

G. W. GOLER  
SANDUS, N.Y.

June 10th, 1940

*recd. 6/17/40 -  
Ack'd by JMF*

Dear Mr. Lovejoy:

Replying to your letter asking  
for my recollections of Mr. Eastman I am enclosing  
the attached statement. Even this battered world  
is better for his having lived.

Sincerely,

*Mr. Goler*

Mr. Frank W. Lovejoy

*Good Subject*

*X*

Goler, George

George Eastman

✓ GOLER

Discussing the difficulty of getting people to save & protect their investments he said, Kodak had an employee, a foreman who retired on an income from Kodak sufficient to support his family in comfort. Someone induced the man to sell his Kodak & invest in stocks which soon proved worthless. He lost. Then some of his friends appealed to me to restore his loss. I said, our advice to our employees is never sell your Kodak. If I had made good this man's loss there would have been an endless chain of similar appeals.

Looking at a recently painted portrait with some friends all eager to say a complimentary word, one said, it's a good portrait but it doesn't do you justice & it's not as good as your photos, to which he replied; Who the devil will know the difference fifty years from now.

After his gifts of Dental Dispensaries to some of the European countries a friend said, you ought to keep that money at home. To this statement he replied: The people of those countries have been supporters of our business I am only returning to them some of the profits earned by our European branches

When the Eastman Theatre was being built on a site of rat infested grocery & commission houses the rats deprived of food & shelter sought refuge in the theatre basement where they fed on the wastes thrown on the floor by the workman after dinner. Rats by the score swarmed across the floor in search of food & hiding places. Ravenous through lack of food, they ate the glue from the organ stops so that when organ practice began some of the tubes would emit sounds that were not musical to the consternation of the player & the amusement of the onlookers. Cats were, as always in the presence of large numbers of rats, useless. Poisons were ruled out of use because the odor of a dead rat would linger longer than the cacophany. G.E. asked the Health Bureau for help. A plan was put into operation where by, the watchfulness of a man detailed for the work, all food wastes were placed in metal cans, water was covered or drained, & only two or three exits allowed. Rats soon disappeared from the E.T.

While looking over the rat situation a number of artists came into the room with worry depicted on their faces, Asked by G.E. the reason for their worries

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One of them said, the noise in the piano practice rooms is so great as to make practice & instruction only possible under the greatest difficulties. He went into the rooms, heard the noise of the pianos from the rooms while the doors were closed, & satisfied that the noisy facts were as represented sent for some insulating board & had large sheets of it held & tacked against the wall. The problem was solved. The noise a marked *dimuendo*. Asked what he would have done if his plan had not worked, he said; Tear the thing down, & then quickly, no, I would not quite do that but I would make it work.

He enjoyed humorous stories & he enjoyed seeing people in the theatre. It was a matter of pride to him that the theatre had a common entrance for all. He was delighted by seeing people affectionately smooth the carpets & hangings, the walls even tho they sometimes left the marks of their fingers thereon To see the enjoyment of music depicted on the faces of people in the theatre was one of his satisfactions. Told the story of two old Irishwomen enjoying a concert of music where one said to the other; "shure Mary I always did enjoy Tanhouser. Get along with you, that aint Tan-houser, Thim's th' Tales of Hoffman of which I've heard before. I do'nt agree with you said her friend. Well we'll soon settle that For when I came in I saw a sign down in front where the musicians come in to show what their playin' I'll go down & read it So down the aisle she went only to return with disappointment, saying, Mary, we're both wrong, it do be the Refrain from Spittin. To the friend who told this story he said, taking him by the arm, Come, ; tell it to Coates.

When building the combined Strong & Municipal Hospitals G.E. stopped on several mornings at the Health Bureau to discuss the matter. The Health Bureau was then a gloomy place, the side walls discolored, the ceilings shedding flakes of plaster, some of them falling on the clothing of G.E. where he sat.

Shortly afterward calling on the Com. of Public Safety I said Mr Eastman was in th e Bureau this morning, & plaster fell from the walls on to his clothing. Shortly, within a few months the building was cleaned & painted.

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G.E. beneath a coldly penetrating exterior was a kindly sensitive man whose modesty was only exceeded by his organizing powers, & by his great gifts to education, science, music, dentistry & medicine. He could be hard.

The last time I saw him, a few weeks before his death, I congratulated him upon what he had done for people; notably the organization & gifts to medicine & dentistry. Yes, said he; but I have been ruthless.

He was a planner & an organizer. He was always on time, usually five minutes ahead of the time set for an appointment. His swift momentary glance of disapproval directed at those who were late at a meeting was more eloquent than words. Being both planner & organizer he had a passion for time & order. Remember his store rooms, house, garden, office, person & dress. With all his interests & responsibilities he never seemed to be hurried. Asked about the statement attributed to Wellington in the Peninsula campaign: 'No one is ever on time, no one ever obeys orders' - he said something to the effect; the statement is not without merit.

He had a facility in concise, reserved expression. As one close to him said; it is not difficult to tell the difference between the letters he writes & those someone else writes for him to sign. He could swiftly get at the root of long or involved statements.

He was loyal to friends, merciless to those who opposed him; as he said, - I have been ruthless.

Goler, George