

BANCROFTIANA

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Aubrey Drury [1891-1959]

MEMORIES OF AUBREY DRURY'S career crowd in on my recollections and bring to mind a kind and friendly man, deeply interested in California's pioneer days. His devotion to



*Aubrey Drury (right) with Anson Blake,
distinguished Californians*

family and friends, to life in the West, carved out of a kindly but rugged environment, is reflected in his writings:

California—aglow with color as a vast iris-garden! Changing tints with the varying seasons, above all its color-accent are those of blue and gold. Overhead, at midday a vault of stainless blue, at sunset a glory of luminous gold; on the seaward horizon, turquoise; inland, across the tawny deserts, the hazy blue of distant ranges...

Aubrey had a fine appreciation of the life and times of the past. Like his father, Wells Drury, newspaperman of Nevada and Califor-

nia, he sensed the value of historical resources as an essential part of a people's cultural heritage. And when the axe of the lumberman threatened to vandalize the giant redwoods of the California coast—trees that had withstood for more than a thousand years the natural dangers of fire and storm, and the greater peril of man himself, he joined forces with the Save-the-Redwoods League and assisted in its tremendous and very successful program to preserve these giants for us to take pride in today.

It was a joy to know Aubrey Drury—a pleasure to see him in the Bancroft Library researching California's past; and it was stimulating to talk with him about his latest project, a study of Alf Doten, a gold-seeking '49er turned Nevada newspaperman. My finest recollection of Aubrey was during a relaxing visit at the home of the Richard Y. Dakins of Belvedere on October 17, 1959, when we had a sparkling conversation, with his brother Newton and Susanna Dakin acting as the catalysts.

Memories are wings that carry one back to treasured moments of other days, to friends who helped make life's journey brighter. Aubrey Drury did that for Californians. His books and writings reflect that gift to his State.—G.P.H.

Bancroft's Centennial

HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT began the accumulation of his library a hundred years ago—while the Gold Rush and its attendant excitement were well remembered and the documentary materials still fresh at hand. Today, a century later, we as a State and Nation are immeasurably richer for what he did. In 1961 the Library will celebrate this anniversary by

appropriate exhibits, programs, and publications. The Annual Meeting in May, 1961, will be devoted to this theme. We hope that our friends, individually and collectively, will help us to commemorate the occasion. The Council welcomes your suggestions.

Mrs. Haskell's "Kaweah" Diaries

NEARLY A HUNDRED YEARS AGO "Kaweah," a strange-sounding term of Indian origin, was an obscure place in the Sierra Nevada of California. It became prominent in 1884 when Burnette G. Haskell and a group of friends developed the idea of a cooperative settlement or social experiment at this site. Working closely with another San Francisco labor leader, James J. Martin, the brilliant though often impractical Haskell enlisted 68 fellow unionists and socialists as the first colonists of the new Utopia, and with them as a nucleus launched the grand scheme.

In its essence, the Kaweah Colony envisioned a cooperative enterprise where men would work and live together and share alike the fruits of their industry. The selected spot, located on the western slope of the Sierra in Tulare County, included valley, foothill, and forested mountain land. Here the Utopians filed claims for land, but government officials feared that they might be acting for some monopoly, such as the Southern Pacific Railroad, and withdrew the area from the right of entry. The colonists, therefore, took possession under "squatter" rights, and founded homes, built roads, erected a sawmill, constructed a railway to connect with the main trunk line—in short, they established a primitive community based on socialistic ideas.

Though the colony got off to a reasonably good start, differences of opinion divided the people into factions and precipitated so many difficulties that the whole project failed within a few years. Lawsuits, charges, and countercharges resulted, and it was not long until only a handful of settlers remained—and the Kaweah experiment to create a socialistic society ended in a bankrupt failure.

Burnette G. Haskell (1857-1907) was a native of Downieville, California. As a student he attended the Universities of Califor-

nia and Illinois, as well as Oberlin College, and qualified to practice law. Admitted to the Bar in 1879, he was described as a brilliant and erratic lawyer, but he only dabbled in the practice of his profession; more to his liking was the literature of the labor movement, radical by present-day standards, the ideas of which, as editor of a paper called *Truth* (organ of the San Francisco Trades Assambly), he promptly espoused. Out of this predilection for a socialistic society, he sparked the start of the Kaweah experiment.

