

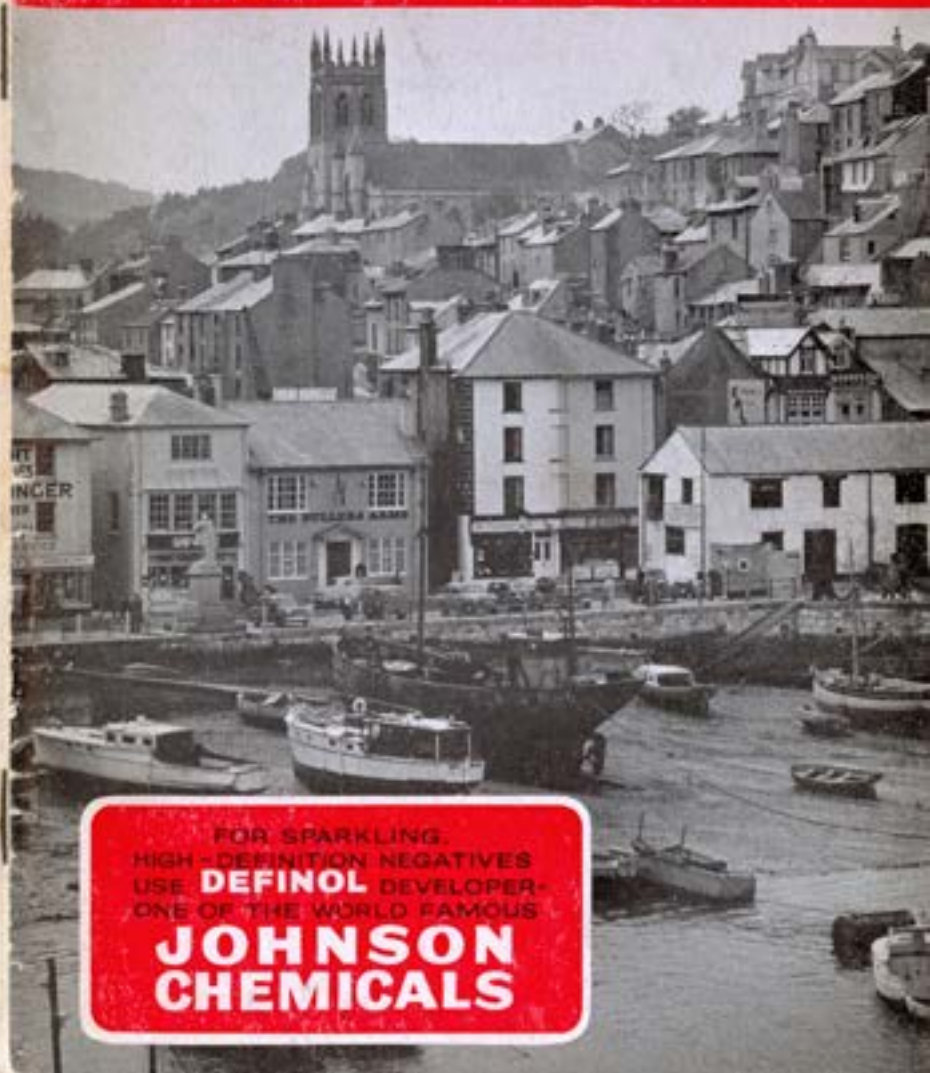


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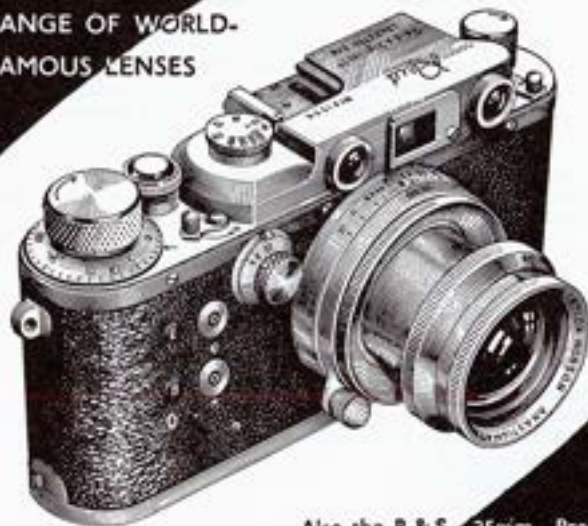
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No. 44. MAY, 1962

The Little Man

THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE
UNITED PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTFOLIOS OF GREAT BRITAIN

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THE LITTLE MAN is published twice a year by The United Photographic Portfolios of Great Britain, which is affiliated to the Photographic Alliance through the Central Association and is the largest postal photographic club in the world. Correspondence on general club matters should be sent to the General Secretary, inquiries regarding membership to the Publicity and Recruiting Secretary, at the addresses shown on pages 6 and 7.

All correspondence regarding THE LITTLE MAN should be addressed to the Editor, Leonard Gaud, 44 Hatherup Road, Hampton, Middlesex (Molesey 7294), who will be pleased to receive editorial contributions, for which he regrets he is unable to pay, and to supply prospective advertisers with details of circulation, rates, etc.

So you can't Write?

by J. B. BROOMHEAD

Why don't you have a go at writing something for the next issue?

HAVE you ever thought—? Or would that be a difficult question to answer? What I really mean to say is that *The Little Man* would be far more interesting if some fresh blokes could be persuaded to lend a hand with writing the stuff that goes between the covers. If the same two or three are expected to do the lot, year after year, then it ain't 'arf going to be 'umdrum.

So why don't you have a go at writing something for the next issue? You can't write? Oh, I know you can't. Everyone says that and it all depends on how you tackle the job. Do you sit down all stiff, stodgy and sedate, more occupied with thoughts of how you are going to say it rather than what you are going to say? You do? I thought so! No wonder you can't write.

There are some folks—very few and how I envy them—who can sit down and write an article—zoom!—just like that. You can't? Neither can I. That makes two of us and we start level, me and thee. I just have to do it the long way, the easy way. And if I can do it, then you can—better probably.

Just Write, Write, Write

All I do is to sit down, comfy-like, in an armchair, pencil in hand, with a small wad of scrap paper. The family is told to 'ush. I light a fag and settle down. Then I just write, write, write—no, maybe scribble would be a more accurate word. Never a damn about spelling, punctuation, grammar, repetition, style or any of that sort of stuff. What does it matter? No one is going to read this first effort (and even I shall probably have difficulty). I just write, write,

write and never a thought is given to how I write. The one concern is what I write. Anything, everything goes down on the paper regardless.

