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## **Forman H. Craton - 1932 - 1933 - Diary**

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and very much to my satisfaction. Normally he would play for a long time every evening while I would write; thus, neither of us interfered with the other. Unfortunately this idyllic situation was not to continue for long.

I do not presume to claim guiltlessness in this matter because I haven't much idea of how I appeared to Perk. But it soon became evident to me that Perk and I had gotten along much better as friends with casual contacts than as roommates subjected to each other's company daily. Perk was a big, broad-shouldered, heavyset, handsome, florid-faced Irishman with a fine mind and great pride in his race, religion, intelligence and talents. Moreover, he hadn't the slightest diffidence in expressing his thoughts on these matters to anybody, friend or enemy, high or low estate. As I've previously mentioned, Perk once had no hesitation in writing to Gerald Swope, the GE president, regarding Perk's thoughts on qualifications to belong to the Elfun Society, and they were anything but flattering to Mr. Swope or anyone else in the upper echelons of the Company. Also, as I've recounted, Perk once demonstrated his dissatisfaction with the Company by leaving it to go to Chile briefly with one of the copper companies but soon realized his mistake and returned to the fold. At his best, Perk was one of the most charming guys I've ever known, and at his worse, one of the most arrogant and disturbing. He had enormous talent but he lacked something in the way of taste or feel which would have allowed him to go much farther than he did. To Perk, absolute frankness was a virtue standing very near the top of the list and in pursuing this virtue, Perk alienated many people. For example, one day I happened to mention that my namesake, Joshua Forman, had been the founder of Syracuse, to which Perk replied with a heavy sneer, "What does that make you, an Elk?" Perk resented deeply, any suggestion, even hint, by anyone, that they were in any way superior to himself and while I don't know his family background, I suspect he was not over two generations away from the immigrant level based on his reactions to such things as this one of mine. It may even have been some reference to having "Mayflower" ancestors that teed him off but I think it was Joshua. Perk was a strong Catholic and I think he was very much of a bigot in this regard although he didn't seem to seek out arguments over religion--if he had, he and I wouldn't have lasted very long together. As it was, I asked him to take me to Mass one Sunday, which he did, but I was unimpressed and failed to repeat--the whole thing was completely over my head and delivered largely in Latin and unintelligible chants and singsongs which meant nothing to me. But Perk had a great sense of humor, high intelligence, a love of good music, love of a good time, and most of the time we got along well together. I think that my conclusion about "Batching it" with Perk is summed up quite well in the following excerpt from my diary of February 4, 1932, three days after my arrival:

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