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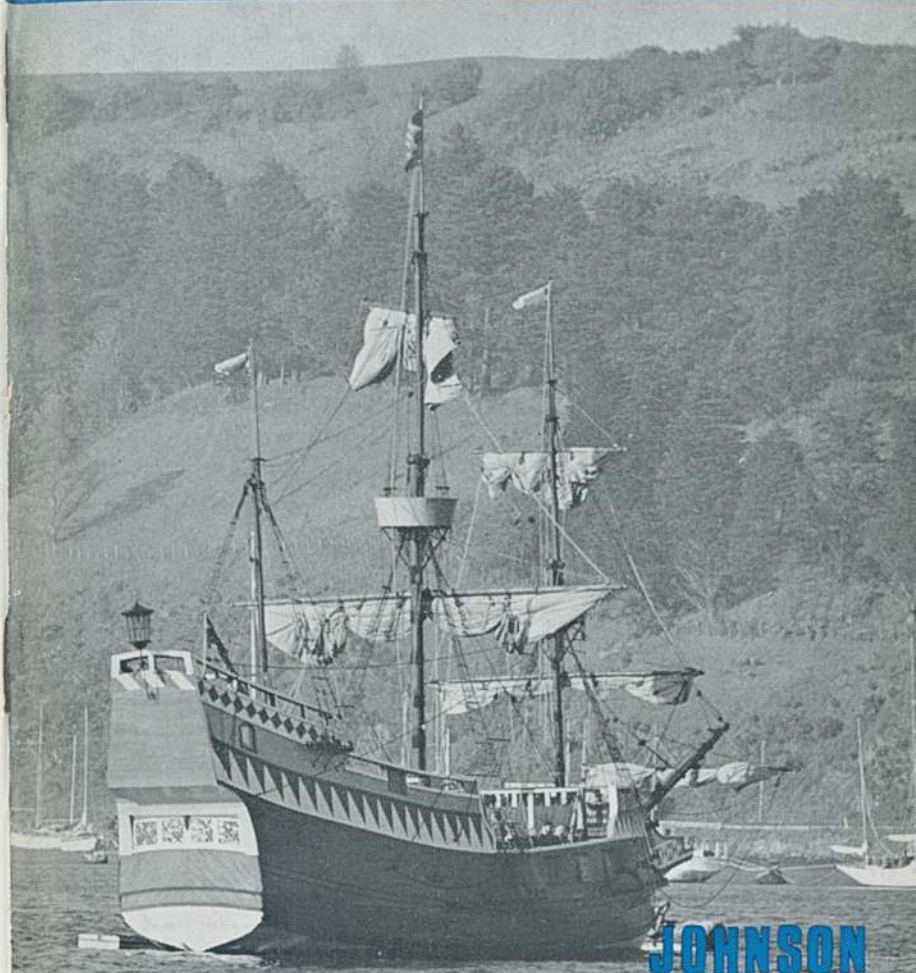
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SPRING, 1969

# The Little Man

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## To all members

THE LITTLE MAN is published twice a year by the UNITED PHOTOGRAPHIC POSTFOLIOS 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, Mr. R. Osborn Jenkins. Inquiries about membership should be addressed to the Recruiting Secretary, Miss M. Rosamond.

All correspondence regarding THE LITTLE MAN should be addressed to the Editor.

Editorial contributions — articles, letters, suggestions, tips, details of home-made gadgets, talking points, photographs — are particularly invited. As this is a club magazine, no payment can be made, but the aim is to keep the magazine the valued, representative link in club life it has always been and your co-operation will be warmly appreciated. The important thing is to maintain a steady flow of material: the motto — DO IT NOW!

Circle news is asked for by no later than the first of April and the first of September.





**W**E have a new Editor, acting, unpaid and, on his own admission, somewhat clueless. You, ladies and gentlemen, hold the clues. It is your magazine and, believe it or not, you write it. The Editor only ties up the loose ends or so I have been told. There are plenty of magazines for the man in the street. "LITTLE MAN" is for UPPites, a special breed of camera addicts, beloved of the Postmaster General. Literary fame is yours for the asking. If you can't write learned articles to explain away all those GLs, draw funny cartoons on the ones that got away. If you have no brilliant tips to pass on, write odd odes or even rude letters. The notebooks are alive with argy-bargy. Circle Secretaries send in those brilliant passages of wit and wisdom. You won't get paid but you will enjoy putting some extra pep into the "LITTLE MAN". And you will be helping a struggling L-Editor.

Without the support of our advertisers, a benevolent but difficult-to-trap species, "LITTLE MAN" would be in serious trouble. Please support them, and IF you can recruit any more, by fair means or foul, you will be our friend indeed.

The season of Circle outings is approaching. Remember that we are one club with forty Circles. Why not invite other UPPites in your area. The Hon. General Secretary will be delighted to give you a list of names. Use a safety pin and pick a good day or a good pub.

And in September, a whole summer away, we hold the A.G.M., when over a hundred meet to wine and dine. All the G.L. prints and slides are on display. Pin a face to that caustic critic and meet the smile behind the pen. It is delightful to renew old acquaintances and make new ones. Till then, get busy with those cameras—and typewriters.

Your servant,

THE LITTLE MAN.

# THE LITTLE MAN

Number 58

SPRING  
1969

The official  
Magazine of  
The United  
Photographic  
Postfolios  
of Great  
Britain

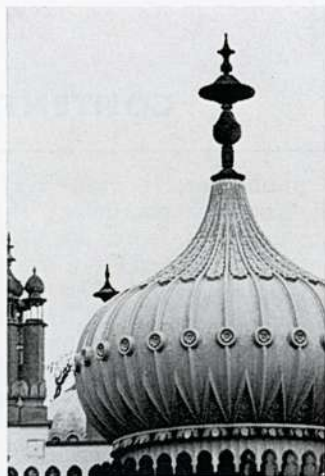
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## CUT CAMERA SHAKE THIS WAY

by Ian W. Platt, A.R.P.S.