Often I start off with only a vague, general idea of what I want to say. Fresh ideas come along as I write. Sentences, paragraphs, even pages tend to get swiped out. But I just keep on writing and writing until I've finished all I want to say. Then the whole lot is dumped for a few days. In the interval I shall probably think of better ways of expressing my thoughts. Bits to put in, bits to leave out. And that first rough draft suffers wholesale slashings. Bits are written between the lines or on separate scraps of paper. One glorious mess which just has to be scribbled out again. But the point is that I now know what I want to say and, in the second attempt, I pay some attention to how I want to say it.

It's Not so Difficult Really

All this may sound like a lot of work, particularly to you non-writing types. But it isn't. Believe me, it's amazing how much anyone can write when the grammar book can be forgotten. Even the second rough copy is not a chore: "Somehow it becomes rather fascinating". That is a quotation from an unsolicited testimonial from one of my pupils—if I may so describe a chap with an article in this issue. I wrote to him saying it was time he had an article in the L.M. Being one of the "I-can't-writers" he replied to say he couldn't. Naturally. So I told him, as I am telling you, how to do it. And he did it. If he can, you can.

[Note: From a letter received by the Editor, "No doubt you have already heard from that arm-twisting Secretary of Circle 99 that he had persuaded me to have a go at writing an article for *'The Little Man'*. Having recovered from my injuries, I have set to work and managed to produce something that may be of use".]

Where was I? Oh, doing the second copy. Well, this now has some semblance to Queen's English and may even have a glimmer of style. And this copy is dumped. Dumped for several weeks till I have more or less forgotten what I have written—an interval which grows less and less as the

years whiz past. A final crit, a few minor alterations and then a so-called fair copy is made to send to ye Editor.

And that's it.

So why don't you get going now? Scribble your thoughts on a bit of paper—a large bit, or several. Imagine you are talking to someone—me, if you like. I'm a good listener and never interrupt. But get something to work on and then you, too, can sample the—what was the word?—the fascination of licking it into shape and finding that you, pen-tied you, can really write after all.

You don't believe me? Nobody ever does until they've tried it. You wouldn't expect to produce a successful exhibition print by sticking a new, unproofed neg. into the enlarger and boosting it up to 20 by 16 first time. First you would rough-proof it to find what was on the neg. Then you would do a fair print of the selected portion to find how the final print has to be dodged and coddled. And it is just the same with writing. A rough draft to find what you want to say. A rough copy to find how you want to say it.

Should you, at this stage, begin to wonder what the heck Len would do with over 500 articles—well, just give him a chance to show you. The next issue could always be sent by rail if it is too heavy for the post.

How I became a Circle Secretary

It was Thursday and the sun was shining. The news was not particularly frightening. No dramatics by any of these so-called sportsmen. No particular screams from behind the Iron Curtain that penetrated my tranquillity. In fact as I lit a cigarette after breakfast I laid down the newspaper for a few minutes 'reverie'. Then came the postman with a couple of bills, a letter for the wife from a friend on holiday and one for me decorated by the 'Little Man'.

Now, up to that moment I had thoroughly enjoyed myself in the circle, teasing and 'clanging' in light-hearted fashion. Never aspiring to a coveted GL but thoroughly enjoying every box. But back to the letter. This was from

Arthur, our Secretary. A grand 'bod'. Friendly, informative, dignified and attentive. He wrote that owing to certain pressures he had run out of time, that his pride and joy was becoming his big worry and that he and Peter (a close colleague in the circle) had noted my interest and how did I feel about taking over. Well, having read the last part over and over, another cup of tea, another cigarette, the stone cold truth dawned. What! Secretary? ME?!!

It so happened that I had once had the pleasure of a day out with a mini rally organised by Bernard Broomhead. That evening I phoned him. "I have got a box in now, why not come over?" invited Bernard. I did. "I don't have much trouble with my lot," said B. as he brought out his postal record. There it was in the book: the date you should and the date you did post. "Makes you think" said B., marking off the voting. "What's tripe to some is delight to others". "We have a new system for the award of GLs". "We have a trial round with some prints". And so it went on, a most interesting evening, charmed by the 'interruption' of Mrs. B. with refreshments. I had not realised it was so late.

I started to think going home in the car. I should manage the clerical side — I suppose I can make the time — but that editorial. Again my conscience pricked. How Arthur seemed glad to make mention of some of my 'feeble' points in the N.B. I realise that for a good editorial one must have good 'feed'. I had to smile at Bernard's edit. He had been reading an 'ancient' "Do it yourself" book and had used in his edit the formulae of various concoctions contained therein. One was "embalming fluid". Not photog. but I would have liked to read the comment on that little lot. I forget whether it was a 'developer' or 'fixer' (sorry, Bernard). And so my thoughts ran. "If only I —" "If I should —" "I could if —" I was sold. The following morning a letter was sent:

"Dear Arthur,

Thanks for yours and having expressed my immediate doubts and you still think I could be of service,

Yours very truly, E.

Pictorialism

by G. EXLEY

PICTORIALISM, in the 'Photography Club' meaning of the term, usually stands for a staid conservatism based on undoubtedly sound foundations, a little Victorian in sentiment, but with its heart in the right place and its aims and standards well tried and understood — but repetitive and with appeal for addicts only.

I remember listening to a friend of mine, an amateur photographer of some standing in 'Alliance circles', giving a talk to a club of non-photographers — well illustrated with very good 'pictorial prints'. The man's words were listened to with attention and respect, his prints were examined with great interest and complete mystification. Why had he taken pictures of such strange objects and bothered to make such large (20 x 16) prints of such unremarkable things? The prints shown finally on this occasion were thrown in as examples of what was *not* pictorial — mere record in fact — and these prints it was that finally raised a flicker of appreciation from that non-photographic audience.

We must Be "Pictorial"

But let's stick to photographers. We all are conditioned, sooner or later, and sooner if we are in a 'club', to the idea that the aristocrat of prints, the thing we must achieve or pack it in (for no photographer can allow himself merely to make records) is the 'pictorial print' — a print showing feeling, mood, interpretation, subjective response, artistry, and above all — *print quality* — and a due and respectful adherence to the rules.

