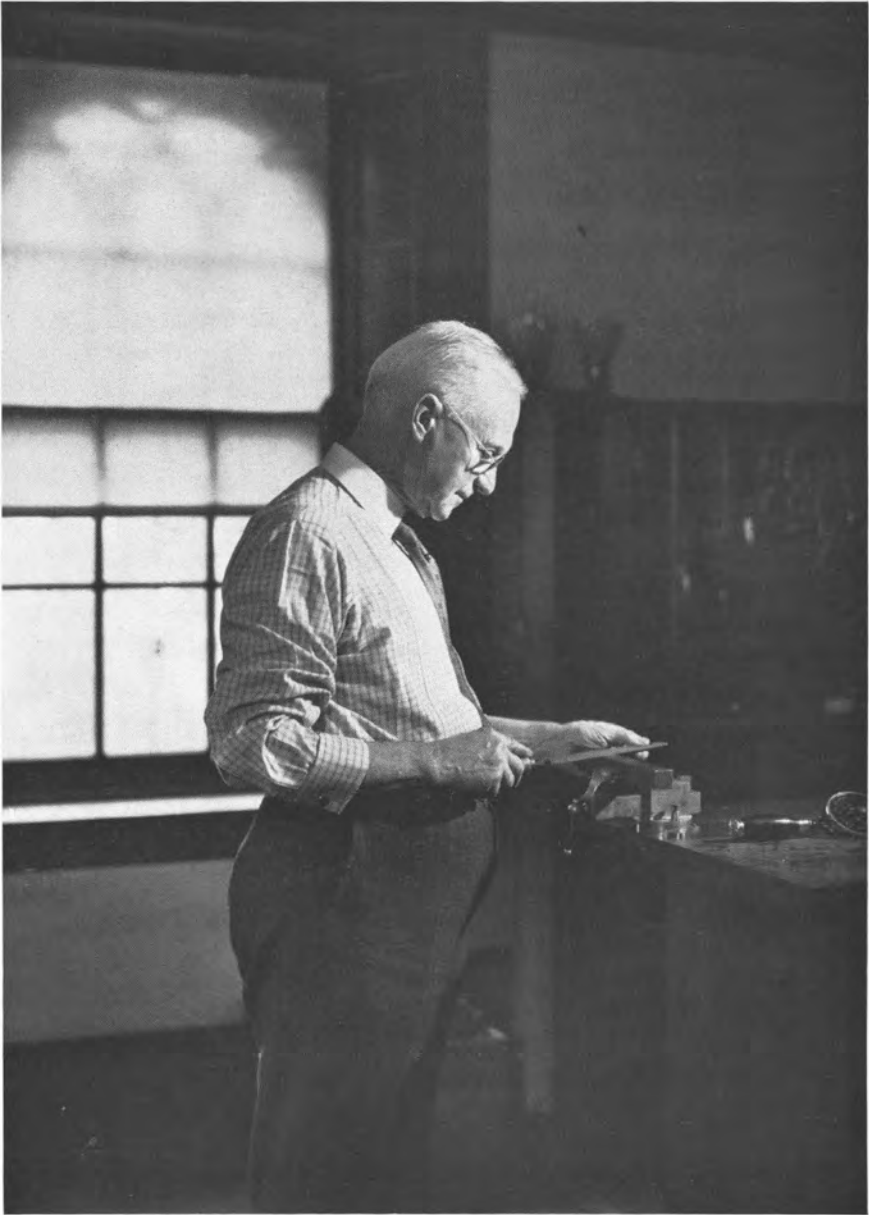
Mr. Kelly came Monday & left the sink trap - The man to do the work was off on another job but he promised to get him as soon as possible -

Give my love to all the family & let me know whether I shall come up I will telegraph if I cant come

Your aff son

George

1. Instantaneous, and "Special" brands of plates made by Eastman.



George Eastman in the workshop in his home. Like Edison and Ford he had a Yankee inventive knack, and loved to putter in his workshop, carrying out his ideas with meticulous craftsmanship.



George Eastman as a youth. At 13 he went to work as a messenger in a Rochester insurance office. Later he entered banking.



In 1882 when this photograph was taken Eastman was 28 and working vigorously to build his infant company.



Hunting party at Oak Lodge, Eastman's estate in North Carolina. From left, the men are: Walter Howard, Eastman, Francis S. Macomber and Albert B. Eastwood.



Nadar, famous portrait photographer and an Eastman dealer, photographed Eastman in Paris when the latter toured Europe in 1890.



The most familiar photograph of Eastman. This portrait was made in 1921 by Eastman's friend and colleague, N. E. Luboshez.



On the trail. Eastman derived great pleasure from his carefully-planned hunting trips. He did much of the cooking, and insisted on helping with KP, as shown in this photograph taken on his Canadian trip in 1912. Also shown are Mrs. Charles Newhall of Minnesota and Albert B. Eastwood.



