by Francis S. Macomber

5/15/39

MR. GEORGE EASTMAN

In 1913, on a yachting trip he gave to nine friends, G.E. and I were on the bridge looking at the chart of Haiti and San Domingo when the Captain said that we might like to see the harbor of Samina Bay which was one of the best on the Atlantic coast. G.E. was immediately interested and said he had not thought of Samina Bay for many years, and then said if it had not been for Samina Bay we probably would not be on that trip, explaining that during President Grant's administration, the U.S. contemplated using it for a naval coaling station and advertised for young men. He decided to go and while making his preparations, someone suggested that he take a "photographic camera." Actting upon the suggestion, he began to assemble equipment but discovering that the weight of glass for plates, darkroom equipment etc., was so great as (to him) was almost prohibitive, he made up his mind that there was something wrong with the whole scheme, and from the moment of that decision not only gave up all idea of going to Samina Bay but then and there started his inquiry into the solution of the photographic processes which ultimately became "Kodak." Needless to say, we went into Samina Bay.

As a host (and my certain knowledge of this arises from the experience of more than twenty extended trips with him) he was almost without an equal in that he insisted that his guests do what they most wanted, and constantly gave the impression that he, rather than his guests, were being favored. Unlike so many in his financial condition, the matter of money or expense was never mentioned. To refer to one of many instances,
we had been on a pack-train trip in the higher Sierras in California finishing at Fresno. The original plan had been to come directly home, but learning that some of us had not seen the northwestern states, without our knowledge, he arranged to come back by the way of Oregon, Washington, Montana, etc., stopping a day or so at interesting points simply for our satisfaction.

On a trip in British Columbia, two young men came into camp in our absence and told a guide that they were students in Boston Tech. and hearing G.E. and party were in the neighborhood, wanted to pay their respects to him. He was greatly disturbed at missing them, and sent the guides on an unsuccessful search for them. Young men, particularly those who might become part of his organization, appealed to him greatly. Had these young men been ordinary trappers he would not have given them a thought.

Contrary to the general impression, he had a keen sense of humor and of the ridiculous. On finishing the trip out of the Sierras by train to Fresno, a raw mountaineer in the effort to keep on a pair of either new or borrowed shoes, made frequent trips to the water cooler and filled his shoes with water upon the evident theory they would stretch. His obvious pain and the attempt at relief was ludicrous and the effect on G.E. amounted to nearly hysterics, and it was several days before he ceased to refer to the episode and always with hilarity.

Bringing into his camp experiences some of the same attributes which made his business success, he became a very expert
camper and cook. He kept notes for improvements for his next trip which were always put into effect so that within 2½ hours after the first camp the hard-boiled guides, who held rather poor opinions of eastern "dudes" coming into their field, began first to scoff at his notions but ultimately to approve and adopt his innovations and improvements in their ancient equipment and methods. We came to watch for their reformation, and needless to say G.E. got a great "kick" out of it.

Once on a bad trail along the face of shale covered mountain, as a matter of precaution, not only the rest of the party but the guides dismounted, but notwithstanding our remonstrances, G.E. insisted on riding, saying that "The horse has four points of contact to my two, so he is only half as likely to slip as I am." Almost with regret, we watched him make the trip successfully as he followed his success with somewhat scurrilous jeers about "tenderfeet."

One day word came to him in Rochester that the young daughter of a very close associate was dying of tuberculosis at Saranac Lake. Without a moment's delay, he caught the first train for Saranac, and though he could see her only for a few minutes, her obvious pleasure (as I learned from her mother) at his coming and the gift he left for her, made him feel very happy, and frequently referred to it.

His great love and devotion to his mother was notorious, and after her death he expressed it in many ways. To the end of his life he made frequent references to how much he was indebted to her during the early difficult days. Her photographs
and portraits were always in conspicuous places. He used to recall how she would provide lunches for him in the small hours of the morning after an all night labor on his problems.