Print quality is of course a *sine qua non*, the first essential without which there is nothing. The fact that it is variously defined and even more variously understood and judged, you must take in your stride. The fact that some of the greatest names in photography pay scant attention

to it, you must also take in your stride. The fact that your own PQ is incontrovertibly first class and you get nowhere, and the other chap's is not so hot and yet he wins prizes, you must take in your stride. The fact that your wife and your friends think you take and make lovely photographs, and yet your 'club' friends shake their heads more in sorrow than in anger at your efforts, you must also take in your stride.

And then there are The Rules and a midnight matinee of 'Photograms', 'Prints of the Year', etc., etc., to guide you, and the thrice-cursed, ill-begotten and wholly malevolent half-brother of The Rules — namely — composition! What can I who know nothing about it say about this treacherous subject? When people occasionally like my prints, the composition is said to be 'not bad', when I don't like somebody else's picture and don't know why, but feel there is no excuse for my not liking it, I can always play it dirty and mutter a non-committal word or so about the composition not being right.

And so it Goes On

By now you will realise that I have not the faintest idea of what a 'good pictorial print' is. So I can be wholly scornful or condescending or deprecating and write, as a crit, that a print is 'merely a record' or 'lacks pictorial feeling' or 'shows some originality but just missed the boat', and you will accept it, because you don't know, or suspect, that I don't know, or suspect, just what 'pictorialism' is. And the further one goes along, and the more prints one makes, the further off one gets.

Circle Secretaries - Reserve List

VOLUNTEERS to undertake the job of Circle Secretary as and when required are always wanted. It sometimes happens that it is necessary to recruit a Circle Secretary at short notice and it is always helpful to have somebody readily available. Muriel Rosamond — the Recruiting Secretary, maintains a reserve list of volunteers. She would be glad to hear from anybody wanting to be included in the list.

C.A. Exhibition, 1962

We didn't think we had much chance but we only just missed the Switch Shield. A few more first-class record prints and we would have won.

OUR Selection Committee wasn't very hopeful about our chances this year. Yet we came second in the Switch Shield and fourth in the Herbert Memorial Trophy. And if we hadn't fallen down so badly on record prints (we had only one acceptance), we would have won the Switch Shield. Well, that's how it goes.

Award for Dr. Saunders

We got a name in the award list, Dr. E. G. Saunders winning the Plaque for Class D, which is officially known as the class dealing with "Natural History, Record and Scientific Lantern Slides". Roland Jonas won a certificate in the Pictorial Prints Class.

The organisation was somewhat different this year. The CA's link with the RPS having been broken, and the RPS having trouble of its own anyway with accommodation, the Battersea Library had to be used as Exhibition headquarters. Taking that into consideration, and in order to make the judges' task less arduous, the Association decided to limit the entry to 25 prints and 31 slides per Society.

Four Points Behind

The winners of the Switch Shield were Polish PS of the Polish YMCA, with a total of 64 points. UPP came next with 60 points and Southampton were a further four points behind third. The Herbert Memorial Trophy went to Borough Polytechnic with 17 points, followed by Orpington PS and Southampton PS with 15 points and UPP one point behind fourth.

The judges were Messrs. P. E. W. Best, Edgar Hyman and J. Gordon Wilson for the prints, and Messrs. W. A. J. Paul, G. K. Wells and K. V. Spalding for the slides.

U.P.P. Acceptances for C.A. Exhibition

Pictorial Prints

		Circle
Aleksander Zyw	Miss G. L. Alison, F.R.P.S.	29
Morning in the Dean Village	G. D. Cruikshank	29
Jimmy	J. R. Hunnck, A.R.P.S., A.R.P.S.	12
Homeward Bound	R. P. Jonas, A.R.P.S.	12, 29
The Sisters of Kintail	R. P. Jonas, A.R.P.S.	12, 29
(Certificate)		
Sir William McTaggart	Miss G. L. Alison, F.R.P.S.	29
December	W. Armstrong, A.R.P.S.	
Profile of Africa	Miss G. L. Alison, F.R.P.S.	29
Who's Coming	J. R. Hunnck, A.R.P.S., A.R.P.S.	12
Platform Shadows	W. Armstrong, A.R.P.S.	15

Record Prints

Altar Panel, Worcester	W. Pegg,	APC, 25
------------------------	----------	---------

Pictorial Slides

Evening Light	E. J. Astle	25
Circus	J. A. Storer-Carson	25
November	J. A. Storer-Carson	25
Shadows	D. H. E. Knights	14, 27
Duet	D. H. E. Knights	14, 27
Encounter	R. W. Donnelly	27
Sunset on the Dart	R. W. Donnelly	27
Nigerian	A. E. Gays	17, 25
Patterns in the Snow	A. E. Gays	17, 25
Cherry Burness	D. H. E. Knights	14, 27
Woodland Walk	S. Darlington	21

Record Slides

Sedilla and Piscina	E. J. Astle	25
Stall End, Chester	W. Pegg	APC, 25
Miserere, Christchurch	W. Pegg	APC, 25
Shades of "Old Noll"	Mrs. K. Powell	6
Bench End, Tidesswell	Mrs. K. Powell	6
Altar Rail, Cockayne	Mrs. K. Powell	6
Larvae of the Owl Moth	Dr. E. G. Saunders, A.R.P.S.	NHCC
(Plaque)		
Conombrasia Tyrrher	Dr. E. G. Saunders, A.R.P.S.	NHCC
Elephant Hawk Moth	Dr. E. G. Saunders, A.R.P.S.	NHCC

Trade Processed Slides

Washing	Miss Janet Cavey	24
White Faced Tree Duck	Mrs. R. Upton	NHCC

Farewell to an Emigrant

SID POLLARD reports.

INTO Circle 6 came, less than three years ago, a very raw recruit whose first print was a whole plate on a horrible yellow mount. He described himself as a beginner and his work left us all in no doubt.

A few rounds went by and this beginner was asking a lot of questions in the notebook. Then he mentioned something about attending evening classes. The prints grew in size and quality. Finally, a motor holiday in Spain provided some excellent subject matter and out came the best print of all time — "Siesta", a 15 x 12 on a very suitable Gevaert paper.