Taken with Tamron f/5.6 auto 300mm. lens in the vertical format version of the grip. 1/60 second at f/5.6

**STOP!** Don't just take one look at the title and then pass by thinking it does not affect you, because you would be wrong. Camera shake is something that affects us all, although it is usually kept under control by most by the simple expedient of using a minimum shutter speed that has been found, in practice, to give sharp results. For example, a very great number of photographers like to use 1/125 second as their "standard" shutter speed, occasionally using 1/60 if necessary, but knowing that without some sort of additional support—be it a wall to brace the camera against, or even a sturdy tripod—use of 1/30 would definitely be chancy, and one where perfect shake-free pictures could not be guaranteed.

Of course, those of you with leaf-type or between lens shutters, to whom the barely audible click is normal, don't need to worry quite so much as we users of mirror-flapping, focal-plane-shutter-banging reflexes, and it is to the latter that these hints will have most appeal.



Telephoto lens on bracing arm

Normal lens position

I suppose that I could have titled this "How to be your Own Tripod", or should it be Bipod? because there are no gadgets to be carried around. It is a simple, but extremely effective, way of making far better use of your arms, hands and body so that really slow hand-held shutter speeds are perfectly safe. In my own case I can **guarantee** shake-free pictures using my 35mm. wide-angle and 55mm. normal lenses at 1/8 second, and with telephotos I use 1/60. If you don't think that last speed is particularly slow, I should point out that this applies even using a 600mm. combination of 300mm. lens and x 2 converter.

In fact it is when using telephoto lenses of any sort that this particular technique for holding the camera really comes into its own, because not only are we concerned with combating the extra amount of movement induced by the greater focal length, but in addition we can often have great difficulty in precisely framing our subject when using extra-long telephotos, say in excess of 200mm. Don't just take my word for it, if you have never had the opportunity to look through the viewfinder of a camera with a really long lens on, then take the first chance to do so. The wavering effect that becomes more pronounced with each increase in focal length is quite alarming at first and requires some revision of the usual camera-holding technique to overcome it.





Telephoto lens use in the vertical format

The "I bash away at a thousandth" approach may be suitable for some, but this advice is of little use to the photographer who, for one reason or another, is compelled to use a moderately slow film. Also, if you are anything like I am, your tripod always seems to be completely inaccessible when most needed—especially outdoors.

How is it done? Quite simply, it involves making a braced "cradle" of your left arm whilst holding the camera in the right hand. The accompanying illustrations show the method in use with a long telephoto lens and also the normal lens of my Pentax, and will help to clarify the detailed description of how it is done. I suggest you try a dummy run first without a camera to get the idea.

Firstly, place your left hand on your right arm, on, or just above, the elbow, with the back of the hand outwards. Then raise your left elbow upwards until approximately horizontal—in other words level with the left shoulder. The free right hand would be holding the camera body in such a manner that the shutter release can be comfortably operated, and the barrel of the lens would rest on the crook of the left elbow with additional support by pressing the camera body against the left shoulder. Sounds horribly complicated in cold print, but in actual practice is simple and, most important, comfortable to use. Accompanied by the usual wide stance



The cradle grip with long telephoto lens

of the feet, the extremely marked steadiness of the viewed image is its most immediate impression. Not only does this permit you to use far slower speeds than usual with confidence, but equally, if not more important, it allows extremely precise framing of the subject.

The above description really only applies to those lenses of sufficient physical length (together with their lens hoods) that will allow you to rest them on the elbow. In my own case this means 135mm. and upwards. For shorter lenses a slight modification has to be made. The arrangement of left hand on right elbow remains the same, because this is what gives the extra support, but instead of resting the camera lens on the left arm the whole camera is placed on the left shoulder for stability. Users of cameras with left-hand operated shutter releases—like the Exakta—will naturally have to reverse all the directions.

The one snag with this system is that you have to pre-focus on your subject before using the cradle grip, but the other advantages of permitting you to take shots which might have otherwise been impossible more than compensate. As with most things the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the illustrations taken at slow speeds should prove conclusively that this is something worth persevering with. Although originally devised for use with slow shutter speeds, I now find

myself using it whenever possible with longer lenses regardless of the actual shutter speed used, because of the steadiness of the viewed image and the ability to precisely frame the subject.

The real beauty of this "gadget" is that it takes up no room in your already overcrowded bag.

## ACTION STATIONS

by Muriel Rosamund

**M**AY I, as Recruiting and Publicity Secretary, make an appeal for help to all of our members? My job gets more difficult as time goes by, partly because there are fewer magazines in which I can seek publicity.

It has been my experience ever since I took over the job that in however many ways I try to publicise the club, and seek to attract new members, the best method of all is by personal contact, and this is where you can help me. Talk about U.P.P. to your photographic friends, whether they be your colleagues at work or your fellow members at the local camera club, and try and get them interested in our work. If they do become so, please drop me a line and I will do the rest. I am pleased to say that many members already do this, and I invariably get a new member by such a contact, whereas if I have publicity in a magazine, only about 20% of the people who apply for particulars of the club eventually join, a small return for a lot of work. I am not complaining about having to do the work, but I do like it to be as productive as it can be.

If you want some of the publicity leaflets which I use I will be only too pleased to send you some if you drop me a line. If you lecture, it is quite a good idea to have a few leaflets to distribute. You might even copy Cliff Terrell, of Circle 15, who has given a lecture upon the benefits of membership of a postal portfolio, drawing upon his experiences as a member of U.P.P.

## INSTANT COMMENT FOR FOLIO FANATICS

**O**NE of our Circles, which had better hide under the cloak of anonymity, has been compiling a glossary for reference by its newer members so that they can interpret the comments on their prints or slides. It may help others to see the list, and if any Circle has any additions the Editor will no doubt find space for them. Eventually, a master list might be drawn up, with each item numbered, so that members need only quote the appropriate numbers instead of writing a long comment. Then the criticism sheets could be dispensed with and the comment number and author's initials could go on the back of each print.