Eastman's drive to get ahead was inspired in large measure by a desire to provide comfort for his mother, Maria Kilbourn Eastman, who after the death of her husband had been forced to take in boarders to keep her family together. In 1890, Eastman was able to purchase a home on Arnold Park, where this photograph of Mrs. Eastman was taken.

Incidents on the Alaskan Trip of 1925

By GEORGE E. NORTON

The Reverend George E. Norton, S.T.D., former pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Rochester, knew George Eastman for many years, and accompanied him on several trips. Here he records incidents of a trip to Alaska in the Summer of 1925.

On August first, 1925, Mr. Eastman set out on one of his Alaskan hunting trips, and I was fortunate enough to be included in the party. We went to Wrangell, Alaska, and from there into the Cassiar Mountains of Northern British Columbia. It was August eleventh when we took off from Telegraph Creek, a Hudson Bay outpost 150 miles up the Stikine River from Wrangell. From that point we made a 250-mile circuit through the mountains, never seeing another human being until we returned the first of October. Supplies were carried by thirty-one pack horses.

For such a trip scrupulous care had to be taken for the sake of health and comfort. Mr. Eastman's attention to detail is well illustrated by his foresight and preparation for such a trip. He liked to do the cooking for the party and prepared all meals except breakfast.

All food, except potatoes and onions, was taken from 900 East Avenue. Everything was packed in boxes constructed to fit on the sides of a horse. Each box weighed 54 pounds when filled. Oranges were so packed that air might circulate about them. Eggs were packed in ground cork for safety.

It was my special task to care for the food boxes. Mr. Eastman instructed me to open them at night for the cold air intake and close them the first thing in the morning. One tricky job was the packing of the box that held the cooking

utensils. The first morning I tried it I had difficulty closing the lid. Mr. Eastman came along and said, "You poor idiot, you can't close that cover unless the serving fork is inserted face in". Such was the quality of his meticulous planning. Everything in its place! To the end of the trip all food remained fresh and sufficient.

One other incident illustrates Mr. Eastman's foresight. Of an afternoon we were ascending a narrow mountain trail. On the right was a sheer drop of four or five hundred feet. The horse carrying the box of eggs elected to lose his footing and fall over the cliff. He was so badly injured that he had to be destroyed. We shuddered for our eggs. When we unpacked we found only two eggs had been broken.

Another and very different aspect of Mr. Eastman's personality interested me. Outwardly he seemed to have no interest in the church or religion. Occasionally, as we rode along over the mountains and conversation lagged, he would come out with the exclamation, "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness." It seemed to be only a memory of a once-read text. Perhaps it was, but I noted that the quotation was from the version of the Psalms in the Book of Common Prayer which differs slightly from that of the King James' Bible.

So one night about the camp fire, when he had quoted it again, I asked

him, "How is it that you are so familiar with the Prayer Book version of the Psalms?"

He said, "I learned it in St. Luke's Sunday School when I was a boy."

I said "That seems to have been the limit of your interest in the church."

"What do you mean by that?" he replied.

I told him, "You certainly are not a churchman."

Immediately he came back with emphasis, "Young man you can't read me out of the church. I was baptised and confirmed in old St. Luke's Parish."

From my discussions on the subject of religion with Mr. Eastman, and we had many—sometimes strenuously debated—I discovered that he had a well-read and well-thought-out trust in the fundamentals of real religion. And I think that some of his writings or recorded sayings will bear this out.

Another Side of George Eastman

By JOHN R. SLATER

Gilmore Professor of English Emeritus of the University of Rochester, and biographer of Rush Rhees, Dr. Slater was acquainted with George Eastman for many years. He contributes this article which touches upon the industrialist's affection for his mother.

Much has been written about Mr. Eastman's tremendous ambition and boundless energy in the business world. He wanted power, and got it. He wanted wealth, and used it well. But behind his almost expressionless face, behind those spectacles and coldly searching eyes, somewhere deep inside there was a wealth of kindness.

This kindness showed itself in his courtesy to strangers when for the first time as invited guests they came to his Sunday evening musicales. He greeted them without effusiveness, but made them feel at home. It showed itself in his solicitude for the health and happiness of children.

Care for their teeth and tonsils was a physical means to a spiritual end. The end was a fair chance for every boy and girl to become the best possible citizens of free America. If they had musical talent, there would be instruction, and

free instruments for learners. Adults were all very well, but too fixed in their ways. A child may have boundless possibilities, if not tied down too young. He himself as a boy with a widowed mother had known all about that. He never forgot his boyhood or his mother, Maria Kilbourn Eastman.

When Eastman House was built, dedicated to hospitality and the fine arts of the beautiful, he remembered her and named his string quartet the Kilbourn Quartet. When Eastman Theatre and the School of Music building were planned, the exquisite chamber music room was named Kilbourn Hall. It was as if that frail little lady might now at last invisibly inherit what she died too soon to enjoy—the music of the immortals.