Haskell's wife, Anna Hayden Fader, born in Trinity County in 1858, was the family diarist. In her journals she depicted the entire story of this interesting period and the extraordinary events of the Kaweah venture. After her death in San Francisco in 1942, her son, A. V. Haskell, former clerk of the Supreme Court of California, lent a few of her diaries to the Bancroft Library for microfilming. Now all these records, covering the years 1876 to 1942, have been presented to the Library as a gift of Wayne Merrill Collins, with the consent and approval of Mrs. Gertrude J. (A. V.) Haskell. They form a capstone to the Kaweah Colony materials at the University, some of which had already been collected by the late Professor Ira B. Cross. It is the intimate, personal side of these events, and of these people, that is portrayed in the Haskell diaries, illuminating many pages of California's history.

New Council Members

TO TAKE THE PLACES vacated by Virginia Thickers and Joseph Bransten, the Council has elected Susanna Bryant Dakin of Belvedere and Charlotte E. Jackson of Berkeley to fill the unexpired terms. Mr. Bransten, a member for two full terms—eight years—felt that membership on the Friends' governing board should not be permanent. Miss Thickers, who served as secretary for several years, found her school work too demanding to continue.

Mrs. Dakin is the author of several books, including *A Scotch Paisano*, *Hugo Reid's Life in California*, and *The Lives of William Hartnell*, both famous California pioneers. Mrs. Jackson not only writes children's books but is book-review editor of juvenile books for the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

Joseph Henry Jackson's Papers

THE NAME of Joseph Henry Jackson was so completely identified with California that he was often thought to be a native son. The truth is that he, like so many of us, became one by adoption. Born in New Jersey in 1894,



Joseph Henry Jackson (right) with Emlyn Williams, noted English playwright

he came West in 1920. He was with *Sunset* from 1920 to 1928, serving as its editor from 1926 to 1928; with the *San Francisco Argonaut* from 1929 to 1930, as its literary editor; and, from 1931 until his death in 1955, with the *San Francisco Chronicle* as literary editor.

Producing his daily newspaper column, "A Bookman's Notebook," and editing the Sunday book section, were his principal jobs. But Jackson not only reviewed books, he wrote them (including such successful ones as *Mexican Interlude*, *Anybody's Gold*, *Bad Company*, and *My San Francisco*), and, in addition, edited many anthologies. His weekly radio program, "The Reader's Guide," carried over a national network, added to his sizable following. So eminent did he become in his field that in 1950 the University of

Southern California awarded him an honorary degree of Doctor of Letters, as "a teacher whose book reviews constituted a cultural force of great effectiveness."

Widely recognized as an authority on California literature and history, he used the Bancroft Library extensively in his own writing and served it effectively as a member of the Council of Friends and as honorary curator of its California Fiction Collection.

On her husband's death, Mrs. Jackson presented his papers—files of correspondence, manuscripts of several books, and a complete run of his book reviews—to the Bancroft Library. From time to time she discovered more, especially a hitherto unknown cache of letters from some of Mr. Jackson's famous authors. This important addition to his collection has confirmed our belief that its list of stellar literary correspondents makes it more outstanding than ever—Louis Adamic, Gertrude Atherton, John Mason Brown, Nevin Busch, Gene Fowler, Shirley Jackson, H. L. Mencken, Christopher Morley, William Saroyan, and John Steinbeck, to name a few. Some, like Steinbeck and Morley, were intimate friends. Steinbeck, in a revealing letter in 1937, spoke of the pleasure he derived in writing—his means of feeling that he was living richly, diversely and, on occasion, heroically, identifying himself with his characters to a point where he himself ceased to exist. "But sometimes in my own mind . . . I can create something which is larger and richer than I am. In this respect I suppose my satisfaction is much like that of a father who sees his sons succeed where he has failed."

Perhaps the most amusing letter in the collection is one from an intractable Mencken, writing, "I received no less than three thousand letters from San Franciscans protesting against my allegation that I had looked out to sea from the Civic Auditorium. Nevertheless, I insist that I did so. It may have been magic, but all the same it occurred."

Many letters, of course, were those written by authors in appreciation, whether or no Jackson's review was favorable. Again and again they attest to Jackson's particular quality of understanding what the author was trying to do and commenting on the book on that basis, a gift all too rare among critics, most writers agreed. Brooks Atkinson

summed it up well when he wrote, "As a critic I enjoy the ability you have for looking down clear inside what you are reading. That's what I call professionalism, something I admire in any craft."