First Gold Label

The Circle Sec's wife did her monthly job of counting up the votes (the returning officer must be a disinterested party) and, sure enough, with more than 12 members voting the print first, it was duly awarded a Gold Label. That was Norman Houlgrave, crashing into the top line against keen opposition.

That first Gold Label was no flash in the pan. More came. Not every round but frequently enough. He gave us some really dynamic shots. Then, at the AGM, late into the night over glasses and cuppas, he told us of his plans to emigrate to New Zealand — lock, stock and barrel — wife, family, car and cameras.

So, as the date drew near, the secretary thought that in appreciation of a member who had come to delight us all with his prints and his contribution to the Circle, a farewell party should say goodbye to him. A glance at the map seemed to indicate Lichfield as a suitable centre geographically. So all members were notified that the party would be held at the Old College Hotel, lunch 1 p.m., tea at 4.30.

The Sunday morning dawned in Cheshire to a 3 in. deep covering of snow. So down through the lanes we

drove, stopping far too often to do some photography. It doesn't happen very often that we get such nice fresh snow at the weekend when we are free to dash out and make some exposures in brilliant sunshine. However, having collected enough negatives for Christmas cards for more years than we shall ever need, on we went.

Gathering Round the Table

And there, gathered round the lounge fire, were other members of the Circle who were near enough to make the journey in the day, together with their families, snugly awaiting the arrival of the secretary. Formal greetings over, letters of apology were read from non-attenders. Bill Armstrong and Norman Lochhead sent greetings to the Circle and good wishes to the Houlgrave clan for its future. And, joy of joys, from North of the Border came two donations for drinks to the health of all. Other letters came from W. L. Jelf, Mrs. Powell, Bob Skinner, and Fred Buddle.

And so to the table, with Pollard at the head representing UPP and the Circle, Norman Houlgrave on the right and Eileen Houlgrave on the left and so down the table — seventeen in all. We were delighted to greet George Neale again from Nottingham. It seems a long time since we walked round the grounds of Polesden Lacey together at one AGM and the Festival Gardens at another. George has been on the rota of Circle 6 longer than any other member except the secretary.

Percy Leatherbarrow, Bernard Poole and Les Dodge were also among those gathered round the table. All with families and a very nice party it was. Food disposed of, speeches followed, Norman Houlgrave excelling himself again. If all things fail, the New Zealand Government would do well to recruit Norman as an after-dinner speaker for their official functions.

The sun was shining outside so the afternoon was spent wandering round the old city, famous as the birthplace of Doctor Johnson, and in and around the cathedral. Then after tea, the farewells were said and we all departed our various ways after voting the gathering a success.

Ballad of the Doldrums

I WONDER if it really is the mail
That dates for circulation keeps defeating?
Or is Farewell too far beyond the Hail—
In other words, How many blokes are cheating?

The Sec, the secretarial breast is beating,
His posting rota's now a shocking wreck.
It wrings the heart to hear his plaintive bleating:
The Song of Sorrow of a Circle Sec.

The notebook entries flag and slowly fail,
The same pictorial mush keeps on repeating.
Can you expect the song of nightingale
In drab halls where all thought is under sheeting?

Nay, rather you will hear the dull tweet-tweeting
Of sombre sparrows seeking crumbs to peck;
And what the noise this dismal dirge completing?
The Song of Sorrow of a Circle Sec.

But come! Does life but tell a sorry tale?
There's voting, boxes, GLs, drinking, eating!
One voting card ain't put me at the tail,
One member even sent an Easter Greeting!

The flowers are out (and so's the central heating),
The football pools have sent a tiny cheque,
My latest film's a dream of joy*, unseating
The Song of Sorrow of a Circle Sec.

L'ENVOI

Dear Member, at the annual general meeting
A cure there is that you'll find most effective
Tive in a liquid way: Try treating
The Song of Sorrow of a Circle Sec.

J. R. STANFORTH

* Until the Rats get at it, of course.

No Business like Show Business

by PETE OWEN

WHEN the leaves begin to change their colour and the nights get shorter the colour slide enthusiast starts to select and bind his season's tally of slides. He may only have a few dozen or on the other hand he may have several hundreds. Whatever his final total of selected slides, one thing is certain; they will be shown to relations and friends.

A colour slide worker does not have to be at the game for many years before word gets around that he has a collection of here and there. They may be of Continental holidays or just a couple of dozen of the author's own district. Once it is generally known that he's shown so-and-so his slides he can be sure that some chairman or secretary will be getting in touch with him in the hope that he can fill a date in their organisation's syllabus.

Some of the Pitfalls

Now perhaps you have some experience of this. On the other hand you may not yet have faced all the small things that can happen once you have agreed to fill that vacant date. I don't want to make this read as though I'm against helping these clubs out, but I do feel that some of the pitfalls should be pointed out. "What pitfalls can there be?" you may ask. There can be so many that I will point out only the ones that I've run into, in the hopes that you will "be prepared".

First, when accepting an invitation to show your slides find out if there is a convenient socket outlet to feed your projector. Whatever else you might forget to ask, make sure you find what size plug top you need on your projector lead. If the secretary can't tell you this see if you can arrange with him to have a look at the meeting room sometime before your visit. You may be asked to a village hall to give a show. There you may find that the only socket is in the kitchen some twenty yards away from where your

projector must stand. I always have a length of good rubber covered flex with me; you never know what might have happened to the socket or building since you last saw it. Also carry a selection of plug tops with you. You might ask why not use one of these multi-plugs that are on the market. They are all right, no doubt, but I prefer my plug top collection plus a few adaptors.

That's not the only electrical bug that can confront you. Fuses can be a real headache. On arriving at a meeting it is just as well to locate the particular fuse which feeds your socket. It might save ages of fumbling in the darkness. A friend of mine was giving a slide show and suddenly — Bang!! Darkness for the whole building! When he found the fuse box it was high up on the apex of the roof. There was no ladder so with the help of a pyramid of card tables and a candle that burnt his fingers he gingerly climbed to the fuse box while his lady audience began to shriek. Therefore I always carry a screwdriver, pliers and some fuse-wire in my evening's equipment.