On an occasion as we approached Enfield, N.C., on the way to "Oak Lodge," G.E. asked us if we had ever met his girl in Enfield. Rather surprised but curious, we told him we had not but would like to. Leaving the car, he led us up a rose-lined walk leading to an old southern mansion, and as we reached the piazza the front door opened and a little fairy of 3 or 4 years rushed out and literally threw herself in his outstretched arms, crying "Uncle George, Uncle George." During our visit with her parents, little Louise sat on his lap displaying the greatest joy at seeing him again and without the slightest sense of awe or diffidence which could only have resulted from the sure conviction that he fully responded to her affectionate greeting, and of this there was no doubt. A year later, under the same circumstances, we asked him if we were going to see Louise. To this at first we had no response, but when repeated he asked, in obvious sorrow, if we had not heard that she had died the previous summer. His great regret at the reference was very apparent. After a while he said he did not care to go to the house where she had lived but hoped her parents would come out to the Lodge, which they did.

He was more than passively loyal in his friendships, but with a keen discrimination between those whom he knew were his real friends for friendship's sake, and those whose fawning devotion were keen but obviously tempered with ulterior hopes.

Francis S. Macomber
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Francis S. Macomber
Interview with Mr. Francis S. Macomber, 128 Powers Building

1/18/40

Mr. Macomber had an opportunity to observe Mr. Eastman quite a good deal under conditions far removed from the ordinary routine of business life for he made trips in various parts of the West with him as well as taking a yacht trip to the Caribbean and enjoying his hospitality at Oak Lodge.

He found that Mr. Eastman was either a fatalist or a man with better nerves than his fellows if one could judge by an incident which occurred in camp on the Snake River in Wyoming. A storm of sleet, snow and wind had nearly carried their tent away one night and the three guests and the guide got up to retrieve it. Although the others were excited, Mr. Eastman was calmly reclining on his sleeping bag with his arms folded behind his head. In amazement they asked him "Don't you ever worry about anything?" He quietly replied "Worry?" "No, I had so many worries when I was a young fellow that I've worn them all out." This refusal to worry was a consistent attitude with Mr. Eastman, Mr. Macomber states. Mr. Macomber was one of the first guests at Oak Lodge for he was invited down there in 1902 just after it was opened. Mr. Eastman had become interested in quail shooting and wanted Mr. Macomber to give him some pointers from his own experience. Incidentally, Mr. Macomber says, Mr. Eastman needed few pointers on
this for he was an excellent marksman with a rifle and a good one
with a shotgun. He was punctilious about not shooting more than
his share of game and saw to it that his share was not made larger
than that of his guests. He usually shot less than the law allowed
of any game and in no case did he kill excessively.

Mr. Macomber describes Mr. Eastman as the "world's best
camper" with one reason for this title being his systematic prepara-
tion and direction of each trip. He would make notes of improved
ideas for equipment and methods for following trips, and even
impressed the hard-boiled and usually know-it-all guides with his
intelligence and his eagerness to be an efficient camper. Mr.
Eastman had noted that some of their horses were overloaded and some
underloaded by the guides. In order to even up the loads he figured
the weight and bulk of the camp equipment before they started out,
numbering each horse load, and had the horses tagged with a corre-
ponding number. In the morning before starting on the day's journey,
the men would pick up the numbered bundles and put each one on a
horse bearing the corresponding number so that all the animals were
given substantially equal loads. The idea of efficiency was extended
to the guests for each person had his individual work, which he
attended to regularly. In packing and unpacking each guest knew
what item he was supposed to handle, except in the case of the port-
able kitchen and pantry which was Mr. Eastman's exclusive property.
Its contents were nested so trickily for the sake of compactness,
that only he could pack and unpack that.
In camp Mr. Eastman and his party were early risers, getting up at seven o'clock whether they were to move or not. In case they were to lunch on the trail, Mr. Eastman himself would prepare sandwiches, oranges, fruit and nuts. He seldom got tired on the trail and if he did he would sit or stand against a tree and snooze for a moment. He never conserved himself particularly, and always moved quickly and dynamically. He generally used the same horse throughout a trip, not from sentiment but just because he became used to him. Mr. Macomber describes Mr. Eastman as a graceful, erect and intrepid rider.