Welcome Home!

DURING THE SUMMER, two of Bancroft's staff took vacations to far-away places. In July, Julia Macleod, of the Manuscripts staff, flew to Bogotá, Colombia, for a visit with her son Donald and his family. On the return, she made detours to Cartagena and various places in Guatemala and Mexico.

John Barr Tompkins, meantime, with his wife Dorothy, jetted to Cambridge for a visit with old friends, Harvard Library's Associate Director Douglas Bryant and family. Always willing to do an errand for Bancroft, Tompkins visited Pilgrim Hall in Plymouth to arrange for the microfilming of *The Plymouth Rock*, local newspaper, for the Gold Rush period, before motoring to scenes of boyhood days in New York, and on to Quebec and Montreal.

Mrs. Paden's View of Russia

MRS. IRENE D. PADEN of Alameda, author of several popular books of western history, has just returned from a two-week visit to Russia. She gave the Bancroft Library's director a fascinating account of her experiences, which may be of interest to other Friends:

The 17 in their party, she notes, composed largely of College of the Pacific faculty members, received their visas just before the U-2 incident occurred. All decided to go ahead with the planned trip, since neither their visas nor a private seminar at the University of Moscow had been canceled as a result of the political furor.

Determined to make friends with the Russian people, the group was careful to accept without comment the food and accommodations provided, unless they could offer a compliment. They never locked their suitcases nor wrote anything but postcards, and they were treated courteously everywhere. Their English-speaking guide was omnipresent, and

the members, so long as they were in Moscow and Leningrad, spent their time sight-seeing during the day and attending some entertainment in the evening. Mrs. Paden noted particularly the lavish subways in both cities which she calls "extravagantly over-decorated showpieces." On the other hand, she found the collective farms, stores, apartments, and hotels to be inferior to those in the West.

Their standard of living is almost incomprehensible to us—two or three families crowded into a small apartment in apartment houses with only one source of water to a floor and elevators illegal for new buildings of less than five stories. Even in hotels plumbing is scarce and doesn't work all the time and the elevators work even less. We usually walked downstairs and sometimes up, depending on how tired or how brave we were—six stories was our longest trek.

The older people in Russia are unhappy; old age is expendable there. The younger folk seemed normal enough, dressed in gay cotton dresses (it was frightfully hot), and the "Pioneer Camps," corresponding to our Boy and Girl Scout Camps, actually impressed us. The Collective Farms, in common with the stores and hotels, were much behind the times.

In the main, she found the Russian people to be solemn, friendly, and unalarming—and all were vehemently against any more war, ever. Although the small-time officials evidently were afraid to be seen fraternizing with Americans, the more important figures—the vice-president of the University of Moscow, the director of the big library at Kharkov (capital of the Ukraine), and the chief agronomist of their top collective farm—were solidly, if guardedly, friendly. In the Ukraine and the Georgian Soviet Republic, where very few had ever seen an American, it was not unusual for members of their party to be surrounded by a crowd of 25 to 50 people who wanted to shake hands with Americans, and who brought over their relatives and children as well. It was the Americans who finally had to break away.

In spite of shortcomings and criticisms, Mrs. Paden said that she "came out of Russia reassured that we, as well as they, have been misinformed as to how far ahead they are in general education and their way of life." She got "not one syllable of world news" while there, nor a single word of their scientific discoveries.

"Save-the-Redwoods" Papers to Bancroft

DRIVING THROUGH the giant redwoods of the California Coast—Richardson's Grove, the Avenue of the Giants, Jedediah Smith Park—or other parts of the Redwood Empire, is a rich and unforgettable experience. More than 30 years ago I took my first excursion into this colorful region and was overawed by its majestic beauty; this summer, when I re-



Woodsmen cutting segments of a giant California redwood, the General Noble tree, for exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair, 1893.

traced the trail with more leisure, the glory and grandeur of these woods seemed even more impressive, more enjoyable.

"Architecturally," wrote Henry Fairfield Osborn, "they [the redwoods] consist of long curving aisles between the giant columns of the trees, sometimes with spacious vistas opening to the sea; and the ground and the dark fluted trunks are patterned with shifting mosaics of sun and shadow. For long ages they have stood here in the face of the winter rains that sweep down from the northwest. They have been wrapped about by the moisture-laden summer fog that drifts in from the sea and dips low among the green spires . . . They are draped with mosses and the

ground at their feet is bedded with ferns."