### Comment

Lacks sparkle  
Plenty of atmosphere  
A good record shot  
A record shot

I've not seen this before

You have a lovely model  
This hardly flatters your model

Do I detect camera shake?  
Not up to your usual standard  
Could be improved by drastic trimming  
His (her) mother will be pleased with this  
You should have gone a few steps to the left

Print quality good  
Your usual excellent technique  
What unusual paper

Nice peaceful atmosphere  
Your seeing eye has been at work here

It probably looked very good in colour  
This is a very difficult subject  
This needs more texture  
Rather hard

### Meaning

It's terribly flat.  
It's degraded.  
Why on earth did you take it?  
Granny does as well with her box camera  
Nobody in his right mind would have taken this.  
Pity you're so incompetent.  
You'll be lucky to escape an action for photographic libel  
You must have had ague.  
Poor chap; he's getting past it

Tear it up

Poor little devil.

You should have jumped off the cliff  
Picture rotten  
Your usual dreary subject.  
Where on earth did you dig up that stuff?  
Sentimental tripe.

Can't understand what you were trying to show.

It looks awful in B and W.  
Poor mutt! You haven't a clue  
Definition is terrible.  
Soot and whitewash.



### Comment

The tonal range is too long  
Worth another try  
Your best yet  
A carefully controlled print  
This must have been a difficult  
negative to print  
Lovely clouds  
This lacks unity  
This must bring back happy  
memories to you  
Presentation excellent

I rather like this

A courageous attempt at high key  
You did all that was possible  
under the circumstances

Your processing seems to have  
gone wrong

This lacks quality  
Have you tested your safelight?

The tonal range is too short  
Lacking a focal point (centre of  
interest)

I have no experience in this field  
I know nothing about this type  
of work

All has been said

### Meaning

Soot and whitewash.  
You couldn't do worse.  
Not quite as bad as usual.  
Your shading shows badly.

Your shading shows  
Rotten landscape.  
Just a mess.

This has little interest to us.  
This lets me off without men-  
tioning the awful print.  
Pity I don't know what it's meant  
to be.  
A weak, underprinted picture.

It was useless to get the camera  
out.

Did you develop in beer and  
drink the developer?  
Grey and muddy  
Degraded, with no clear high-  
lights.  
Flat and dull.

We can't see the wood for the  
trees.  
A waste of film and paper

This lets me out without being  
rude.  
I can't be bothered writing a  
repeat of what others have written  
already.

## ANY ANSWERS ?

FOR the first time ever, I crossed the threshold of the Victoria and Albert Museum in London recently. The bait was an exhibition of photographs by Henri Cartier-Bresson, the famous photo-journalist. The bait was swallowed, hook line and sinker, and thoroughly enjoyed. I shared a thrilling photographic experience with a milling throng of viewers of all ages and colours. There was a big sprinkling of "with-it" student types. They all obviously got the message even if they did not fully appreciate the masterly technique. The prints were framed and came in a wide range of large sizes.

The pictures themselves were masterly, magnificent and easily understood. There seemed little doubt that they were taken from real life, spontaneous and uncontrived. I could not help but compare my visits to the Royal and the Salon, our shrines of pictorialism, where visitors tend to be thin on the ground and a trained eye is desirable to appreciate the mixture of art and artifice. As a hardened pictorialist, I too drew inspiration and enjoyment from H.C.-B.

The criticism that we—may I include some of you—still pursue the same outworn ideas and sterile orderly compositions in the same time honoured way, struck home. I left convinced that there is a measure of truth in it. Judge for yourself if you possibly can. The exhibition goes on tour as follows:—

Sheffield—Graves Art Gallery, 14th June–13th July.

York—City Art Gallery, 26th July–17th August.

Leeds — Temple Newsome House, 30th August–21st September.

Eastbourne—Towner Art Gallery, 4th October–26th October.

Oxford — Museum of Modern Art, 8th November–30th November.

Pondering later the problem of recruitment for societies in general, and U.P.P. in particular, I wondered whether we tend to be smug old has-been's, out of touch with the bright young would-be's. As we worship at the shrine of pictorialism do they rush past to ape the gods of photo-journalism? Are we no longer with it and should we be doing something about it? Do we need "under 25" Circles and photo-reportage groups? Do we . . . . ? Should we . . . . ?



## CIRCLE NEWS— INTERNATIONAL

by Bill Waring

I AM fortunate to be a member of the ANGLO/U.S. Folio, run by Stan (Mr. J. R. Stanforth) and Ed. Johnston. After two years' participation in this realm of my hobby, my wife Annie and I decided to avail ourselves of a very kind invitation from Ed. and Hazel Johnston to visit California; little did we know of the tremendous amount of work, expense and planning they would put into it.

On the eventful day, Thursday, the 27th June, 1968, we left Manchester Airport at 5.30 p.m., and, after refuelling at Shannon we flew direct to Los Angeles, via the Polar Route—across Greenland, Canada and down the far coast of America, arriving 11 hours later, at 10.30 p.m. local time. After struggling through the Customs we were met by Ed. and Hazel, who gave us a terrific welcome and bustled us the 50 miles or so to Huntington Beach, to their lovely home.

The next day we were taken to Disneyland, a really wonderful place for adults as well as children; on Saturday we took a quiet day shopping, but this was only a prelude to the marvellous day that was to follow when, unknown to us, a party had been arranged at the fabulous home of Neil Shipley. This was, for us, a dream setting, with a lovely swimming pool in the back garden. But the most important thing for us was that quite a number of folio members had arrived to give us a fantastic welcome; names which I had previously only seen on paper were now flesh and blood, everyone helpful, interested and really happy.

During this afternoon I was given lessons in the art of photography, everyone joining in. We "did" Humming Birds, small animals, toads, snakes, bubbly flowers under water and a thousand and one others. The amazing thing to me was working in bright sunlight with 3 flashguns (Strobes). To follow, the highlight of the day, a meal to remember. It was called "Pot Luck"; everyone takes their speciality food to the feast, we had steak, corn on the cob, garlic bread, beans and lots of foods which we had never heard of, but it was superb.