You Can Drop Bricks

Once you have started giving the show you can still run into pit-falls, one of which I call Audience Diplomacy. By this I mean it's no good showing a collection of inn signs to the local Band of Hope together with a lot of pub talk. I think I can best point out Audience Diplomacy by how I once dropped a large brick at a Mother's Club. Onto the screen came a landscape that was taken from a narrow bridge with a dangerous bend on it. I was explaining this fact and mentioned how, at the moment of exposure, a car driven by a woman came round the bend at such a speed that she nearly knocked me over the bridge wall. At that remark up jumped a lady in the front row to ask if I was insinuating that women drivers were not as safe as men. I just said "No", and quickly put the next view on the screen, while the said lady nattered on for some minutes to her neighbour.

Before you start your show you should have found out if they usually have a break for tea or if it's at the end of the meeting. If you don't find this out you stand a good chance

that half-way through some interesting country trip all hell will be let loose as the tea members unearth tin kettle, tin tray and cups by the score. If you don't take the hint then the enamel teapot will take its turn to rattle and fall off the table. If that doesn't stop the show someone will then creep up to you and ask, "Do you take sugar?" You then switch off the projector and settle down to a well-earned ten minutes off your feet sipping a cup of luke-warm tea and trying to get your teeth into Mrs. So-and-so's rock cakes. Never refuse to have a second one even if it does cost you a couple of quid at the dentists next morning.

During this tea break you will certainly be asked to judge some competition or make the draw for a raffle. Now the competition may be anything from a photographic monthly to an ankle competition. Whatever you are asked to do go into it with the utmost confidence. If your audience sees you wavering there's sure to be someone ready to help. Be firm and make out you are an expert in everything from jam-making to judo. One last tip while we are on competitions: watch yourself if it turns out to be a home-made wine evening. Some of those mixtures can kill at ten feet or less.

Not Too Many Slides

We take it then that the tea break is over and you have returned to your following commentary. It might be a good idea to say a few words here about the make-up of your collection. I never use more than 150 slides: the total is more likely to be round the 125 mark. Too many pushed through too quickly is just as bad as a few taking all evening. I have found 85 an hour acceptable. Of course, if your slide show is of a specialist nature then it will need longer per slide, but I'm talking here of general subjects to the ordinary club or society. Also, however good a gardener you are, don't show off with too many slides of the biggest marrow you have ever grown or where you have moved the lily pond to. Just as bad is the inclusion of too many family slides. Include a few humorous slides, well spaced out through the evening's showing. And, lastly, don't include a lot of slides that you may have shown them last year, unless they ask to see them again.

I'm not going to say anything about the position of the screen because each and every showing is different in some way or other. Before you start, a good idea is to project the title slide on the screen and ask the audience if they can see it in comfort. One last suggestion, if at all possible take a friend with you who knows your equipment and the slides you are to show. Perhaps he won't be called upon to do anything but I always find that to have someone you know alongside if required is a big comfort. Most organisations don't mind you taking a friend and some invite you to take one when they ask you.

I hope I haven't put you off giving many worthwhile organisations an evening's entertainment. Whatever happens, once you have accepted the invitation don't forget: "The show must go on".

Carrying those Accessories

by E. J. M. JONES

who has found an inexpensive way of doing it.

A RIGID leather gadget bag no doubt gives good protection to its contents but is far from comfortable to have dangling from the shoulder, particularly when crossing rough country or even climbing a mountain for those bent towards this dizzy pastime.

The idea was to find something that was more a part of one's self. Pockets are very useful but there is a limit. What about a rucksack? No, that's going a bit far. Salvation came when looking through a winter sports catalogue from that well-known London firm; there, illustrated, was the very thing: a ski lunchbag or pouch. This was a rectangular shaped bag roughly 8in. long, 3½in. wide and 6in. high, made in soft waterproof material, zipp along the centre of the top, shoulder strap *and* a strap to fix the bag around the waist. Just the thing for the job!

One was obtained and the next problem was how to divide the inside to take, in this case, a set of Retina lenses and accessories. Rigid divisions were ruled out as these

would prevent the bag from taking the shape of the body and also would prevent very close packing of the contents. This was solved when visiting Woolworth's. They market a very cheap camera and also a canvas type case to store it in. These cases can be purchased separately at 2/6d. and are just the size to hold a lens. They have a plastic shoulder strap and this can easily be removed. For smaller items, plastic zipp purses in various sizes and colours can be obtained from the same source. These will hold anything from a Weston down to lens hoods, filters, etc., and different colours can be bought for ease of identification of contents.

With all accessories stowed away in these little bags, they can be packed in the ski bag so that the most frequently used items are on top. This method does away with any need for making divisions and at the same time gives good protection. The ski bag costs around 35/- (the prices and types seems to vary slightly from year to year), so for a little more than £2 one has a very efficient gadget bag, far more adaptable and easier to use and carry than those £10 jobs.

Sentimental Journey

THREE UPP members met in Sheffield in March this year. Nothing much in that, perhaps, but two of them were honorary life members and one was our Publicity and Recruiting Secretary. Between them, they represent over 70 years membership of UPP.

Glen Robson, the President, had often said that if he was anywhere near Sheffield, he would pay Frank Ramsden a visit. As Muriel is a member of Circle 25 with both of them, she offered to do all she could to help. After lecturing in Nottingham one Saturday in March, Glen had what he thought was a two-hour wait for a train in Sheffield. In point of fact, that wait was stretched to five hours. Muriel collected Frank, met Glen in Sheffield and took both of them back to Mexborough with her for lunch.

Frank doesn't get about so easily now and he was surprised and delighted at the visit.



AIR SHOW
by A. C. Jones
Certificate, Circle 14.

Last Year's Near-Winners

BRUCE
by A. W. Shaw
Certificate, Circle 9.



Near Winners (continued)

HANDS RECURE

by E. L. Davies,
Certificate, Circle 26.



BENCH END, TIDESWELL

by O. H. Downing,
Certificate, Circle 8.

Letter to the Editor

"I was offered a camera. Free!"

Sir,

Have you ever dreamt of having a slice of good fortune such as winning the pools, or persuading "Ernie" that yours was a deserving cause? Probably not — but.

Once upon a time I was offered a camera. Free. Not a sausage to pay. To one who once had a blood transfusion from a Scotsman it was music to the ear. This opening might give the impression of a fairy tale, but it's true enough. The once upon a time was a few weeks ago, at the club, when I was in conversation with a local professional photographer. "I've got a ten by eight studio camera to get rid of", he said. "How much?" say I. "You can have it for the taking". Horrid suspicion — "Is it any good, bellows alright?" "In good working order", he says, "As a matter of fact it can do wonders. You can focus a goosepimple on another goosepimple half plate size — no bother". This was it. I looked around to see my wife was out of earshot. "I'll collect it at the weekend". "Fair enough", says he, "there's only one thing though, you must take the tripod, it's no good without". "Is that at the same price?" I asked. "Not a penny piece more", he replied.