Impressed by this trace of sentiment in an unsentimental man, I had the temerity to send to Mr. Eastman some

verses for the dedication of Kilbourn Hall. He had no use for poetry, as I was well aware. Some years before, when I had written a little book about personal immortality entitled "Living for the Future," one of his friends suggested that perhaps he might be interested to read it. He asked, "Is there any poetry in it?" Unfortunately there was, and presumably he never looked at it. But he would not have cared for it, for he never believed in immortality. (Immortality has overtaken him in spite of his doubts. Today 'Eastman' equals energy, but 'Eastman' also equals music.)

Strangely enough, either because of the conclusion of the little poem or in courtesy to a misguided professor, Mr. Eastman wrote me this note:

"Thank you for the Kilbourn Hall poem. It is very lovely, and I should be glad to have you use it as proposed."

On March 3, 1922, occurred the formal opening of Kilbourn Hall. The program included one of Beethoven's early quartets, Op.18, No.6, in B flat. Its four movements—allegro con brio, adagio ma non troppo, scherzo, La malinconia—allegretto quasi allegro—happened to suit very well the allusions in the poem to sonata-form. These were

the lines that Mr. Eastman seemed to like, and asked to have printed in the program:

KILBOURN HALL

By JOHN R. SLATER

Here shall music have a home,
 Here shall many lovers come,
 Seeking at her inner shrine
 Meanings intimate, divine.
 These four walls shall hear the strings
 Telling of immortal things.
 Youth and age and music meet
 Here beside the busy street.
 Youth's allegro violin,
 Love's adagio stealing in,
 Joy's gay scherzo and caprice,
 And the final chords of peace:
 Life's sonata, played for all
 In this dedicated hall,
 All who know and all who care
 For the fine things and the rare.
 In this consummated whole
 Rochester shall find a soul.
 Dreams of years take form at last;
 Beauty rises from the past.
 Mothers see more than children know.
 Mother of music, long ago,
 Could you dream these marble halls
 Where the voice of beauty calls?
 Could you hear the harmony
 Still unuttered, still to be?
 Are you waiting now to hear
 Music of the future clear?
 Happy mother, so to come
 To your everlasting home.

Memories of George Eastman

By FRANK GANNETT

Mr. Gannett, founder of The Gannett Group of Newspapers, had many contacts with George Eastman during the period 1918-1932. These contacts gave Mr. Gannett some of the richest memories of his career of more than 50 years as a newspaperman. In this article about Rochester's best known industrialist by Rochester's most noted newspaper figure, the reader goes behind the scenes of some of Eastman's philanthropic and civic improvement projects.

To this article, Mrs. Gannett has added a charming snapshot-in-words of the Kodak founder.

I recall vividly the first time I saw Mr. Eastman. I had come to Rochester in 1918 to combine the Rochester Union & Advertiser and the Rochester Evening Times into the Rochester Times-Union.

It was during the First World War and Mr. Eastman sponsored a dinner at the old Genesee Valley Club on Gibbs street. It was a large affair. The purpose of the meeting was to acquaint those who came with the need of buying more bonds to help the government carry on the war. I was given a seat at the big, round table next to Mr. Eastman. I never had seen him and did not know him.

We chatted about unimportant and immaterial things like the weather, made some comment on the war, but he said nothing that would give me a clue as to who he was. Finally, I said to the man who sat next to me on my left, "I suppose Mr. George Eastman is here tonight at this dinner. I understood he was sponsoring it and I wish you would tell me which one here at the table is Mr. Eastman."

My friend said, "The man next to you is George Eastman."

I said, "What, George Eastman of Kodak fame?"

He said, "Yes, indeed."

Then Mr. Eastman and I began to talk of things of more interest than we had discussed at the beginning of the dinner. I found him most interesting, but modest. He said nothing about himself, what his company was doing or his plans for the future. He was there merely as a patriotic citizen.

Later, I came to know Mr. Eastman quite well and became impressed that he was a most modest man. At the dinner at the Genesee Valley Club, he said to me, "I understand you are much interested in the city manager form of government."

I said, "Yes, I am, Mr. Eastman. I believe that it is the best type of municipal government and I should like to see it adopted by the City of Rochester." Mr. Eastman told me he would like to have me drop in at his house and talk with him further about it. I did, and we discussed this subject at length.

I remember his telling me, as he expressed himself publicly afterward, that there is no Republican pavement and no Democratic pavement, and he felt the city's affairs should be run on a sound business basis. As a result of his interest in the campaign for the city manager form of government, I had occasion to call on him at his home rather

frequently to discuss such a plan for Rochester. It was his energetic help and support that led to the adoption of the city manager form of government for Rochester.

When I came to know Mr. Eastman better, I was invited to Eastman House to see the first colored motion pictures. Thomas A. Edison was there, as were many men who had shown interest in photography. It was a great occasion.