Mr. Eastman liked his tents to approach closely to sleeping completely out of doors, and yet to afford protection against storms. To give this protection the front of his long tent could be pulled down and the sides pulled in during a storm. When ladies were along, a sheet of canvas was stretched up to make private compartments possible, and Mr. Eastman and Mr. Macomber would take the outer ones and the ladies the inner. Supplies were kept in a Baker tent.

Mr. Eastman was the sort that wanted his friends to have a good time even though he was ill himself and could not. In 1920 when Mr. Macomber and Dr. Mulligan were going to Wyoming in Mr. Eastman's private car they stopped off in North Dakota to shoot prairie chicken, this being one of the last stands of these birds. Then, unfortunately, Mr. Eastman developed an abscess at the lower end of his back and was rendered helpless by it. They begged him to return home but he insisted "You came to shoot prairie chicken and so you're going to shoot them." The car was on a lonely siding
far from human habitation and here Mr. Eastman lay on his back for more than a week. His friends realized that they couldn't go on to Wyoming, but he insisted that they keep on shooting. Finally they mutinied and demanded that he return home. Dr. Mulligan had performed an emergency operation, with Mr. Macomber acting as his assistant. As these two men sat in Mr. Eastman's car several days later, on the way back home they heard Mr. Eastman yell from his berth "Folio!" He had just ripped off the plaster which Dr. Mulligan had put on his back after the operation and thus kept Mr. Macomber from taking it off for him, as he had playfully threatened to do.

Mr. Eastman would occasionally tease his guests as he did on a trip north from Fresno when he pretended to be anxious about getting accommodations at the Hotel Francis, in San Francisco. However, when they got there they found they had been given the most elaborate apartments in the hotel. Mr. Eastman had engaged the Royal Suite more than a month before, yet he had kidded them with a fictitious anxiety about obtaining proper hotel quarters.

Mr. Macomber found that Mr. Eastman did not stand upon personal prestige in dealing with business subordinates. On a yacht trip in the West Indies he and Mr. Macomber visited one of the Kodak retail stores in a fairly large town. The clerk was a "smarty" and tried to sell Mr. Eastman a substitute for what he wanted. Mr. Macomber thought he would discharge such a fellow, but Mr. Eastman never mentioned who he was. However, the manager for Kodak in that region probably heard from Mr. Eastman about the incident.
Mr. Eastman could be stubborn when he wanted to, and sometimes he got into trouble on this account. The party on one trip had to pass over a sloping rock trail between two rock slopes so close together that everyone but George Eastman got off their horses and walked through. Then, either through being stubborn, or through feeling that the others had been too timid, he attempted to ride through. The horse slipped and threw the weight of his body against Mr. Eastman's foot, squeezing it tightly against one of the rock walls. Only the heavy leather and wood stirrup saved his leg from being crushed and, as it was, he was laid up for several days.

Mr. Macomber says that George Eastman could be violent in resentment at someone who tried to cheat him, and could flare up in a blazing wrath. On an auto trip of forty or fifty miles across the Island of Porto Rico, Mr. Macomber, as was his custom, paid the negro whom they had engaged locally to drive the car, for the gasoline which had been used on that trip. Afterwards, the darkey came to Mr. Eastman and tried to collect again from him for this expense. Mr. Eastman first inquired of Mr. Macomber, and finding the man had already been given money for gasoline he flew into a violent rage (Mr. Macomber says he "thought he'd kill him") and "G-- d----ed" him up and down in a rather high-pitched voice vibrant with anger. Mr. Eastman gave vent to profanity on another occasion at a careless move made by one of his guides. His fine silk tent was spread on the ground ready to be raised on poles and the guide who was accustomed to heavy duck tents which could be treated roughly, accidentally stepped on the delicate fabric with his heavy hobnailed
boots. Mr. Eastman blazed into him for his heedlessness "G-- d---
you, get off that tent" he raged. The man jumped off as if he had
been shot and Mr. Eastman's anger cooled off almost as quickly be-
cause he was not the sort to nag.