Come the weekend, bus services being what they are I walk the mile and a half downhill to town. But before setting out on this severe form of physical exercise I tried the psychological approach to ensure the absence of my wife from the ancestral home, when I returned with the "Dinosaur". I was sure it would be known as that when a mere quarter-plate reflex became known as the "Elephant". Anyway, the mention of a Sale at a big store, together with the offer of a few bob towards the price of a new coat, should just about clear the house for a week.

Have you ever had the feeling of being done?
"You've got to take the tripod". *Have you ever seen a*

tripod on castors? Have you ever half carried, half pushed a piano up a mile and a half hill? That's what it felt like. Have you ever had a wife waiting on the doorstep? Has anyone got a Leica for sale?

Yours sincerely,

R. W. Donnelly (Mr.)

PS—Have you ever enjoyed the blissful pleasure of a cosy wood fire with the delightful aroma of burnt rosewood, punctuated by the crackling of roast woodworm?

I. C. Donnelly (Mrs.)

The Wanderers Return

GEORGE BIBBY is on the way back.

WE HAD BEEN picturing George Bibby sitting disconsolately by the side of the dried-up billabong and wondering how he could make up his Beutler without water. And then we had a letter saying he was at Sydney, NSW, and had the whole of the harbour before him. Now comes an air mail letter typed to within a few thou. of the edges telling us some of his adventures and giving an address in a one-pub town miles from a decent shopping centre.

What with the price of film, the heat and much else, he and his wife have decided to return to the Old Country in the autumn, if only to be able to get the enlarger set up again.

Members of Circle 7 who have lively recollections of his several years as their Secretary will give him a hearty welcome when he arrives.

WRC

Footnote: George Bibby also ran a colour circle. He and his wife were wardens of an old people's home in Preston but a year ago they gave up their job and emigrated to Australia, where they have married children and grandchildren.

“This my Honourable Letter”

Once your name becomes public property you've had it, as our Recruiting Secretary has discovered. All sorts of peculiar things come through the post. This letter was one of them.

Dearest Rosamond,

It is my great pleasure to drop you this my honourable letter in which I think will meet you in good condition. It is my happiness to choose you as my pen pal in Yorkshire. Am always friendly with people from England.

I know it will be your pleasure too to receive this little missive. I am 24 years of age and my occupation is photography. I am working under a press as Press Photographer. If my dream become true one day you will see me in your city there. Please dear Ros, I should like to see your photograph with the reply of this honourable letter in due course. I shall send mine whenever I see yours, you know am a photographer, I can take photo at any time to send you. I hope the winter is not worrying you much.

We are now in Rainy Season in Nigeria everything goes coolly. I want you to keep me in the most important of your heart. I shall keep you also in mine. Reply needed urgently. Please I want to tell you my trouble — the trouble is this, I don't want you to delay my letter (2) I want to see your photograph (3) — interesting things from England (4) your health! Please extend my warmest greetings to your girl friends.*

Keep fit and be cheerful. Yours shall ever remain in me till sugar is bitterly tasted.

Yours forever

SAMMY

* Not to the boy friends, of course.

Essay in Colour

by W. R. CRICK

“You won't have to use ferri to get rid of the telephones wires”.

I HOPE I'm not being disloyal to photography, but I've been doing a little colour work lately — the kind they do with brushes. Having been reminded that ultimately one has to retire, whether one wants to or not, and that photography might then have to go on a stricter budget, and also having heard that painting was such a delightful outlet for self expression (and so easy!), I suddenly started slapping it on, one evening. No, not on the bathroom wall, which is to my mind one of the most painful forms of self expression, but on a piece of canvas stuck on a 10 x 8 mount.

I mention all this not because I imagine I shall ever be able to paint or draw properly but because it turned out to be such a refreshing experience. This I think was due to the years spent with my camera looking for the perfect composition in landscape or seascape. So often there has been something not quite right; an awkward viewpoint, or unwanted objects in the frame; so many reasons why a modest folio success could never aspire to the Royal or Alliance exhibitions.

It Started in Cornwall

Once upon a time I took a picture which did well in the folio and the E.A.F.; a Cornish beach with a south-westerly breeze bringing in the surf and bending a nearby bush to conform to the general sweep of sea and cloud. Several times since then I've tried to photograph it in colour so as to convey the same impression. On my return to the spot two years later the broom bush had gone and the beach was speckled with bathers. A ginger coloured

dog jumped into the foreground when next I tried it. The shot was not a bad one for adding to a lecture series, but certainly not what I wanted.

So what? Well, I've now done a small painting in oils following the general lines of my "Light Sou'wester", but greatly improving on the rather uninteresting tangle of undergrowth in the near foreground and choosing a range of colour tones for sea, sky, surf and sand and the distant headland to please myself. I shall probably do it again one day on a larger canvas and vary the mood slightly. In fact that outline could be used for a dawn picture or a sunset picture, a winter scene or one in spring; there's no limit to the ways in which the subject could be treated before one got tired of it and turned to another.

Now I come to think of it, there's that one of Moulsham Mill in which the clouds in the top left hand corner went all wrong; I must have a go at that.

My holiday shots will of course always be first of all for the folio, but I shall not be unmindful in future of their possibilities for a painting or a water colour.

Perhaps if the result is pleasing I shall then feel compelled to photograph it in colour.

Did I say Water-colour? Yes, this is something else which tempted me to have a go. A very soot-and-whitewash photograph of a Scottish winter scene in the mountains which I saw in a newspaper led me to make a somewhat similar picture but in pale blues and pale green where the skiers came down the snow-covered slopes. Water colour is not such a messy business as oils, but there's little you can do by adding or rubbing out if you make mistakes. You should therefore start on simple subjects and make up your mind exactly what you mean to do before putting brush to paper. But your inspiration can come from a photograph in a newspaper or magazine, or better still, one of your own. And of course you won't have to use ferri to get rid of the telephone wires.

If you don't believe me when I say oils can be a messy business see what happens when a tiny blob of Paynes Grey on the wrist is not noticed immediately. When you've tried it you might like to supply the editor with a humorous article for the next *Little Man*.