Of course, Mr. Edison was an important factor in the development of motion pictures and he was delighted with the pictures Mr. Eastman showed him that day.

Speaking of this showing of colored pictures reminds me of an incident indicating even Mr. Eastman could be wrong!

Coming home on a night sleeper from New York, in the morning I passed the door of Mr. Eastman's state-room and he beckoned me to come in. He said, "I had a great experience last night, Mr. Gannett—I saw a talking moving picture."

I asked him what he thought of it.

He replied, "I don't think much of it. I don't think these talking pictures will be a success. When people go to see pictures, they don't want to listen to talk."

Here was the man who knew more about motion pictures at that time than did anyone else and who also knew more about photography than anyone else. Yet he proved to be quite wrong in estimating the importance of sound motion picture films.

I don't know how true the story is, but I understand Mr. Eastman had an opportunity to buy several patents for putting the human voice on film next to the picture, but he turned them down and did nothing about them for some

time, because he was so sure, as he expressed himself to me, that people did not want to listen to some one talking while they were looking at interesting pictures. Photography, in his mind, came first.

Mr. Eastman was one of the first to advocate beautifying the Genesee River. He also advocated a striking Civic Center. I invited him to my office one day. I suggested he take a chair so he could look out the window at the river. This was of course long, long before the War Memorial had been thought of. The old Cluett-Peabody building was still standing there. He had acquired it and intended to protect that space for the development of the Civic Center.

Across from my office was the Barr & Creelman building, which has since been destroyed.

He said, "That Barr & Creelman building should some day be removed, and it will be, so there will be a view of the river."

When plans for the War Memorial developed, Mr. Eastman's ideas about using that space along the bank of the river were carried out. I know that he would be delighted if he could see today how the War Memorial is developing into a magnificent building that will add beauty to the city and be of great public use.

Mr. Eastman, whose great interest in music was well known, saw the arrival of radio as an opportunity to bring good music to people's homes. He took an active interest in the establishing of powerful radio stations here.

At one time Mr. Eastman thought if he bought up several of the motion picture theaters in Rochester, it might be profitable and this money, he thought, could be used to finance a great orchestra for Rochester. Mr. Eastman and I

had many talks in regard to this venture. The weaknesses in the plan and the troubles that lay ahead were pointed out, but he went ahead, bought several theaters and soon found that there were difficulties with producers and distributors. For one thing, the theaters had trouble getting the pictures they wanted because some of the movie-makers owned an interest in some of the theaters and had first rights on many of the best pictures.

Mr. Eastman disposed of his interest in the movie theaters, but he continued to support music in Rochester. He told me that when he saw an audience listening to some musical production by the orchestra, he was impressed by the intense interest.

He said, "Their pleasure is so great that I have decided I should do something to make the very best music available to the people in Rochester." His first consideration was always for Rochester. He himself did not understand or appreciate music as some others do, yet he made possible the development of a great music center.

One day I asked Mr. Eastman how he came to be so interested in dentistry. He said that one of his employes developed an ulcerated tooth and the poison from that tooth was carried through his body and so severely afflicted him that he was incapacitated for any work.

"When the doctors told me this," said Mr. Eastman, "I decided that here was something that should be given attention. I got in touch with Dr. (Harvey) Burkhardt and learned from him much about the importance of the teeth in anyone's body."

First, Mr. Eastman established a dental clinic here in Rochester, at which thousands of students had their teeth given attention. He went on to establish

dental clinics in England, in Belgium, in Sweden, in Italy, and in France. He said the good that these dental clinics did for the people of these countries gave him much satisfaction. The late Dr. Burkhardt headed this program for Mr. Eastman, and the two men became intimate friends.

The fact that Mr. Eastman's interest in dentistry came from the illness of one of his staff shows how much he was interested in the well-being of the people who worked for him.

Rapidly Mr. Eastman did many things for the employes of the Kodak Company. One of his first generous moves was to create a building and loan fund from which Kodak employes could borrow money for building houses.

Mr. Eastman, because of his great interest in Rochester, hoped to see here the building of a great many homes. He told me once that he was much impressed when he dove through the residential streets of Rochester and saw the great number of homes. He was always very fond of flowers and was pleased when he saw flowers growing around these homes. I believe he was one of the first to suggest that Rochester be called the Flower City instead of the Flour City.

Through the Kodak Company Mr. Eastman distributed many millions of dollars in wage dividends and profit-sharing to the people who worked for him. He was one of the first to establish a medical department in connection with his factory.

Mr. Eastman insisted that everything possible be done to protect the health of his employes.

Fine meals are available at Kodak plants and offices for all employes. Among other things Mr. Eastman should have credit for helping to put

the dinner pail out of business. When he was younger the dinner pail was in common use among people who were employed anywhere. But after he established his fine luncheon service at the Kodak Park plant, fewer and fewer used the dinner pail.