Mr. Eastman was a good sailor as well as a good camper. He
had been to Labrador on the Yacht Virginia before he made the trip
which Mr. Macomber and Mr. Mulligan took with him on the Caribbean,
and he may have strengthened his "sea legs" on that trip. The
weather was pretty rough on the Caribbean but it didn't bother Mr.
Eastman. He would sometimes leave his cabin and come on deck to
sleep in his bunk there. Secured by passing a rope under his arms
and making it fast to a stanchion near his bunk he would sleep in
the open air all night.

As a seaman Mr. Eastman didn't always dress the part. He
wore an officer's cap usually, but seldom wore a brass-buttoned
jacket or white trousers. He was not at all dressy on the yacht.
When they were nearing the equator he would change to thinner
clothes for the sake of comfort but not for "style".

He was mildly disgusted with poor sailors such as Dr. Mulli-
gan and Professor Dodge who occupied the charthouse which was in
the center of the boat, which made it steadier, and also afforded
more air than some other quarters. Mr. Eastman called it the "dog-
house" because of the seasick growls and groans that came from its
two occupants.

Mr. Macomber says that Mr. Eastman began to engage in re-
creation in the middle years of life when he made these camping and
yacht trips, and that in earlier years he missed the training in
social contacts which such activities afford. For this reason, he
believes that Mr. Eastman did not always find himself at ease with
strangers. However, in business he did not seem to be troubled in
this way for he felt at ease even with strangers when it was nec-
essary to meet them to make a business deal.
REMINISCENCES - Kent Club, April 20, 1944. FSM

GEORGE EASTMAN
B. July 12, 1854
D. Mar. 11, 1932

Twelve years ago, a great stone house with spacious lawns, glorious with flowering shrubs in the summertime, but then concealed in an unruffled blanket of virgin snow, white as the lillies in the entrance hall, held the mortal remains of one of the greatest industrial leaders of the world. It had been the home of one whose benefactions and philanthropies, as well as his achievements in the industrial field, had won him a well-deserved fame. I refer to George Eastman. Within the house which he had built and in which he chose to die, was the stillness of such moments, broken only by the soft tread of the multitude that had come to do homage to their memory of him. Many notables of the world; Civic Societies from everywhere, contributed to a public expression of their regret, and newspapers, here and abroad, added their bit to recitals of the many phases of the life which was so full of accomplishment. To many of them he had given employment, for as many more he had produced dividends, but to most of them he was only the originator of a great international industry which had enabled him to make benefactions on a colossal scale. Though the outside world may only have known him as austere, reticent, demanding and wholly without the saving grace of humor, among the multitude were friends who knew him in a very different way. That there may have been an almost dual personality, is probably the reason there is so little unanimity between his business associates and his friends as to his outstanding characteristics, since few individuals share all his interests.

His biography, compiled in 1930 by Carl W. Ackerman, largely
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from records and letters accumulated for sixty years, gives a very complete history of his industrial life and benefactions, but only suggests incidentally and by reference, that underlying those elements which had made his success possible, there was a kindlier spirit which led him irresistibly to reach a phase of philosophy in which the mere acquisition of wealth had ceased to be the only goal, or the only source from which the greatest satisfaction of living comes. Many intimates for years had known that underlying that austerity was a spirit of great loyalty to his friends, humor and a real love for the beautiful, which he did not easily express but was none the less existent, and with it a longing desire to know and enjoy the breath of a world outside his office, a world of which he had known almost nothing, and from which the absorbing demands of business had 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 under the guise of mannerisms which the world knew, there lay a very different and happy spirit of comradeship, and it is that knowledge that has moved me to recall some events connected with his later years in which I participated. By themselves, they may be of little interest, yet may give you a picture of some elements in his nature of which the world knew relatively little. It is unfortunate, inasmuch as in all these events I filled a very minor role, that I must inject my own personality into it, but in this kind of an historical review even casual personalities may have a place, so I have been unable to figure an alternative. Hence to start with, but without fanfare or boasting, in fact with as great a modicum of modesty as the circumstances will permit, in explanation of why I assume to speak with some knowledge, my credentials are based upon, but not limited to, three trips to British

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Columbia; three to Wyoming; one to the Higher Sierras in California (all of which were pack-train trips); one to North Dakota; one by yacht to the West Indies and South America, and probably a dozen to his plantation in North Carolina. If I did not assimilate some veritable notions during those hundreds of days of more or less close communion, my time was wastefully spent. At least what I have to offer is not hearsay.