Then, to round off the evening, each person supplied approxi-

mately 10 slides of their pet themes. When I saw these projected I could have dumped all my equipment in the pool, and found a fresh hobby; if ever these are shown at the A.C.M. of U.P.P. it will make British photography look sick. But from the slides I took here I gained the Club's Natural History Trophy at Ossett, having 1st, 2nd and 3rd in three slides and took a £5 note in a local fund-raising effort.

We must thank Ed. and Hazel Johnston, Elsie and Lois Boggio, Neil and Betty Slipley and all the other wonderful people for being so kind, not forgetting Dr. R. T. Craig and his wife for showing me how to use Diazacrome, and also Bernard Purves for his patience in the Natural History set-ups.

The next day we left for a trip around the States, which included California, Utah, Arizona, Wyoming, New Mexico, Nevada, Colorado and most of the National Parks—Sequoia, Yosemite, Yellowstone, Bryce Canyon, Grand Canyon, and fabulous places such as San Francisco, Las Vegas, Scotia, Sacramento, Jackson, Rowles, Laramie, Palm Springs, Beverley Hills, Hollywood. A visit to the Hollywood Bowl was also included in our agenda, supplying a musical evening, and whilst in Las Vegas we saw the Follies Begone "Topless"—Wow! This was a show (no cameras allowed).

After returning to base at Ed. and Hazel's home we were left with a week to shop, sunbathe, look around, visit friends for meals, take pictures, etc. But alas all too soon came the time for departure, after a fabulous six weeks in the sunshine of the West.

So, on the 3rd August, '68, we boarded a 707 for a non-stop return trip to Manchester, where we were met on the 4th August by dozens of relatives and friends, after a holiday covering over 20,000 miles—every one of them a thrill, of a country whose wonderful people make you very welcome. We are very grateful to all concerned.

It took about 1,100 slides, 8 movie films (mostly K11) to cover this trip. Some of this film I took with me from England, to be processed in England on my return. Some I bought and had processed in America. Amongst this last category were some Agfa films—these were superb. I think American processing is better than ours, and certainly the delivery is. For instance, I posted a 36 K11 film at midnight on Sunday and got it back at lunchtime on Tuesday. A matter



of some 36 hours later, including postal time.

And so, very reluctantly, we must return to work, after a most wonderful vacation. But I must once again say a big THANK YOU to the U.S. of Anglo/U.S. Thank you again.

## The CONTEMPORARY CIRCLE— Its aims and objectives

by Ian W. Platt, A.R.P.S.

YOU may have noticed a brief mention in the Autumn, 1968, Edition of "Little Man", of Council's approval to the request for permission to form a specialist Colour Slide Circle for Contemporary work. To many of you this term may be either completely new, or even open to different interpretation, so I thought I would put your minds at rest by giving you a rough idea what this "new" Circle is all about. I say "new" advisedly, because we have been allocated the number 24 to fill the gap left by the old Circle of that number that ceased to function some time ago. In fact, within the Circle as it is now, we never use this number, as in common with all U.P.P. specialist Circles, we like to stick to our name—Contemporary.

Now don't go rushing off looking at your dictionaries, for in photographic terms the word contemporary has already been clearly defined by the Photographic Society of America, who have been among the first to recognise the need to encourage modern expression in photography, and in fact many leading Exhibitions, especially under P.S.A. sponsorship, have a separate section devoted to this type of work. Quite simply it is "any photograph that shows a creative departure from realism, or the traditional approach".

If you think about it, this sort of photography has been with us ever since the medium began. Even in the earliest days it didn't take long before individualists were looking for ways of escaping from the purely recording medium aspect of photography, and trying to introduce a more creative approach. The Bromoils and Carbro's of yesteryear have largely been replaced by the Tone Separation and Solarisation of today, but in almost all respects any deviation from traditional work is seen in prints and not slides. In other words, the movement

is a well established one, but the colour transparency has been sadly neglected as a medium for this sort of expression.

Our aim is to encourage this sort of work, and to stimulate ideas through the exchange of information and by seeing work of a high calibre from the various members. Since experimentation plays a great part in this sort of photography, and we wish to encourage this among our members, and see their efforts both good and bad (you would be surprised how much you can learn from seeing someone else's failures) voting plays no part in our activities at all. Criticism tends to become comment—a subtle difference perhaps, but to my mind criticism seems to imply that the faults are being sought out and commented upon sometimes to the exclusion of the good points, whereas the latter always relies upon the good points being stressed first.

That this sort of photography is attracting an ever-increasing number of people can best be illustrated by the present membership of the Circle. At the last A.G.M., I had 15 potential members. Council gave their approval to the idea but stipulated that a total membership of 18 should be aimed for. Within a month of the issue of the first Folio, in November, 1968, we had our 18 members, and now have a waiting list of interested persons. Many of the country's leading creative colour workers are members, and with one Fellow and no less than four Associates of the Royal Photographic Society, in addition to many other excellent and leading slide exhibitors, the standard of work seen is of a very high order indeed. To complete the balance, two lady members manage to contain the amount of swearing that goes on in the Notebook !!!

Although still in its infancy, the Contemporary Circle seems to evoke a very considerable degree of enthusiasm among its members, so obviously it fills a long-wanted need among the many creative photographers up and down the country. If you manage to make the A.G.M. in September, you will have the opportunity of seeing for yourselves just what we are up to, so make it a date why don't you?





NO TITLE

L. G. Hawkins (C.12)

## The CENTRAL ASSOCIATION

**T**HE Central Association of Photographic Societies, to give it its full title, is the Federation to which clubs in London and the South-East may belong. It is also open to postal clubs, such as U.P.P., which have, like some shady characters, no fixed abode.

The main activity of the C.A. which interests us is the annual exhibition, held in April/May at the Battersea District Library, five minutes' walk from Clapham Junction (S.R.). Entries for this can only be sent in by clubs, not by individuals, and the standard is very high—prints shown at the R.P.S. Annual Show have, on occasion, been rejected for the C.A.

