

HUBBELL

2/1/40 -

MISS ANNA D. HUBBELL
1209 EAST AVENUE
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



February 28, 1940

Mr. Oscar Solbert,
343 State Street,
Eastman Kodak Company,
Local.

My dear Mr. Solbert :

I have delayed answering your letter of Jan. 31st., not for any lack of spirit of co-operation, but only because of a feeling of inadequacy to the task it imposed on me.

My most vivid recollections of Mr. Eastman are confined mostly to my visits to Oak Lodge where for 16 Autumns (1907-1923) I was one of a party of six who enjoyed two or more weeks at the delightful hunting Lodge in North Carolina.

It was during these vacations that I came to change very decidedly my opinion of him as a very awe-inspiring person to one of a man of very human qualities.

All the elements of a many-sided character were revealed during those times when business cares were dropped and he entered with an almost boyish enthusiasm into all sorts of serious and foolish pastimes.

My collective impression of those many phases of character I give you now, hoping it will answer your letter in some small degree. How to properly list them all, I confess, is a task far beyond my feeble pen.

He had too many vocations apart from his obvious business ones that I can only touch on them in the briefest way and trust you to make any further inquiries by following it up with definite questions, that would assist in compiling material for a possible biography.

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I think of him as a cook who could turn out most delectable dishes whether on a picnic or over the open fireplace in the Lodge.

As a plumber who never failed to respond with zeal to any S O S call for failing Oak Lodge plumbing.

As a carpenter who was never happier than when making a new porch for the Lodge, or an out-door sleeping porch on the Guest Cabin, which he did practically single-handed in 1910.

When one of his prize hogs was about to be converted into hams and bacon, he was on hand to supervise all details of slaughter. "Pig-sticking" was an event done in a glorified manner as compared to the cruder methods of the natives.

When he had built a suitable place for the churning of butter, he took a boyish pride in turning out "The Best Butter in Halifax County", all the patties duly marked with the familiar monogram E

All these outdoor interests were equally matched by the indoor activities of this Merry Company, for I literally meant that cares of every sort were dropped automatically at those times, and the more juvenile his guests behaved the better he liked it. I can hear his chuckles over a good story. I can picture his enjoyment of a good dance or a game of Bridge, of his keen interest in the earliest beginnings of the amateur movie Kodaks, since perfected by his Company. He was experimenting with a model of it in 1923 when he had us act out charades, a reel I now own and highly prize.

All his diversified interests were apparent at these times - his love of music to which I can best testify by recalling the many times I changed those Grand Opera records in the course of a meal.

For two years he brought the Stringed Quintette to the Lodge where the silent evenings in the midst of pine woods brought out to perfection the beautiful classics that he preferred to all other kinds of music.

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For many years that small neighborhood continued to talk about the public concert he had this quintette give in their tiny church.

His insistence on perfection of detail was rather frightening at times but excellent discipline for one who might grow careless. It was evident in everything he undertook.

Another of his more serious interests was in the development of education among the colored natives. As a result of this interest their best equipped "Eastman School" now stands as a memorial to his kindness toward his neighbors.

It was in this school he had Dr. Mulligan conduct a tonsil clinic during that period when he was fostering this on a large scale at the Rochester Dental Dispensary.

And I have not mentioned his interest in out-door sports; for he wanted to be a perfect shot as well as a photographer, and was remorseful if he failed to hit some quail or turkey on the hunting expeditions. I recall an instance during one of these hunts, ^{that} showed me Mr. Eastman in a new light. If I had been inclined to judge him as hard-hearted such opinion vanished when I saw him break down completely after accidentally peppering one of the dogs as it jumped unexpectedly after a bird he had fired at. Fortunately the dog recovered for, ^{had} it not, I feel sure Mr. Eastman would never again ^{have} been interested in hunting small game.

For years he never failed to get up at dawn for horse-back riding before breakfast, and when a wild turkey hunt was on the program, he always borrowed my alarm clock so that 4 A.M. would not find him napping.

You see I can give a summary of my impressions of this versatile character but I am weak in reproducing them after so many years. There are many I can think of who can do this better and doubtless they have come to your mind just as readily. The

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only one that might not is Frank Seaman, of Yama Farms. For some time before Mr. Seaman's death, a year ago, he was engaged in writing his own biography. I understand, from one who listened to the reading of his manuscript, that it contains many stories about Mr. Eastman which might be of interest in any book about him. I have never heard whether or not Mr. Seaman's book was ever published. This information could be obtained from Mrs. Seaman, at Yama Farms.

I trust these few impressions sufficiently answer your letter of January 31st. It is a pleasure to be of even a little assistance in the effort you are making to compile this biography.

Very sincerely yours,

Anna D. Hubbell

Hubbell, Anna D.