Though I had, of course, known George Eastman casually, just as one would know a fellow citizen whose success had already become more than a rumor, it was in the late Fall of 1903 that our real acquaintance began. He was then 50 years of age, and had just begun to show symptoms of a yearning to embark upon a career of recreational activity in what to him was the almost unknown field of the great outdoors but to which he later brought the same enthusiasm and ingenuity that had made him such an important figure in the industrial world. He had asked me, with two others, to join him at his plantation in North Carolina for the quail shooting. The journey there gave me my first experience with the rigors and discomforts of travel by private car, but the facility with which I managed to accommodate myself to them, and even to quickly assume an appropriate sense of importance which is a natural sequence, I became convinced there is nothing difficult about it. Subsequent repetitions in later years, however, loosened some of the complacency I had acquired, and I became able to understand the frequent and audible comments of R.R. employees who had the extra work of shunting the car, to say nothing of the communistic attitude of the general traveling public towards that flaunting evidence of plutocracy, but though diminished, my first sensations were never completely lost for a mode of travel which, like the dodo, has now become extinct.

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I never did discover how I happened to be asked on this first trip, which was the beginning of others that added so materially to my knowledge of geography, but have evolved the theory that he had learned I was more or less conversant with the purposes of both ends of a shot-gun, of which he then knew next to nothing, or of the intricacies of bird shooting, and had the idea that he might learn from me, by precept and example, what it was all about. Had he known what a slender reed he proposed to lean on (for up to that time I had never met "Bob White" in his native environment) there would never have been any foundation for this tribute. However, as my necessity to acquire some proficiency was the greater for having to live up to an ill-founded reputation it is possible (though knowing him as I did later) not necessarily certain, that he never did discover the deficiencies of his appointed preceptor. The only real difference between us with reference to that game was, that he admitted his ignorance of it, while I was in constant apprehension that my enforced pose as an expert, when in reality only a pseudo pattern of one, would end abruptly and fatally. As I think of it now in retrospect, however, there was one other difference. While I, in every detail, dressed the part for which I had been enrolled, neither then nor in any of our later trips did he clothe himself in garments created other than for comfort and endurance, rigorously ignoring style, fit or beauty. Of course, later I discovered how right he was. He had just bought the North Carolina place of some 2000 acres, and had it stocked with quail as well as his colored 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 next experience gave him great enjoyment, and I am certain that he loved the place more than any other possession he ever had. From 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; the miles from the railroad, 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.

My apology is due you for this long prelude, but even so, it is difficult for me to satisfactorily explain why I have chosen to emphasize my insignificant participation in any part of George Eastman's life, since there are many others who knew him better than I did, but as I have been repeatedly asked what sort of a man he was outside of business, this is my inadequate answer. To forestall criticism of what follows, please be assured I appreciate that, while it may seem without logical sequence or definite conclusion, my hope is that it may give you a picture of some events and moments, the exploitation of which brings back pleasant memories.