As we look at the towering Sequoia sempervirens thrusting their tops skyward, it is understandable why the lumbermen found the straight-grained wood useful for all kinds of building—houses, fence posts, grapevine stakes, railroad ties, shingles—and why thousands of acres of such forests were cut down to satisfy the needs of a growing society. Pioneers were too busy pitting themselves against a rugged environment to see the gaping wounds inflicted by the woodsman's axe, or realize that in the rows of hills and vast fertile lowlands laid bare by this devastation they were setting the stage for subsequent floods and eroded hillsides; nor did they apparently care that the match was applied to the slash—that jumble of treetops, branches, slabs, and bark which today are the vital ingredients for many a manufactured by-product.

The redwood belt of Sequoia sempervirens extends about 450 miles along the Pacific Coast, from the vicinity of Monterey to Southern Oregon, in a narrow ribbon from one to 30 miles wide. The Sequoia gigantea is found inland, especially from Calaveras to Tulare County.

The movement to "Save the Redwoods" did not gain impetus until after the First World War. Before 1900, John Muir had called attention to the creeping devastation and had tried to halt it. The Sierra Club had given space in its *Bulletin* to alert its members. Gradually the public conscience was awakened to the seriousness of what was taking place, especially when the "Save-the-Redwoods League" was organized in 1918 "to coordinate the efforts of the various organizations and individuals working to save the giant Redwoods in their primitive condition." This group gave effective leadership to the cause, both locally and nationally. It obtained funds from the legislature—to be matched by private donations—for the purchase of choice redwood stands; stimulated surveys by Federal and State officials for selection of a National Redwood Park; and aroused the public to the vital issues at stake in preserving the redwoods for the enjoyment of generations to come. In short, this League spearheaded a campaign of educational publicity to disseminate information about the

redwoods and to emphasize the need for their preservation. So successful was its propaganda that national groups, such as The Garden Club of America, became interested and acted forcefully, and in time, to save several prize groves from the insatiable sawmills.

A list of those who supported the Save-the-Redwoods League reads like a roster of Who's Who in the West—Aubrey and Newton Drury (one or the other served as secretary from 1920 to date); Dr. John C. Merriam; Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn; Dr. Robert Gordon Sproul; Madison Grant; and hundreds of others. Under their leadership, the League attained its goal, and hundreds of acres of incomparable redwoods were saved, set aside as monuments for the enjoyment of coming generations—the very areas I saw on my drive.

At the time of his death in 1959, Aubrey Drury had been the administrative secretary of the League for 19 years. On the recommendation of his brother Newton, the League has placed its records in the Bancroft Library where, in the course of time, they will be available to students for research purposes. Many of the pamphlets published by the League in its early days are already collectors' items. Equally important, the League's correspondence with leaders in the Conservation movement is extensive and significant. Bancroft is proud to become the home of these valuable papers. It invites others who possess Save-the-Redwoods League pamphlets, correspondence or pictures to donate them to the Library for permanent preservation.—G.P.H.

Grabhorn Want List

THE GRABHORN PRESS of San Francisco is known not only in California, but throughout the nation. For years it has blended skilled and artistic craftsmanship with paper, type, and printer's ink to achieve a quality in bookmaking that has won thousands of admirers. Any Grabhorn item of Western Americana is invariably treasured by its owner both for its judicious selection of subject, and for its quality and distinction as fine printing.

The Bancroft Library, like the private collector, cherishes its collection of Grabhorniana, and has the same difficulty in keeping up to date. Fortunately, it has most of the

titles listed in the *Magee Bibliography of the Grabhorn Press, 1940-1956*, but lacks those noted below. If you have any of these—and would like to present them to the Bancroft Library—please send them to the Director or write him of your intention.