In conjunction with the exhibition there are various competitions and trophies. These are:—

1. **The Switch Shield.** This is a trophy awarded to the club scoring the highest marks for its best eight pictorial prints, four pictorial slides, four record prints and two record slides, with a maximum of 2 in each class from any one individual. U.P.P. won this once, but that was a long time ago.
2. **The Herbert Trophy.** This also is a trophy but for monochrome slides, four pictorial and two record. U.P.P. won this several times in the 1950's.
3. **The C.A. Trophy.** Awarded to the club submitting the best panel of 6 prints in a class for which the subject is announced annually.

4. **The Wastell Trophy.** Awarded to the individual submitting in the general club entry the best print or slide on a subject to be announced annually.

Most clubs select their entry for the exhibition from work put forward in their own monthly competitions, etc., often with coaching from club experts to improve the prints or slides and give them the best chance of catching the judge's eye. U.P.P. cannot very well do this, so members are invited to submit their best work, which is sent forward without any selection by U.P.P. For this reason our proportion of acceptances may be lower than the average.

An individual may only submit work through one club in the C.A. Thus a member of, say Brighton and Hove C.C. and of U.P.P. must choose whether to send his entry through Brighton or through U.P.P. We make no attempt to influence the decision. A worker may, however, send an entry to the C.A. through U.P.P. and to another Federation, e.g., the Yorkshire, through a club belonging to that Federation.

The Federations submit work to an exhibition organised by the Photographic Alliance of Great Britain. If we know that a U.P.P. member is also sending work to another Federation, we ask the C.A. not to select any of his prints or slides as part of their Alliance entry, so that the possibility of his having work in two competing entries is avoided.

For the 1969 Exhibition, which opens on April 19th, 28 members have sent in 56 prints (41 pictorial and 15 record) and 94 slides (22 monochrome and 72 colour). The general quality was well up to our usual level and it was encouraging to receive work from members who had not previously participated, though one or two of our regular and successful entrants dropped out. Unfortunately, the results will not be known in time for this issue, but will appear in the Autumn issue.

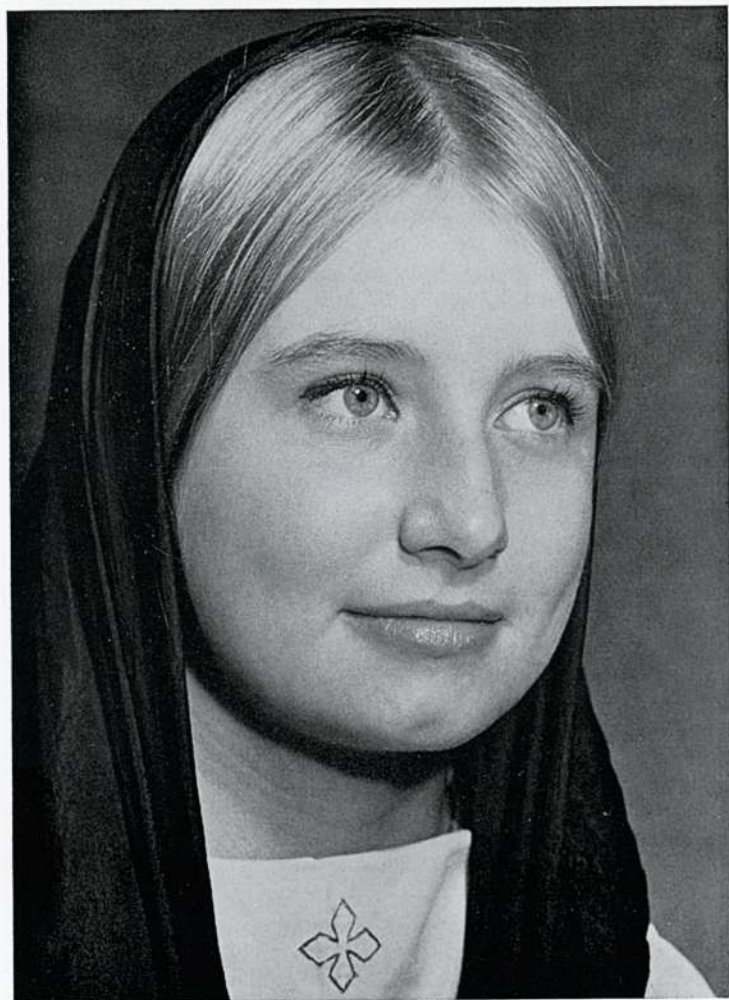


A FURTHER SELECTION OF  
GOLD LABEL CERTIFICATE WINNERS



PYGMY POSSUM

D. Marfleet, A/A. Australia



ANGELIQUE

R. Wilson (C.22)

# A STRANGE ASSIGNMENT

by H. O. Sommer (Circle 5)

**T**HERE are many different ways in which photography can be combined with other interests, and this is one reason why it appeals to so many people.

I have always been interested in anything that flies, and when I got to hear of a small glider which could be made to fly round a room in free flight I was intrigued.

Once the glider has been correctly designed and trimmed you have to learn how to launch it. This is done by standing



with your back to the centre of one wall, and then literally hurling it at an adjacent wall. Sounds a bit queer certainly but, if correctly carried out, the glider will just skim past three walls and return to your hand at the completion of the circuit.

Having reached this stage I was about to call it a day when the wee shrill voice of my photographic bug piped up: "Now try to shoot yourself launching it . . . and include the return to hand for good measure!"

Well, it isn't much good trying to argue with a bug, so I "thought up" a remote shutter control, worked by a thread, and mounted my Pentax and the shutter control side by side but on separate supports. I used a P.F.5 flashbulb as a light source plugged into the F.P. socket with the shutter set at 1/1,000 sec.

Having pre-set the controls I tied the thread to my "launching wrist", thus operating the shutter by the action of launching the craft. In this way I obtained a shot of the glider in free flight just after it left my hand. The shot of the return to my hand involved pulling the thread with my other hand, and if you look closely you will see that the nose is still airborne.

Kids stuff? Maybe, but I find that, once in a while, a "strange assignment" such as this helps to blow lots of cobwebs away!