At the very outset, I was surprised to discover that he was an ideal host in that his guests seem to do him honor by contributing their presence. It was always their party as much as his, an attitude which differs materially from the usual run of magnates distributing largess. Of course, he fixed our ultimate destination, but en route or in camp, the enjoyments of his guests seemed paramount. As an illustration of this, on the completion of the pack-train trip to the Higher Sierras in California, upon discovering that none of the other members of the party
had ever been in California before, and we had no reason to think we
would ever repeat, he changed all the plans and route of the return
trip, and we spent an additional week doing the sights and cities of
the northwest. Again, on the trip to North Dakota for a week's prairie-
chicken shooting, which was planned to be a prelude to shooting elk in
Wyoming, he developed an abscess so sensitively, not to say intimately,
located that he could not walk, and least of all ride horse-back which
the Wyoming part of the trip involved. To our insistence that we aban-
don the chicken shooting and return home immediately, he only laughed
and told us to get a shooting. Though he was in great and constant dis-
comfort, he refused to go home and for a week lay in bed while the rest
of us roamed the Dakota prairie without him. On our return to the car,
he always greeted us with interested inquiries as to what the day had
brought forth, but without permitting us to feel in the least that he
was giving up anything for our entertainment. Parenthetically, Dr.
Mulligan, who fortunately was of the party, decided that an operation
was necessary, and after a clinic which he and I held as to the exact
location of the seat of trouble, in which curiously he proved to be
correct to my chagrin, did operate. That involved the application of
considerable surgeon plaster, and as a consolation for having guessed
wrong, I was promised I could remove the plaster later. Several days
after the operation, on our way home (the Wyoming part of the trip
having been of necessity abandoned) we heard exclamations from the
sick-bay of "foiled" "foiled" and on investigation of the outcry,
discovered G.E. had removed the plaster himself and was joyously
holding it up as evidence of his heroism. Incidentally, as it was
then impossible for him to sit up, the duty involved on me to advise
the R.R. of the change in plans and to send word to the six guides,
who with 30 horses would soon be assembling in Jackson Hole. In

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connection with the latter, was the drawing of very generous checks to compensate the men for the job that failed. It is my recollection that my part did not involve signing the checks.

Though he left an amazing record of material accomplishment, he abhorred ostentation or fulsome tribute, and I never knew him to use his name or authority to obtain service of any kind from strangers. As a single instance: I went with him to a Kodak branch office somewhere in South America, where he sought to buy a special attachment for his camera. The clerk who waited on him was indifferent and rather impertinent, but O.E. gave no hint of who he was or what he might mean to the clerk, and walked out without getting what he wanted. I have often wondered if that clerk held his job very long.

Neither "The Lodge" in North Carolina, nor any of the numerous plantation buildings, had a drop of paint on them. He 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, 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, for he was active boss-carpen ter, 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,

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that it was currently rumored there was not a hog in the country 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 tool-chest at the lodge, which was almost burglar-proof,
and which he invented and constructed, consisted solely of a bare white
wall of a passage-way, easy of access and observation, on which all his
tools were hung but with them all 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 contribution he made in this
almost entirely new field of endeavor was the result of his interest in
improving upon what he early saw were deficiencies in the details of
camping and equipment. You who have indulged in so-called "roughing
it" in the West know with what tolerance your guides recognized and
ear-marked you as a "dude," and behind your back snickered 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. Consid-
ering that until those western trips G.E. had seldom, if ever, slept
out of doors, and as far as pack-horses were concerned his nearest
approach had probably been gained from reading of the intricacies of
the diamond hitch. Yet, I think it was on our second trip that he per-
suaded the guides to cut off the projecting ends of the pack-saddles to
prevent damage to the packs. A small item, but it was not only revolu-
tion but a violation of the traditions of the trade ever since Lewis and
Clark crossed the Rockies, yet it was adopted. We early discovered that
a camp-site was merely a question of time, and any old place near the
close of a day's travel was it so long as were was grass for the horses. As an improvement to that, thenceforth a camp's requirements, if possible, became not only grass, but water, wood, drainage, view and general surroundings. The idea took root, and sites became a subject of debate and selection based on the new standards even though frequently adding hours in the saddle. We usually had thirty horses in the outfit: 4 riding horses for us, 7 for the men, and 10 pack horses for us and 9 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, and 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 the same number covering a total weight 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 was 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 C.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 that of the Chef's. I did not mind as the Chef, as such, was a superior type of the real article, successfully baking 3-layer cake, 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, was also when its demountable legs were attached became 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, and no one but G.F. 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 cut-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

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to any other standard. He ate more than his share of butter and sugar; rarely packed even his own bed-roll 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 short-comings; that if you two could not work out your own salvation, I did not think it worthwhile to 'butt 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.

