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I told you that he wanted money only to place himself and his mother forever out of the reach of poverty. But having acquired this and he thoroughly enjoyed the luxuries that he wanted, flowers in masses about him, orchids to send to his women friends, music in the morning and to entertain his friends. There was little ostentation in this enjoyment, and in almost everything he showed impeccable taste.

It was always a question in my mind during our long friendship whether I wholly admired him. I think it is difficult to whole-heartedly admire a person who completely controls one's economic destiny. We frequently disagreed, mainly because of my socialistic tendencies, and I was often irritated and exasperated...
by him. But I never found him dull or boring. I had great admiration for his honest and direct thinking, and since his death, with time to consider and prove his philosophy, I find him admirable and can call him great. Towards the end, as he grew feeble and wistful I found him lovable. Always he had a rare and brilliant wit which, coming from his quietness, startled one by its quickness and aptness. It was always kind, and his humor clean. He did not like questionable jokes.

He was a pragmatist, and his last tragic words and act carried out his theory that no one has a right to live who is not useful. As each of our four sons arrived he would say, "Cluttering up the world with another person to feed and care for?" But he would always add gently, "Of course, you and Harold are the types that should have children."

He also frequently said that he felt all the hopelessly insane and chronic criminals should be put in lethal chambers. However, he did not believe that much could be done by organized effort toward righting the wrongs of the world, that only when the masses are made sufficiently uncomfortable will they act against obvious wrongs. I heard him refuse to renew his substantial subscription to a national eugenics organization on these grounds. The organization, he felt, could do little good until people were so burdened by taxes that they would object to keeping the millions of unfit in insane asylums and prisons, and approach the problem scientifically from the eugenics point of view.

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That some bitterness remained within him was revealed in his delight in the contemplation of the face of the wicked old Doge of Tintoretto, which hung in his hall. He would look at him, chuckle, and say, "I like that old fellow. I can just hear him say, 'Take them out and burn them!'"

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of all kinds, ranging in extent from entertainments with Metropoli-
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He loved little children and understood them. I can see
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Most sincerely,

Marion Gleason
(Mrs. Harold Gleason)
Mrs. Marion Gleason (Mrs. Harold Gleason)
6 Highland Heights
Rochester, N.Y.

Middle-aged. Wife of Harold Gleason who was Mr. Eastman's organist. Mr. Mauris met Mrs. Gleason at tea at Eastman House during recent visit here. Also Mr. Gleason.

My reaction to Mr. Eastman was always colored to some extent by the fact that our living was largely dependent on my husband's ability to please his employer. This was true of almost everyone with whom Mr. Eastman had contact - but few will admit it.

Mr. Eastman was very exasperating and irritating often on account of our difference of viewpoints. His wit was rare but blunt. His delusion and honesty of thought was very stimulating.

He trusted me, was fond of me, and proud of my development here in Rochester from a shy, reticent little girl to a "well-poised" woman. I think he felt somewhat responsible for this. He told me once that my husband and I had everything in life that he had missed and just before he died he told me that he considered his own environment ideal. As he grew old and infirm I found him lovable and since his death have thought of his philosophy of life as admirable. His last statement, "My work is done, why wait?" was the basis of his philosophy. He did not believe anything useless had a right to exist.

The Gleasons have 4 children and when he learned about each child he always said, - what right have you to litter up the world with another human being? - but he always added, Of course you and Harold are just the people who should have children.
Mrs. Gleason heard him refuse the head of a national eugenics organization to continue his subscription to that organization because such organizations will never bring about the solution of certain social readjustments. It is only when people are intolerably burdened with taxes to maintain insane asylums, prisons, etc., that the public in general will pay any serious attention to the subject of eugenics. When their selfish interests are touched, then public opinion will be aroused.

In all things Mr. Eastman had absolute faith in his mother's judgment of character.
re: George Eastman
by Marion Gleason

5/15/39

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We both knew him very well. I think he could be made a model
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civilization. Had he lived on a little longer, happily and
healthily, I believe he would have solved, or helped solved, the
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in the fact that he escaped the warping of perspective that so
much power usually brings to a man, and saw almost clearly and
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I told you that he wanted money only to place himself and
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