The recent Rochester Community Chest and Red Cross campaign called to mind the fact that it was Mr. Eastman who was responsible for the adoption of the Community Chest plan for Rochester. He became impatient with the many agencies that every year begged for money from the public. He thought that there should be one agency which would make one solicitation and cover the problem of financing deserving agencies.

He sent Roland Woodward, who was then secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, on a tour of cities where this Community Chest plan had been put in operation. Mr. Woodward's report to Mr. Eastman aroused his determination to have the Community Chest plan adopted here.

The Community Chest grew out of

the notably successful War Chest Drive of 1918. The annual solicitation of funds has become a regular event in Rochester's life. Mr. Eastman wanted to show his hearty support and subscribed, the first year, \$600,000. Year after year, amazing results are obtained in Rochester under the Community Chest plan.

Thus here again Mr. Eastman deserves credit for starting Rochester on the way to becoming a better city with ever better living conditions.

From all that I have said about Mr. Eastman, one fact stands out: He was always thinking about the welfare and future of Rochester.

No one can measure what his interest has meant for this city. Out of it developed his great interest in the University of Rochester, in the Eastman School of Music, his part in giving to the city beautiful Durand-Eastman Park and his many enormous gifts to the city which have played an important part in making Rochester so largely fulfill his cherished wish to see it become the best city in the country in which to live and labor.

A Glimpse of Mr. Eastman

By CAROLINE WERNER GANNETT

In thinking about George Eastman on this — the hundredth anniversary of his birth — a tender little episode comes to mind.

I was groping for some exciting way in which to celebrate the twelfth birthday of my niece — who was also my godchild — while her parents were in Europe. I asked her what in her opinion would be an exciting day, and her reply surprised me. She would like — above all things — to go through Mr. Eastman's house. I called George Eastman

and told him the fix that I was in. He seemed to be delighted to have a little girl make such a request — so delighted in fact that he invited both of us to lunch with him, which we did.

I know that I shall never forget the sight of Mr. Eastman and a little girl going hand in hand from cellar to attic of his enormous house on East Avenue. I wonder for whom it was the greatest treat — for the little girl, for me, or for Mr. Eastman.

Hunting Trips With "G. E."

By FRANCIS S. MACOMBER

One of the fascinating and puzzling things about George Eastman is the fact that there is so little unanimity between his business associates and friends as to his outstanding characteristics. In my opinion, the reason for this is that so few individuals shared all his major interests, and most knew only a few of the facets of his personality.

The biography written in 1930 by Carl Ackerman gives a complete history of his industrial life and benefactions, but only suggests that underlying those elements which had made his success possible was a kindlier spirit which led him irresistibly to come to a philosophy in which the mere acquisition of wealth had ceased to be the only goal, or the only source from which his greatest satisfaction in living came.

Many intimates had known for years that beneath his austerity was a spirit of great loyalty to his friends, humor and a real love for the beautiful which he did not easily express. And with it was a longing to know and enjoy the breadth of a world outside his office, a world from which the absorbing demands of business precluded him until it was almost too late to enjoy them.

It was my good fortune to have known him best after he had become able to respond to the yearnings of this later ambition, and to learn that beneath the mannerisms known to the world, there lay a spirit of happy comradeship.

My knowledge of George Eastman is based upon, but not limited to, three trips with him to British Columbia, one

to the Higher Sierras in California, one to North Dakota, a three-month yachting trip to the West Indies and South America, and probably a dozen visits to his plantation in North Carolina.

When I first got to know him well, he had just bought the Oak Lodge, his North Carolina place of some 2,000 acres, and had stocked it with quail as well as his tenants permitted it to be. Fortunately, the birds were plentiful enough, so that the daily bags were reasonably substantial. There is no question but the new experience gave him great enjoyment, and I am certain that he loved the place more than any other possession he ever had. The simplicity of the life, the beautiful pine forests in which the Lodge was centered, the daily horseback rides, the shooting, the perfect freedom from telephones and business meetings, and the close association with friends on a new basis sowed the seed for a life hitherto unknown but which he obviously adopted then and there, and of which he thenceforth became a devotee.

It is certain that he became conscious that there was an existence outside the office which was worthy of investigation, and it is more than likely that his purchase of the property was a tangible expression of desires that of necessity had lain dormant. In any event, it was an easy step and a natural one to the journeys he took to far-away places in the mountains of the Northwest and to Africa.