## TECHNICAL TOPICS

by our Technical Editor, Geoffrey Sutton

**O**NE of the most interesting cameras to be built since the war was the Periflex which, sadly, is produced no more. Its commercial failure can be attributed to the flood of Japanese single lens reflex cameras, which came on to the market at the same time as the Periflex reached maturity as a design. Due to the numerical superiority of the imports the Periflex was overlooked by buyers, and as with many things it was not really until its demise that its virtues were fully appreciated.

In their final form the Periflex 3b, and its slightly cheaper stable mate the Gold Star, had much to commend them to the serious photographer. Their lenses were made in West Germany, three standard 50mm. lenses were offered. The most sophisticated being a six element f 1.9, which together with its two stable mates, had the useful ability to focus down to 12 inches without recourse to tubes. In performance this lens was very satisfactory as was the six element f 2.4, and the simpler four element f 2.8 had a fair performance from f 4 or f 5.6. The lens mount was of the Leica screw thread type. Selling at £22, £18 and £14 respectively, these lenses offered exceedingly good value for money, and in my experience the six element lenses are only bettered by a handful of the most expensive objectives.



Other lenses offered were the f 3.5/28mm. and f 3.5/35mm. Retro-Lumax, the f 2.8/95mm. Lumar, the f 3.5/135mm., f 4.5/240mm. and f 4.5/400mm. Tele-Lumax. A range of sound if not exciting lenses sufficient for most purposes.

It is the camera body which is the most interesting part of the Periflex, where every aspect reveals a touch of genius. Focusing is from an eyepiece which is separate from but adjacent to the viewfinder and has some of the advantages of the single lens Reflex as well as the advantages of the coupled rangefinder. Through the focusing "hole" one sees a magnified square one-fifth of the negative area, which is in fact the centre of the picture. In this square are two concentric circles, the inner one being horizontally bisected. The whole of the square is a ground glass screen as on an S.L.R. and the circles are a split image rangefinder. The entire focusing function is performed optically. That is, that there is no mechanical connection between the lens and the rangefinder screen. The system is effective and pleasing to use. In place of the "full" sized mirror of the S.L.R., the Periflex has a small mirror which always remains at 45° to the film plane. In the cocked position the mirror is situated exactly on the lens axis. When the shutter is fired the mirror assembly slides vertically clearing the film plane, and at the end of its travel trips a trigger which releases the shutter. The mirror assembly is automatically returned to its operating position when the film is transported.

To accommodate the various focal length lenses the viewfinder system uses interchangeable objectives. These simply screw into the front of the camera body, except in the cases of the 240mm. and 400mm., which use a separate flange mounted unit.

Parallax correction is indicated in two ways. The viewfinder has two superimposed frames, one indicates infinity and the other fifteen times the focal length of the lens being used. The other indication is the focus "hole", whose image is always the true centre square. The method is to note the contents of this centre square and move the eye to the viewfinder and cover the true centre square with the marked square in the centre of the viewfinder. This may sound complicated but in fact it is very simple and convenient.

The focusing system has thus most of the convenience of the S.L.R. with the accuracy of the C.R.F., and is possibly the

best compromise which has so far been offered.

The Periflex system is exceedingly simple and thus reliable. The photographer is required to think. There is no automatic iris. One focuses with the lens open and before exposure stops down by turning the iris ring to its pre-set stop. This, of course, has no effect in the viewfinder brightness, which is quite independent of the focusing system.

The shutter on both the 3b and Gold Star is of the focal plane type. The Gold Star having a speed range of 1 second to 1/300th and the 3b 1 second to 1/1,000th. Neither camera has delayed action. Speeds are selected from a large diameter ring, which is clearly engraved, situated on the top plate. The ring does not rotate when the shutter is fired. In its action the shutter is as good as the best present-day mechanisms in terms of freedom from vibration, smoothness, silence and accuracy. The shutter release is situated on the front right-hand side of the camera operating parallel to the lens axis rather than at right angles, which is a worthwhile feature in terms of freedom from camera shake.

The film is transported by a robust lever wind which moves through 180°, and in a single stroke also positions the mirror and rewinds the shutter. Moving the rewind lever about 10° in the opposite direction releases the drive for film rewinding, which is facilitated by a retractable knob situated inside and concentric to the shutter setting ring. This knob is released by a minute trigger at its centre when it automatically springs out to its working position. This is a joy to use and, like the rest of the camera, beautifully engineered.

The frame counting mechanism is interesting in that an epicyclic gear train is used. The advantage here is that a film can be removed from the camera and replaced in exactly the same position due to the fact that the frame counter is completely reversible. This is useful should one wish to use colour film when half-way through a B and W film.

Another unusual, though not unique, feature is the use of an unsprocketed film system, which works well in practice and guarantees never to tear the sprocket holes as they are not used. The take-up spool, or perhaps better described "drum", since it is of unusually large diameter, revolves half a turn for each frame as it is about one inch in diameter. From this it will be obvious that as the film is wound onto the drum



its effective diameter will increase and the space between each frame increase accordingly.

One does not lose a frame due to this characteristic, it is therefore no disadvantage yet there is much in favour of the large diameter drum, which does not distort the film anything like as much as the normal small diameter spools.

Where minimum expense is demanded this system enables the Periflex owner to cut standard 120 colour film down the middle, which provides 2 x 19 exposure strips at a worthwhile saving.

The camera body is made from a light but very rigid aluminium pressure diecasting with the lens flange an integral part of it, which is an ideal situation.

As a whole it is well balanced and handles nicely. The finish is attractive and durable. There is an indescribable satisfaction in using the camera which is found in few others. With the exception of the lenses the camera was produced in Ballymoney, Northern Ireland, and with a better selling organisation it could have been a great success.

Good examples can be found for twenty-five to thirty-five pounds, and it is probable that in time these will appreciate. One thing is certain. There is no new camera on the market at three times the price which has the same all-round excellence as a good old Periflex.

## PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE MATURE STUDENT

by Muriel Rosamund

**T**HOSE of you who have been in this club for any length of time will realise that for three years I gave up my job of recruiting and publicity secretary. The reason for this was that I lost the job I had held for 26 years, because the firm for whom I worked was "taken over" and closed down, and I became redundant.

At 40+ it is difficult to get a job, as I got to know only too well. However, locally a day training college had been recently opened, and I decided to apply for admission. I had long hankered after becoming a teacher, but had not felt that I was justified in leaving a good, superannuated job. This was

no longer a restraining influence, so I decided to take the plunge, and I am most grateful to the Principal for accepting me for training, a very mature "mature" student.

I did not think that I would be able to use my photography at college and, in fact, due to both time and economic factors, I resigned most of my connections with the photographic world, just retaining my interest in U.P.P. through membership of Council, Circle 15 and the A/A. Circle (just!). But how wrong I was. I found that I could use photography extensively once I had got settled down, and I would like to tell you about it.

I studied history for my main subject and biology as my subsidiary one. For these subjects one goes away on "field" weeks, after which one has to produce a field notebook. I studied biology in the field at Robin Hood's Bay and Swanage, and history at Bath, Folkestone and Norwich.

I soon realised that I could usefully illustrate my field notebooks with my photographs, and my camera accompanied me on all my field week excursions. I was in great demand upon my return from field weeks to supply sets of prints to those students who had been with me, they, too, began to realise the value of a field notebook illustrated with photographs.

I had to do many projects in connection with my history course, one of which was to draw a map of the area in which I live as it would have appeared at the time of the production of the Domesday Book, along with the derivation of the place names which appeared on it. I could not take photographs of the settlements as they existed at the time, but could take photographs to illustrate how they got their names, for example the three hills upon which it is built which gives Thrybergh its name. A study of Tudor times meant that I could photograph Tudor cottages and bridges built in the reign of the first Elizabeth.

As part of my basic course I had to study religious education, and produce either an essay or a piece of work at the end of it. I decided to show how I would give a series of lessons about the church as a building. I made fifty small booklets, one for each child in as large a class as one could have, plus one large demonstration booklet, each containing nine photographs illustrating different parts of a church. I showed an exterior view, an interior view, a porch, a font, an altar, a reredos, a



lectern, a pulpit and a chained bible. All of the negatives I used were part of my stock. The value of the piece of work is shown by the fact that I now use the booklets in the course of my teaching.

An important part of one's course is the production of two long studies, one for one's main subject and one for education. One has to produce these towards the end of the course of study. By this time my history tutor was well aware of my joint interest in architecture and photography, and he suggested that I should use these two interests for my long study. This was beyond my wildest dreams, fancy being able to do something which I liked doing so much for work!

I eventually studied "The Architectural Styles and Furnishings of some selected churches in South Yorkshire". I selected one church for each period of architecture, not necessarily selecting a church built during that period, but one best illustrating the style. I started with Conisborough Church, built in Saxon times, and worked my way through the centuries until I ended up with Dunscroft Church, which was officially opened in 1964. I photographed each church extensively, both inside and out, and ended up with over two hundred photographs, which, I think, showed far more clearly than tens of thousands of words the architectural styles which I was studying. Not all of the photographs were of exhibition standard, in fact far from it, because I had to get a result, whatever the quality, but at least one of them was acceptable, it won the Certificate of Merit in Circle 15 last year. I introduced the study with a review of architectural styles illustrated by my stylised drawings, in which I tried to show the evolution of the styles through the centuries, I actually covered about a thousand years.

Although this piece of work is regarded as a major one at college, and I spend hundreds of hours on it, it did not feel like work to me, I was doing something I knew how to do and enjoyed doing. My favourite branch of photography is architectural record, and I had the opportunity to practice it exhaustively. I also learnt a great deal more about architecture than I already knew, and I feel that this knowledge is serving me in very good stead now that I am back to my normal photographic activity.

For my educational long study I studied the effect of environment upon infant schoolchildren, and studied eight very different

schools. I was able to use photography in that too, I photographed the schools and their catchment areas, and again these photographs told far more than words.

I enjoyed my photography, and to be able to use it to obtain professional qualifications so late in life was a very gratifying experience. And the final result? Well, I am now a qualified teacher, and to tell the truth I enjoy teaching as much as I enjoy photography.

## MISADVENTURE . . .

by John E. Huxtable

I WAS nearing the end of a fortnight's cycling tour of the West Country and had decided to spend the night in Basingstoke, another half-mile or so ahead. The weather for that day had so far been fine and hot, but now the sun had disappeared behind heavy clouds and a storm threatened. With luck, digs might be secured before the rain came down, and with the aid of the ever-reliable C.T.C. handbook, secured they were. I had been fortunate all the way through this tour in finding comfortable digs, and my luck held. This was a nice little hotel run, as I was to learn later, by a retired Customs Officer and his good lady. My bedroom looked out onto a green meadow that has, alas, now disappeared under a welter of bricks and mortar which has overwhelmed many another pleasant country town. All this took place sometime in the late twenties. Feeling a good deal fresher for a spell in the bathroom, and seated in the small lounge, my thoughts turned camera-wise. I had used on the tour a N. and G. Sibyl folding quarter plate with a dozen single slides. Yes, heavy old glass plates; the roll film had yet to completely oust plates and film packs to the extent it has today. At least among amateur workers. In any case, Newman and Guardia did not make a roll film or film pack adaptor for this particular camera, which in its day was among the best to be had. Now it has completely vanished and I haven't seen one for years. There was still a couple of days remaining before my nose had again to be applied to the grindstone, and I was determined to make the very most of these, photographically speaking. So the twelve exposed plates in the slides required changing. My



host told me that a couple of chemists shops served the town and either of these could probably supply my wants.