A somewhat different situation arose on one of our British Columbia trips. Our objective of getting into good sheep and goat country took us across an almost unknown area between the Bull and Elk Rivers, it was a difficult terrain, mountains, no trails and a great deal of down timber. Some days we made only 5 or 6 miles, and that only after nearly continuous axe work by the men so that the packtrain could get
through. Our head guide, picked because years before he had been through there with Hornaday, about this time had promised for two days that we would reach the White River, where we would find all the requirements of a good site, as well as excellent hunting and fishing. We did not reach the river either of those days but late in the evening of the third, and many hours after dark, having ridden with the expectation of momentarily seeing water, the White River was finally reached. It was then too late to make camp, and the pack-train, having miraculously followed our blazes in the dark and caught up with us, the 11 men and 30 horses bedded down in one huddle on the mixture of grass and rocks on the edge of the river. Fortunately the horses were as tired as we were and did not bother us much. The next morning disclosed within a 100 yards of where we were the most ideal camp site of the trip. Before this we had for the past few days heard of some grumbling on the part of the men to the effect that the head guide really did not seem to know where he was, nor except as to general direction, where our destination lay. Anyway, his error of two days in time, plus a poor night by us made the moment seem propitious for a showdown and G.E. asked me to accompany him in an interview with the head guide. Having damned the man for incompetence, I fully expected an outbreak that 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, etc., only finally asking him what he proposed to do from then on, but all in a friendly vein as though he shared in the head-guide’s difficulties, yet in a way indicated and left no doubt that 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 White River as he expected to, but that he knew where we were; that he had asked for and

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been promised better co-operation with the other men, and expected no further trouble, but if it was wished he would resign and pull out. As that would have left us in a far worse predicament, and he was an excellent man in many ways as well as an experienced guide, any such conclusion out of the mess 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, but the situation called for a form of diplomacy which none of us anticipated and few would have displayed.

Our equipment, through constant improving as the result of experience, had become a model of efficiency and utility, and devoid of unnecessary items. The credit for this belong almost entirely to G.E. The same ingenuity and attention to detail he had given to business served him well here. If the attitude of the guides is a criterion, and you may be sure it was a critical one since such matters were an invasion of their own and sensitive field, it is probable that our equipment has seldom been equalled. Without going too much into details, take the matter of eggs, always a delicate subject. They were packed in boxes of a dozen in the springy husks of buck-wheat, and the boxes in a stiff container, which in turn fitted exactly and without shaking a heavy canvas panier, and not an egg was ever broken, except just prior to the fry-pan, on any trip. The butter was packed in small canvas bags in cellophane, each bag holding a pound, and the bags fitted a larger heavy canvas container and that was in a wooden insulated container. Though sometimes the days were quite warm and the sweating pack-horses not refrigerators, the butter kept in perfect condition by hanging up the canvas container at night in the usually freezing temperature, and in the morning was hard. Air mattresses, on which our bed-rolls were
placed, are by themselves a delusion and a snare since they do not in- sulate against cold ground. This was remedied by full length sheep- skins upon the mattresses, and the sheepskins served a useful purpose on the loaded horses in protecting the tents and other tender items. We early discovered that eating cross-legged on the ground or on a log for five or six consecutive weeks did not meet one of our objectives which was to gain as much comfort and pleasure as possible, and not a curvature of the spine. This situation was met by an ingenious folding table and folding chairs, which would take only a small part of a horse to carry. You probably all know that sitting around a camp-fire at night results in a roasting of your front while the whole area of your rear end freezes. This was easily corrected by a small sheepskin which was hung over the back of the chairs, and which in turn were used in packing fragile utensils when on the move. This list might be extended to some length but to no good purpose. Suffice to say, that though on nearly every trip one or more horses were lost or injured in crossing fast water or on bad trails, no article of food or equipment was lost or injured, so well were those contingencies provided against. I occasionally had the honor of sitting in conferences in which we discussed the utility of some new wrinkle or inspect a new completed job. It would be improper to suggest that Kodak in those days suffered from any lack of attention, but there is no doubt that as the zero hour of our departures approached, though there seemed to be no time of year wholly immune, a great deal of his attention and thought was directed to things relating to his new avocation.