Mary Slatterly's Auntie

We are indebted to Harry Pyne for allowing us to print this important series of letters written nearly 100 years ago by one Mary Slatterly, of Kensington, to her aunt, Mrs. Ellen Gwynne, then residing at the Vicarage, Great Barford, in the County of Bedford. They will be of outstanding interest to photographers, historians and, of course, students of English Literature. It is unfortunate that Mr. Pyne did not discover them before that notorious court case. They uncover many relationships that were not previously common knowledge.

10th December, 1875.

My Dearest Aunt,

It is sometime since I wrote to you but pray do not think that you have been far from my thoughts; the truth is life here is so without adventure that I have been loath to bore you with an account of my existence.

Today I note ripples on the surface of my placid pool and I pray that those ripples will become a mighty STORM so desperate am I for excitement. The pebble disturbing my pool is a commission, received by my dearest papa, to photograph the Albert Memorial against the day of its unveiling early next year and at breakfast table I learned there will be much coming and going. There is in fact an air of expectancy pervading the house.

It would seem that papa is ill-equipped to photograph 150 feet of Sir Gilbert Scott's monstrosity, as Mr. Pearson calls it; apparently his revolving back will not stand it. Mama suggests that he should write immediately to Mrs. Julia Cameron.

I hope you are well and that dear uncle John's gout still improves while I remain

Your ever loving niece,

Mary Slatterly.

17th December, 1875.

Dearest Aunt Ellen,

Thank you for your kind letter of yesterday and your encouragement to tell you more.

Last week Mrs. Cameron responded and offered her rising front to get the top in. Then Mr. Fenton came bringing his double extension with which he shot Miss Nightingale in the Crimea. But alas, while both are comforting neither will help because Sir Gilbert stubbornly insists on both ends appearing in the same picture with all the uprights vertical.

Is he not tiresome and what lovely weather we are having for this time of year.

All my love to your dear self and uncle John.

Your affectionate niece,

Mary Slatterly.

* * *

28th December, 1875.

My Dear Aunt Ellen,

How sweet of you to send me such a lovely gift and what a pretty card, too. I do hope you had a pleasant time and were not too busy with the preparation of uncle's Christmas sermon, though I expect he values your womanly touch to them.

We had an accident here today. Papa has enlisted the help of a young woodworker enjoying the name of Pegg. He is ever such a nice boy but when Miss Iris, Mr. Fox Talbot's niece, came to tea (she is a beautiful young thing with click-stop eyes). Mr. Pegg walked into the edge of the door, which he did not notice was already open so I am nursing him until he gets better.

Dear papa has decided that he must design a new front for his camera. One that will pull up to get the top in and, at the same time, pull down so as to include the bottom — sort of two-way stretch affair — but before he starts any work on the idea he wants to consult Mr. Ross, the famous optician.

We had snow again today but the sun continues to

shine which makes the view from Mr. Pegg's window just lovely.

My best wishes to you and uncle John.

Your affectionate niece,

Mary Slatterly.

* * *

1st January, 1876.

My poor, poor, dearest Aunt!

A homocentric is a lens, not an attitude of mind, I can assure you that Mr. Ross is eminently fit for any company. Mr. Pegg, poor boy, does not improve much under my care; I should be most jealous if he died because of Iris.

Mr. Ross says that papa's two-way stretch will only work if the scene is snow-covered and all of one colour because with the lens distortion, consequential upon pulling it out in only two directions, papa will get chromatic aberration. The white monument would get on the plate alright but the green grass surround would stick out at the back. Mr. Ross suggests a four-way stretch thus preserving the shape of the lens and effecting a larger hole. By this means papa could cut the exposure time from 3 weeks to a fortnight.

The snow has all gone now, and the road outside is a river of mud.

Kind regards to you dearest aunt and to uncle John, and Happy New Year to both of you.

I am,

Your affectionate niece,

Mary Slatterly.

* * *

5th January, 1876.

My dearest Aunt,

You will be pleased to learn that Mr. Pegg is so much improved as to be up and about again. Today has been a happy one with bright sunshine outside and Mr. Pegg and I took a drive in the coach around Kensington Gardens.

Mr. Heaton, an old friend of Papa's and a recent Christian convert from the North, came to dinner. He is

an accomplished photographer and, as is common to those new in the Faith, speaks with evangelical fervour. He, bless him, has solved all of papa's problems of photographing the Albert Memorial and without any resort to new devices. In fact he says to enlarge the hole as Mr. Ross suggests could only increase papa's centre of confusion. His advice is to go hold of Mrs. Cameron's front, push it right to the very top then, with a very slow plate in position pull it down sharpish. It is, of course, a well-known fact that with a slow plate fast moving objects are not recorded. In any case the lens would be too close to be in focus.

We note from the Weekly Illustrated London News that Her Majesty is to assume the style of Empress of India so papa has decided that plates by the Imperial Dry Plate Co. would be appropriate.

I trust that uncle's gout is now completely gone and remain, yours affectionately,

Mary Slatterly.

* * *

12th January, 1876.

Dearest Aunt,

I was grateful to receive your nice letter this morning with its comforting news about dear uncle's foot.

We have at last reached the end of the episode of the Albert Memorial. Papa found that with such slow plates as were recommended by Mr. Heaton, the exposure would be too long to have the photograph ready before the unveiling on March 9th. So he engaged Sir Walter Crane to do an etching of it. This is now successfully completed and it really is impossible to tell it from a modern photograph.

Mr. Pegg is now fully recovered and has asked me to call him Bill. Isn't he sweet?

My fond love to yourself and dear uncle John and I, as ever, remain,

Your affectionate niece,

Mary Slatterly.

REMEMBER THE A.G.M. DATE — SEPTEMBER 22nd

Trevor Lewis and Alan Hoare

IT was a shock to learn of the death of Trevor Lewis. His health had not been good, we know, but he seemed well enough at Christmas. Trevor joined UPP in May 1950 and was a very active member. He was Secretary of Circle 27 from July 1952 to September 1955, and of Circle 12 from December, 1954 to September 1959. He acted as organising secretary of Circles 19 and 33 until they were firmly established. He had also been a member of Circle 20 and was with Circle 5 at the time of his death. He had a spell as Recruiting Secretary, too, and made a fine job of it. Trevor may not always have been easy to get on with. He liked to do things his own way (he had been his own boss in business for 20 years) and he liked to work behind the scenes. That, no doubt, was due to his partial deafness as much as anything else. He rarely attended the AGM and, although a member of Council, is only on record as having attended once. Nevertheless, he was a true club member and jealous of the reputation of UPP. He will be sadly missed.