Neither "The Lodge" in North Carolina, nor any of the numerous planta-

tion buildings, had a drop of paint on them. Eastman insisted that time and weather must do their own embellishment. There was no automobile on the place, except those owned by some of his impoverished tenants. Transportation to and from the railroad station at Enfield, N. C., 12 miles distant, was by buck-board and a pair of horses. His male guests, in order to eat had to work, and it is certain they did not lead an idle or futile life, for through his precept, example and exhortation, we all became constructionists of a relatively high order. He, however, was not the typical boss, standing by and assisting only by words of encouragement. He was active boss-carpenter, plumber and mason with an artful ingenuity in providing work for idle hands. We put on new roofs, installed sanitary conveniences and plumbing fixtures without benefit of any building or plumbing code, and mixed cement for devious uses. Probably his greatest achievement was the construction of an abattoir for hogs on such an efficient and artistic scale, that he returned from the farm one day to gleefully inform us, after a critical inspection by the whole countryside, that it was currently rumored there was not a hog in the county that would not esteem it an honor to be slaughtered in and by it. Of course, the natives could not reconcile these personal expenditures of effort with the periodic appearance of a private car on the siding at Enfield, but he thought it a good joke and got a lot of amusement out of it.

His toolchest at the lodge, which was almost burglarproof and which he invented and constructed, consisted solely of the bare white wall of a passageway. It was easy of access and observation, and all his tools were hung on it. The shape of each clearly outlined in blue

chalk. A blank space instantly struck the eye and started an inquiry. Woe betide the culprit who had taken but neglected to replace a tool.

Perhaps the most astonishing contributions he made in this almost entirely new field of endeavor, were the result of his interest in improving upon what he early saw were deficiencies in details of camping and equipment. You who have indulged in so-called "roughing it" in the West, know with what tolerance guides recognize and earmark you as a "dude", and behind your back snicker over your equipment. Of course, we never wholly rose above that state, but though it was gradual, there came a time when our camp conduct was admitted to be fair, and our equipment of much more than passing interest. This is significant if you consider that until those western trips G.E. had seldom, if ever, slept out of doors, and his nearest approach to pack horses had probably been reading of the intricacies of the diamond hitch. Yet, I think it was on our second trip, that he persuaded the guides to cut off the projecting ends of the pack-saddles to prevent damage to the packs. A small item, yet it was a revolution and a violation of what had been a tradition of the trade ever since Lewis and Clark crossed the Rockies. Nevertheless it was adopted.

We discovered that at first a campsite was merely a question of time, and any old place near the close of a day's travel was it, so long as there was grass for the horses. Later on a camp's requirements, if possible, became not only grass, but water, wood, drainage, view and general surroundings. These ideas took root, and sites became a subject of debate and selection based on the new standards, even though this frequently added hours in the saddle.

We usually had thirty horses in the outfit: Four riding horses for us, seven for the men, and 10 pack horses for us and nine for the men. Breaking camp and packing was an hectic process. Some of the horses were obstreperous, calling for more or less strong language. Frequently a delay was caused by horses having strayed, though hobbled, during the night. They of course had to be found. Hurry was always the watchword, and a pack or a pack-horse seemed to be surplusage, all of which did not add to the serenity of things. To correct this so far as our own packs were concerned, on the later trips, every piece of equipment was numbered from 1 to 10. Each collection of articles bearing the same number weighed a total of 150 pounds, the accepted load. The result was surprising. All the pieces of the same number ready at hand, each horse carried its allotted load, and no longer were there packs or horse left over. The men wondered why it had not been thought of before, and had there been paint in the outfit, the scheme would have been adopted for their own outfit on the spot, instead of later.

We always had our own camp, and did all of our own cooking. The men had their separate camp, and, as far as we were concerned, their duties were limited to cutting fire-wood, poles for the tents and some assistance in setting them. There were always four in the parties, and the four were organized as chef, cook, steward and general utility man. Needless to say that G.E. was the chef, elected by acclamation on his claim that he was the only one who could qualify for that high office.

I was only the cook, and it was thoroughly impressed on me that in the order of beings, the abyss was bottomless that separated my job from the

chef's. I did not mind, as the chef, as such, was a superior type of the real article, successfully baking three-layer cakes, bread with the assistance of yeast of his own compiling, fried-cakes, even Hollandaise sauce for fish when we had them, and sundry other items only found on a good menu, all to the end that on no trip did any of us come near to starving to death.

Immediately under the chef's personal control were two contrivances, known respectively as the pantry and the kitchen. The kitchen, normally containing assortments of food for immediate use, became, when its demountable legs were attached, the kitchen table and mixing board. The pantry, containing pots, pans and other utensils, was more than difficult to pack—in fact, impossible unless one knew the combination. No one but G.E. did, and he held the secret inviolate. Our various attempts to pack it proved futile for we always found that when we had completely filled it, there were items left over. We tried to get the chef to change his first name to Houdini but without success, though he was tremendously pleased at the implication, and fully admitted it was merited.