- Adams, Ansel. *Portfolio One*, 1948. *Portfolio Two*, 1950.
 Deutsch, Monroe E. *Saint Albert of San Francisco*, 1956.
 Farquhar, Francis P. *April 1, 1946. Catalog No. 1*, 1946.
 ———. *The Grizzly Bear Hunter*, 1948.
 Gjoa Foundation. *An Account of the Perilous Voyage of the Ship Gjoa*, 1947.
 Grabhorn, Edwin. *A few pages from the past for Alan Robertson, Elinor Robertson & Mary Grabhorn*, 1947.
 Gray, Mathilde G. *Collection of books pertaining to . . . Mexico, Guatemala and Central America*, 1948.
 Harte, Bret. *San Francisco in 1866*, 1951.
 Heller, Elinor R. *Bibliography of the Grabhorn Press, 1915-1940*, 1940.
 Hoffman, Carl. *California Illustrated Miscellany*, 1942.
 Jeffers, Robinson. *Hungerfield*, 1952.
 Kaiser, Henry J. *Twenty-Six Addresses*, 1945.
 Lux College. *A Technical School for Women*, 1942.
 ———. *Thirtieth Year*, 1943.
 Magee, David. *The Duke and the Printer*, 1953.
 Miller, Henry. *Maurizius Forever*, 1946.
 O'Brien, Robert. *Two Young Men from Bremen*, 1947.
 Schad, Robert O. *A Quarter Century at the Huntington Library*, 1952.
 Steinbeck, John. *How Edith McGillicuddy Met R. L. S.*, 1943.
 Stevenson, R. L. *Robert Louis Stevenson's Story of Monterey*, 1944.
 ———. *The Sea Fogs*, 1942.
 Weston, Edward. *Fiftieth Anniversary Portfolio*, 1957.
 ———. *White Sands*, 1949.

Finally, any of the Christmas cards printed for William and Leslie Denman, using the Indians of the Southwest as the motif, would be very welcome.

The Road to Death Valley

ONE OF THE NOTABLE events of Bancroft's year is the gift of the superbly detailed diaries of the Forty-niner, William B. Lorton, who traveled from Illinois to Salt Lake City with the Knoxville Company of Death Valley fame, later traveled the southern road with Jefferson Hunt's company, struck off into the unknown deserts with a pack party, and eventually came into Los Angeles by way of

the Spanish Trail. Together with a delicately colored miniature portrait, the diaries are the gift of Lorton's granddaughter, Mrs. William J. Moran, and her son, Vallandigham B. Nisbeth.

The pocket diaries, of which there are four, begin in New York in September, 1848. They describe travels in New York and Canada, thence west to Illinois, where in January, 1849, Lorton was caught up in the gold excitement. Thereafter his diaries become one of the finest of all Forty-niner records, for Lorton thoroughly enjoyed keeping a personal record and abundantly filled it with the incidents of life on the trail. Few have so vividly described the problems of traveling with oxen prone to stampeding, or life in Salt Lake in the late summer of 1849, to say nothing of the events which led to the Death Valley tragedy. Lorton was also an artist of some attainments, and a number of sketches ornament his diaries, including a fine one of Mission San Gabriel, near which his record breaks off in late January, 1850.

Born in Peekskill in 1828, Lorton is said to have returned from California in 1854 and to have prospered later as the proprietor of a New York sewing-machine business. He was a member of the 7th regiment of New York militia, and in 1862 participated in the suppression of the draft riots. He died in New York in the early 1890's, having occupied himself in the last years of his life preparing an account of his personal experiences on his trip across the plains and in the diggings. This was unfortunately destroyed after his death, but his diaries have survived and eventually will be published to accord him his rightful place among the great chroniclers of 1849.

Yes—the Twain Shall Meet

NO MATTER how often the story is told—and it is never told so well as by those who experienced it—the California Gold Rush will remain the Homeric Odyssey of American history. This heritage, unique among the fifty states, is continually strengthened for Californians by the discovery of letters and diaries which reveal new details in an ever-appelling story. For one hundred years the Bancroft Library has been collecting these

records, and in the last few years the pace has accelerated under the stimulus of the vigorous research and writing of members of the Staff.

The Library's latest acquisition is an unusually descriptive and complete diary of 1849-1850. Written by William North Steuben of Rome, New York, it records the overland journey (via Lassen's Cut-off) and some six months of life in the mines. As with so many other miners, Steuben found only sorrow and sickness in California. On April 28, 1850, he wrote: "Sometimes toil and fatigue almost beyond endurance has been my lot, while hopes and fears alternately have prevailed. Long weeks of sickness, pain, and anguish have passed. It was then that home with all its endearments were presented to my imagination. Oh, how I longed for the hand of affection to soothe my sorrow . . ."

This mood prevailed, and by July, 1850, Steuben was on his way home, by steamer bound for Panama. The voyage, with its grim burial of a companion, is also recorded, making this a remarkably complete account of experiences known to many of the California argonauts.