An interesting side-light, showing how a 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, who said that if we cared to stop at the eastern end of the island, that is San Domingo, there was one of the finest harbors of the western Atlantic known as Samina 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 during Grant's administration 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 he immediately began his preparations to go; but he had not gone very far with them when some one advised to take a camera. Though that was to him an almost unknown utensil he became 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. The inspiration, for such it much 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, 40 years later, went into Samina Bay for the first time.

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 slept on cots on the lower after-deck. When the storm hit us and water began coming aboard all but G.E. took to our 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, though 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 though he could not stop him, with presence of mind and dexterity 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 nor 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 by 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.

Impelled by an energy that was remarkable, without doubt he was the busiest man in camp. He did practically all the fancy cooking, above the grade of boiling eggs, and took great pride in it. In California he climbed Mt. Whitney, its 14,500 feet elevation making it the highest peak in U.S. proper, a feat worthy of a much younger man, as I discovered. To make the ascent we had ridden to an elevation of about 10,000 feet, but from them on to the summit the ascent was made our own power over broken rocks and boulders but no earth. He had become an excellent show, particularly with the rifle, and greatly due to his prowess we seldom lacked fresh meat though, if I may interpolate, I may have contributed the most edible of the meat items by managing to shoot a mountain goat, which though found 2000 feet above the timber line, with no proverbial tin cans available, was fat and very tender. Under G.E.'s expert ministration we ate the goat under many disguises, finally ending its career in a stew with dumplings, the latter through the medium of the coffee-pot as a steamer. Long before its ultimate disappearance, the goatee which I had started at G.E.'s suggestion in commemoration of the event, had assumed quite respectable, if not artistic proportions.

His interest in young men was very keen. Infrequently, as we met them en route or on the trail, he never failed to go out of his way to talk with them and learn what their interests were. We never knew whether or not he looked upon them as potential employees, but obviously his interest was real. This interest was very different from his attitude towards casual strangers. I recall one part of "sports" who were in British Columbia after sheep, crossed our trail, and gave evidence of a purpose to make the contact more or less permanent, but they failed
dismally. In fact, our ways parted immediately and abruptly, and I am certain with the conviction on their part that they were not persona grata, gained no doubt by some frank statements of fact.

Against that, at another time when we were all away from camp fishing, on our return the guides reported that two young men had come in and said they were from some technical school in Massachusetts, the exact name of which the guides could not remember, but upon learning it was the Eastman party whose camp they had come into, they wished to leave their respects. G.E. seemed greatly disappointed at missing them, and sent the guides off in different directions to find them, and if possible persuade them to spend the rest of our stay in that camp with us. They were never found, and his regret at missing them was very sincere.

This would be a very incomplete story if reference at least was not made to those other well-known attributes, such as his great love for his mother which found constant expression in so many ways, and his affection and loyalty for his old friends for whom, like Walter Hubbell, long a member of this Club, who for his life-time was his trusted adviser and companion, and for Albert Fenn whom he had known from boyhood days, not to mention many others, to whom he never missed an opportunity to refer affectionately as long as I knew him. Nor can I refrain from recalling an occasion in which he showed his love for a little child, and made me revise, with shame, some previously conceived impressions. This time, on reaching Enfield on the way to Oak Lodge, we went to call, as was our custom, upon the man and his wife through whose assistance the plantation had been purchased. As we went up the rose-bordered walk on that bright Spring day, and approached the house entrance 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 outstanding,
waiting for him to reach her, and as he did so, threw herself into his arms and kissed him affectionately as he carried her into the house. During the whole visit she sat in his lap and, obviously certain of his affection, told him all the news of her young life, and to which he responded with interest and amusement. To her, secure in the certain knowledge of his affection, there was no awe, or even consciousness, of the great executive, only a beloved friend. When we left she wept copiously. The next year, as we were approaching Enfield, I asked him if we would be able to see little 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.

This concludes these reminiscences. Many more of a similar tenor could be readily added, but these may disclose why I have a very affectionate memory of a man upon whom the world, in its limited knowledge, passed such varying judgments. It is not that through him I was enabled to see wild and interesting spots not available to most men, my affectionate memory only comes, but, much more, because in the association of so many years, and under all kinds of diverse conditions, I came to know him, not only as a royal host and companion but a friend.