With only one exception, the personnel of our parties on the Western trips were reasonably well selected, the principal test being a love of the out-doors and a spirit of co-operation in camp duties, the latter involving an allocation of jobs to each. The exception occurred on one of the first trips at the beginning of the First World War, when all our provisions were rationed. A very agreeable youngish man, occupying an important position in a city far from Rochester, after the approval of the rest of us, was of the party. He more than filled requirements of the first test of

love of the out-doors, but either through carelessness, or pure cussedness, failed to measure up to any other standard. He ate more than his share of butter and sugar; rarely packed even his own bedroll or helped to any advantage with the tents, but worst of all, managed to absent himself when the duties of breaking camp were imminent; all these derelictions putting an abstinence and extra duties on the rest of us, and added nothing to our regard, which in fact, began to wane the first day and nearly reached the boiling point during the ensuing five weeks. On the way home, after dropping this disappointment on the way, George Dryden of Chicago, the 4th member, and I went into a huddle with G.E. and in a more or less diplomatic way, as one would speak to a host, who held transportation tickets, far from home, asked him how in hell he came to pick that one for such a purpose. He burst out laughing, and said: "I have been watching you two boys for weeks, and wondered how long it would take before you broke out. I knew we could not take time out to reform him as the material was not there, and we were too far from civilization to send him home, and an open rupture would have been much worse than his shortcomings; that if you two could not work out your own salvation, I did not think it worth while to 'but-in'." Needless to say, that man was never asked on another trip, but it was illuminating to us, that G.E.'s forbearance in declining to make a bad situation worse, or even to speak disparagingly of a fellow guest, was obviously the only solution, particularly as he knew we could take it, even if we did not like it, and it really did not make much difference.

G.E. was also quite up to handling other kinds of difficulties which devel-

oped on the trips. One of these arose on one of our British Columbia trips when our objective of getting into good sheep and goat country took us into an almost unknown area between the Bull and Elk Rivers.

There had been some grumbling on the part of the men accompanying us. They said the head guide did not know where he was, nor, except as to general direction, where our destination lay. The head guide kept promising us for two days that we were getting very close to the White River, where we would find all the requirements of a good site, as well as excellent hunting and fishing. Late in the evening of the third day, many hours after dark, and after having ridden for hours with the expectation of seeing water momentarily, the White River was reached finally. The eleven men and thirty horses bedded down in one huddle on the mixture of grass and rocks at the edge of the river. The next morning disclosed within a hundred yards of where we were the most ideal campsite of the trip.

The moment seemed propitious for a showdown with the guide, and G.E. asked me to accompany him in an interview. Having damned the man for incompetence, I fully expected an outbreak which would result in something momentous. Imagine my surprise, therefore, to have G.E. start the conversation with an acknowledgement that he knew the men had all had tiresome days, that the going had been pretty bad, and so forth. Only at the very end did he finally ask him what he proposed to do from then on, but all in a friendly vein as though he shared in the guide's difficulties, yet in a way that left no doubt he intended to know the why of everything.

The man, obviously relieved that the

cussing he expected was not forthcoming, admitted he had not come as directly to the White River as he had intended, but stated he knew where we were. He said he had asked for and been promised better cooperation from the other men, and expected no further trouble, but added that, if it was wished, he would resign and pull out. As that would have left us in a far worse predicament, any such conclusion was out of the question. So instead of the eruption which had been so close to the surface, the interview ended without mishap and all was harmony thereafter. If G.E. had failed to assume the attitude he did, there could easily have been trouble. The situation called for a form of diplomacy which none of us anticipated and few would have displayed.

An interesting side-light, showing how an event, relatively unimportant at the time, may cause a revolution, was disclosed on the yachting trip to Southern waters. We were cruising along the northern coast of Haiti, and examining the chart of those waters with the captain. He said that if we cared to stop, at the eastern end of Santo Domingo there was one of the finest harbors of the Western Atlantic, known as Samana Bay. G.E. became interested immediately, and said that, for very personal reasons, he would like to see it.

Turning to me, he said he had not thought of Samana Bay for many years, but that except for it, the present trip would not have been. Amplifying that astonishing statement, he said that in the 1870's it was proposed to make it a great naval station, and the government had advertised for young men; that the idea had appealed to him and that he immediately began his preparations to go, but he had not gone very far with them when someone advised him to take

a camera. Although that was to him an almost unknown utensil, he became instantly interested and began looking up necessary paraphernalia only to discover that it involved many pounds of glass and no end of chemicals (for dry plates had not come into commercial use), a light-proof tent, and other items.

The farther he went with his preparations, the stronger became his conviction that something, he knew not what, was wrong with the whole idea of photography. That inspiration, for such it must have been, made him abandon the proposed trip, with the result that the idea of the dry plate and film gradually unfolded to the absorption of his time and thought for the rest of his business life. He then, forty years later, went into Samana Bay for the first time.

Another interesting thing about G.E. was that he seemed to be unresponsive to any sense of fear. That was demonstrated in many ways. On the yachting trip, we ran into the edge of a West-Indian hurricane. After we had reached warmer climes, the men had slept on cots on the lower after-deck. When the storm hit us, and water began coming aboard, all but G.E. took to state-rooms. He, however, like the famous boy on the flaming deck, refused to flee, and slept peacefully through the storm for two nights until the weather had moderated, or rather until we had worked out of the storm area.