Seven years after his return home, Steuben again emigrated to California, as did so many other seemingly disillusioned goldseekers. This time he came with his wife and two children, traveling by overland stage. Steuben and family settled in Visalia in 1858, where he became the first agent for the Wells Fargo Express and Stage Company, a post later held by his son Zane, and, still later, by his grandson.

The Steuben diary was written in two small notebooks, one telling of the overland journey, the other of California and the return home. These two manuscripts were for many years separated, being owned by different branches of the family, the one by Mrs. Ruth Betterton of Visalia, a great-granddaughter of William N. Steuben, and the other by Harry Rutledge of Hayward, whose wife is also a great-granddaughter. Now these separate parts of the Steuben diary have been brought together, as gifts of the respective owners. To Mr. and Mrs. Rutledge and Mrs. Betterton we are most grateful for adding this fine account to Bancroft's great collection of Gold Rush manuscripts.

John Francis Neylan [1886-1960]

MRS. JOHN FRANCIS NEYLAN has presented to the Bancroft Library a collection of Californiana in the name of her husband who, before his death in August of this year, expressed the wish that the collection be placed in this Library. In making the presentation, Mrs. Neylan recalled that her husband had been for many years a Friend of the Bancroft Library and that it was characteristic of him to remember the University, which he had served in so many ways.

John Francis Neylan, in his long career, was a dynamic and dramatic personality. Born in New Jersey, he drifted West early in life, first to Tombstone, Arizona, then to San Francisco, where he became a reporter—a “good two-fisted getter of news.” In Hiram Johnson’s administration, he rose to high office in the State, and also studied law and passed the bar examination. By this time his ability to dramatize an issue had become known, and William Randolph Hearst made him his chief legal representative and also publisher of the San Francisco *Call*.

In addition to carrying on a large law practice, Neylan continued to take an active part in public affairs. Foremost among his interests was the University of California, which he served as a regent from 1928 until his resignation in 1955. During this time, among many other responsibilities, he headed its committee on the development of atomic energy and saw the University grow from a pioneer in this field to one of the giants in modern atomic science.

Neylan’s broad literary interests led him to collect such original materials as the Carmel diary of George Sterling, Ambrose Bierce’s letters, the Gold Rush correspondence of John Henry Dannel, and first editions of various poets and writers. These items, dedicated to his memory, form the basis of Mrs. Neylan’s gift to the Bancroft Library.

California in Pictures

WHEN ROLAND LETTS OLIVER of Los Angeles (U. C. Class of 1900) offered the Bancroft

Library his collection of glass slides and plates made by the Passavant process, we knew the Library’s collections would be enriched by historic photographs, but we did not realize just how important these pictures would prove to be.

The collection consists of about a thousand glass negatives, from 4 x 5 to 8 x 10 inches, and many prints, taken between 1865 and 1901. The subjects range over innumerable phases of California scenes and events—yachting and shipping around San Francisco Bay; student activities at the University of California during the late ‘90s; views of the Berkeley campus; groups of famous Bohemians at their summer encampment; portraits of the William Letts Oliver family and views of their several residences in Oakland—to mines and mining in Mexico and South America.

Included also in the collection is a homemade 4 x 5 view camera, with shutter operated by a rubber band. This box-type outfit is neatly constructed of cigar-box wood and is complete with viewing screen and a “sports” view finder for quick action in shooting.

According to the donor, a set of 100 of the slides was sent on a goodwill tour around the world in 1890-1891 to advertise California’s scenic beauty. Many of the plates were emulsified with a formula invented by Dr. Samuel C. Passavant. His secret fixer and special washer, along with others, were later tested experimentally by George Eastman prior to the Eastman Company’s commercial production of “Kodak” in 1896. During the preparation of the Passavant emulsion, tests were conducted in the Oakland research laboratory of the donor’s father, William Letts Oliver.

Roland Letts Oliver concludes his notes on the history of the pictures by remarking: “My recollection of their history arises from the fact that I happen to have been the ‘kid’ who rocked the cradle (the dark room developing trays, etc.) for Dr. Passavant and my Dad; and later helped tote their cumbersome camera equipment!”

It is hoped that before long the Bancroft Library will complete the detailed indexing and be able to exhibit these valuable photographs to the Friends and the public.