It is a sad business, too, to have to note the passing of another of UPP's old timers. Allen Hoare joined PMPP in the mid-30's and was secretary of their Circle 7 from 1936 to 1938. He stayed with this Circle through all its vicissitudes as UPP Circle 13 and finally Circle 29. A bad motor accident in February 1961 forced him to give up photography and, although he made a good recovery, he was never really fit again.

Allen was in Circle 2 for a short time but he really preferred the small print size — strange, perhaps, for an exceptionally keen architectural photographer. That was the branch in which he got his ARPS and he became an enthusiastic member of the Architectural Print Circle, which was formed only a few months before he had to give up. He was most conscientious in his criticisms and a real asset to any Circle. He was an electrical engineer by profession but took to photography as his all-absorbing hobby when he retired.

News from the Circles

NOT a great deal of news again this time. Secretaries seem to be exceptionally modest about their Circle's achievements. There have been celebrations in Circle 31 for the 100th Folio. Each member put in his "favourite slide" and Secretary G. C. Barnes expects this folio to gain more than one gold label. The Folio went out with two messages from founder members. One from William Hammersley who only resigned his membership when he approached eighty; the other from George Bibby, the first secretary of the Circle. He left it when he emigrated to Australia. He is on his way back though, so perhaps he will rejoin. He sent a dozen slides taken in Australia to show that he has not lost his touch. There are many other founder members still with the Circle.

Celebrations in Circle 21, too. This time for the 200th Folio. Messages of goodwill from various council members were included in the notebook and a dinner, outing and studio session are planned for about the time we should be going to press.

A Rival Magazine

There is a rival to *The Little Man* in Circle 24, where Pete Owen is editing the Circle's own magazine, and making a right good job of it. Ernie Wilson had a bit of a job on his hands getting this Circle reorganised after a bit of a mix-up but it seems to be running healthily enough now. Ernie is a marquetry enthusiast and has been chairman of the Warrington Marquetry Society. We intended to put some thing in about this other interest of his but it will have to wait for another time. We are working under pressure. Tom Wetherall, we gather, has married recently but no more details. Geoff de Luca has gone to the Middle East for a spell and Denys Amos to Australia. Both intend to rejoin on their return. Or perhaps they have returned?

Only one bit of news from Circle 27. Secretary J. R. Stanforth tells us that E. J. M. Jones has been ousted from

his position as holder of the McTurk Trophy (a parochial job) by D. Evans. It was a close thing, the final percentages being 69.08 to 68.74. We understand, incidentally, that "Farmer" Jones has quite a set-up at his Wantage hide-out and we are hoping to get a story about it.

The Architectural Print Circle is bursting with news. Secretary Ernest Baker is one who believes in keeping us well informed. We repaid him in a rather churlish manner last year by omitting the name of the Circle Certificate winner from the "official list". Our very humble apologies: the winner was Peter Hodgkinson, ARPS, with a print entitled *Detail, Reredos, Chester Cathedral*. This Circle has a well-regarded notebook. One member described it as "the best thing in the Circle after the prints. It is so full of meat as almost to require some carbonate of soda (bi) to take after a meal of it". The "lettered members" have freely imparted their knowledge. In the first twelve folios, Peter Hodgkinson won five GLs, Ernest Pearson 3, and the Hon. Sec. 2. Discussions on working methods often go into quite rarefied atmosphere. This lot talk about control of contrast with tinfoil, "glug" development, controlled reticulation, use of the focussing cloth for background elimination, taking care of reciprocity failure and so on.

Anglo-Australian Going Well

Trouble struck Circle 3 not so long back, but sterling work by Derek Knights helped put it back on its feet and now Secretary C. Burhouse reports that the Circle is busy and active again. Peace and contentment reigns in Circle 19, too. T. H. Francis took this Circle over about fourteen months ago. He thinks out a set subject for the notebook each folio: one was "What I do with a print when it is dry". There's a thought! Muriel Rosamond is hopeful that the panel of prints from the Anglo-Australian Circle will make a good impression at this year's A.G.M. The Circle is functioning well after many vicissitudes and boxes are going off regularly.

Circle 1 have reached the massive total of 350 Folios. Harold Thompson is back again as Secretary and has the

sad duty of reporting the death of the previous secretary, J. Young. This is still a 12 sq. in. circle (if you see what we mean) but the change to half-plate is believed to be imminent.

Circle 15 Bicentenary

More celebrations will be coming up in August, when Circle 15 send out their 200th Folio. Ex-Secretary Arthur Bamford has offered a cup for presentation to the winner. Secretary Fred Hughes tells us that a whisper is going round that one or two members are making determined efforts to win the cup with "Misty Trees". We suspect another parochial reference.

And that's all we've got. Let's have a bit more next time, eh?



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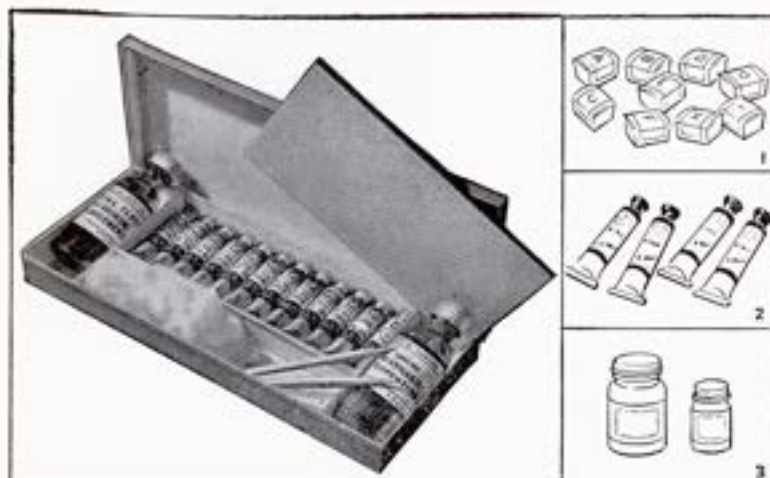
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