At another time, and this was in North Carolina, a spirited horse he was riding, although he had been warned repeatedly of its uncertain habits, ran away with him. He had become by that time a good rider, so was not thrown and although he could not stop him, with presence of mind and dexterity he kept him on the road and headed for the closed stable doors which stopped

the beast. When the rest of us, making a poor stern chase of it, arrived and found that he was neither injured or disturbed by the experience, we showed our immense relief. But he did not seem to understand why we had been so exercised. This lack of fear, coupled with a bit of stubbornness, did not always leave him unscathed, and twice he got himself into trouble and some injury.

Both occasions were while crossing bad places on side-hill trails where, due to slide-rock, the rest of us, including the guides, preferred to walk and lead our horses. He, however, scoffed at the idea, solemnly asserting the theory that, as his horse had four points of contact to his two, the chance of slipping or falling was reduced one-half. While the results did not substantiate his theory, and each time he had to nurse a sore leg for a few days, he always insisted his theory, at least, was sound.

Closely coupled with that absence of fear was an apparent refusal to worry. Coming out of the Gros-Vent mountains in Wyoming, we had made camp close to the Snake river. That night a violent wind, sleet and hail storm struck us, and gave indications of sweeping everything into the river. When after a bitter struggle and soaked to the skin, we finally got everything moored against further loss and breathed freer, we discovered G.E. lying on his bed from which, though wet, he had not moved during the battle. To our inquiries as to whether he had not been worried about his property, and why he hadn't helped us save it, he replied, in substance, that he had worried so much in years gone by that there was none left to expend on a little thing like that, and besides we seemed to be making a good job of it.

This would be a very incomplete story if reference at least were not made to G.E.'s great love for his mother, which found constant expression in so many ways, and his affection and loyalty for his old friends like Walter Hubbell and Albert Fenn, not to mention many others.

Nor can I refrain from mentioning an occasion on which he showed his love for a little child and made me revise with shame some previously-conceived impressions. On one of our trips to Oak Lodge, we went to call as was our custom on the man and wife with whose assistance the estate had been purchased. As we went up the rose-bordered walk on that bright Spring day and approached the house, the door flew open and a little tot of four or five summers ran out on the porch calling, "Uncle George, Uncle George."

I can still see that little vision of loveliness, with her tiny starched skirts, waiting for him to reach her, then throwing herself into his arms and kissing him affectionately as he carried her into the house. During the entire visit she sat in his lap, and obviously certain of his affection, told her all the news of her young life. When we left, she wept copiously.

The next year, as we were approaching Enfield, I asked G.E. if we would be able to see Louise. At first he made no reply, and only upon my repeating the question he finally said, "Louise died this Winter."

Nothing more, and he would not talk about it afterwards. That his grief was deep and real there can be no doubt, and it was evident that my inquiry had evoked memories of a little child whom he loved, and of whose death he did not wish to talk.

FURTHER MEMORIES of Eastman's hunting trips have been supplied by Mr. Albert B. Eastwood, another close friend.

"In 1899, Mr. Albert O. Fenn, my brother-in-law and a close friend of Mr. Eastman's asked me to go a second time to Nipigon River on a fishing trip to act as commissary etc., as I had been there the year previous, and he had persuaded Mr. Eastman to go for his first sporting vacation.

"We had a very good trip and excellent fishing. At the time, the Nipigon was considered the best trout stream in America.

"Mr. Eastman enjoyed the trip so much that he invited me to go with him to Jackson Hole on a fishing and hunting trip early in 1900. We had a fine trip, good fishing and each got a fine elk. That trip was followed by several, and

later expanded to include two other guests. On two or three such trips, one in the High Sierras and the last one, which included Mrs. Eastwood and Dr. Audley Stewart, in the Cassiera Mountains, British Columbia. That is a very interesting trip by large steamer to Wrangle Island and then by a very small gasoline boat with flexible bottom to enable it to be pulled over beaches of pebbles which changed almost every week, to Telegraph Creek, a Hudson Bay Post, where we outfitted for the big hunting trip in the mountains. Some idea of that trip up that river may be given by the idea that we took three days to go up and came down in a few hours. We had Indian guides and were gone several weeks. Most successful hunting. We each were successful in getting a fine specimen of moose, caribou, mountain sheep and goat, and Mr. Eastman, in addition, got a fine black bear."

George Washburn Eastman - Marie Kilburn
Eastman - married 1844 - lived in R 4 years
Mr. Eastman taught business principles and
penmanship. Studied Reynolds Academy,
1848 Waterville - purchased house - until 1861
Owned Nursey - horticulturalist - kept school
retire - to R. 1861 - Died 1862. George Reynolds
(2 little daughters) "well educated but not
affluent"



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