The threatened storm seemed to have passed over and the sun was showering a somewhat watery brilliance on the scene as I strolled through the streets. One of the shops was in the main road and took little finding, I entered and made known my needs and my luck was in. Yes, plates were stocked, even my favourites, Marions Brilliant: rated at the dizzy speed of 300 H. & D. What days they were, this equals about 6 Weston; I haven't checked it so please don't argue. The chemist gentleman received me with open arms. He was, or appeared to be, a very keen amateur, knew about all there was to know about photography and seemed anxious to impart it all to me while I stood and listened. However, I had other ideas, I also had visions of the grilled steak that would be soon awaiting my attention down the road, so taking advantage of a pause for breath, cut in and enquired for the use of his darkroom in which to reload the slides. Permission was readily granted and he led me from the shop and into the storeroom where he indicated a tiny enclosure. This was the place. And here my friend set himself up for a further discourse on anything and everything photographic. Courtesy forebade interruption and I waited with what patience I could muster. But rescue was at hand: coughs and shufflings from the direction of the shop signalled the presence of a customer and hastened the departure of this most loquacious gent. With an inward vote of thanks to my unknown benefactor I entered the darkroom. Keen worker he might be, but he certainly didn't believe in too much space. However, beggars cannot be choosers, so with the door closed I seated myself to get the feel of things. To call the tiny enclosure in which I was seated a room was slightly overdoing it. It was more of an over-sized box: however, it was light tight, a further few minutes also convinced me that it was also reasonably airtight, and a stay of a very short time was called for. Work was commenced, or an attempt was made. My hands were all thumbs, I had come over very tired and the weird assorted smells from the outer storeroom made breathing difficult. Reloading the slides and packing the exposed plates should have occupied about ten minutes, and when I at last staggered from that black hole with my task accomplished, I was ready to swear it had taken at least

ten hours. With my forehead streaming sweat and my clothes sticking to my skin, I attempted to open the door that led to the shop. Twisting the knob I pushed, the door refused to open; a much harder shove with the same result. A hard rap followed by a couple of kicks brought no response. That period of partial suffocation had left my wits a trifle misty, but it was finally realised that the locked door and the silence meant that the place was locked up for the night, with me inside. My absent-minded shopman had gone home and left his customer a prisoner. Glancing at my watch showed that it was well past closing time. Seated on a box the situation was considered as calmly as my state of mind allowed. My release assistance must come from the outside; the attention of a passerby must be secured: perhaps a policeman. Noise and plenty of it; and noise there was. I beat a hideous tattoo on an old metal drum using a heavy wooden scoop, this was followed by another attack on the door. And this was followed by a complete absence of result. No sign or sound from the great world outside. Surely someone must have heard. I sat down and listened. Sleep overcame me and I rolled off my seat and awoke to full consciousness sprawling on the stone floor. My situation was not funny. Was I to spend the night here? Surely that stupid so and so must remember me left in his shop. Another avenue must be attempted, there was only one window to my prison, set rather high up in the wall, and through its dusty glass what remained of the daylight could be seen. A certain chill was adding to my other numerous discomforts as I dragged a box to a position beneath this window. Mounted on this the window was examined. Clearly it hadn't been opened for years. It was secured by a stout catch and this stuck fast with coats of old paint and grime, resisted my first effort to move it. I removed myself from the box and, armed with the wooden scoop, returned to the attack. A good wallop saw the end of that piece of ironmongery, but the window, of the casement type, still held fast. With the light failing fast it was no time for half-measures. I steadied myself on the box and treated this window to a real push. It did the trick; the window opened with a rush, parted from the rusty hinges and fell with a crash of breaking glass into the courtyard below. Balanced on the shaky box I looked out and listened. No sign or sound of human being was evident. At that moment Basingstoke was



a ghost town. The good folk had fled.

However this might be, here was the way to freedom. It looked that way to me. Wriggling and squirming I was half-way through the hole when I remembered my slides and plates. Back again, and with the satchel over my shoulder commenced my second break from prison. I was out of the frying pan into the fire. In the gathering gloom below stood a figure, a policeman of truly herculean proportions. He had taken some trouble to place himself exactly where I must touch down. And the instant I did so he seized me with an iron grip. My stammered attempt at explanation was cut short, intimating that they would want it "down the road". Without relaxing his grip for a moment he desired me to visit the station. Thus commenced the most humiliating journey of my life. Earlier I would have been prepared to swear that the town was uninhabited, now it seemed the most populous place on earth. And all had turned out to witness a most dangerous shop-breaker being dragged to gaol. The police station might have been about half a mile, but the journey appeared endless. However, all things come to an end and I duly found myself facing a gentleman with stripes on his tunic who looked at me with a face of granite. He demanded my name and where I had come from, and what was I doing on enclosed premises, and how had I obtained entry. My second attempt at explanation was as fruitless as my first. The contents of my pockets and my satchel were examined. After writing in a ledger for a few minutes the hard faced sergeant motioned to my capturer who, with a grunted "this way", commenced to escort, or perhaps it should be propel, me towards a bare passage which led to the rear of the building. What awaited me at the end of that bleak corridor? A prison cell, the gallows? The fate that might have overtaken me remained unknown for I heard, what to me at that moment was the sweetest sound in the world. The voice of my friend of the shop. A call from my interrogator and it was about turn. The chemist gave me a friendly nod, which I returned with a stony stare. The police took a long statement from him, they also spoke with my host, the ex-Customs Officer, who had joined the company. News travels fast in a small town. I was then addressed by the sergeant who lectured me for not using the shop telephone to summon assistance and the trouble caused to the police. (The 'phone was actually in the locked shop

and not accessible.) But I really couldn't care less. I was free and walked back with my host to my long-delayed tea, leaving the talkative one the problem of how to repair his broken window and secure his shop for the night.

And as to how or whether he managed this, again I couldn't care less. Later that evening I again cast my thoughts back to that garrulous old chap the pharmacist. He wasn't that bad, after all he was simply absent-minded. He even forgot to charge me for that box of Marions Brilliant. Hope he didn't have too much trouble with that busted casement. From time to time there has been occasion to re-visit Basingstoke. The chemist's shop has been disembowelled, joined with its neighbour on the right and is now a blaze of chromium plate and cut-price bills. The little boarding house has gone completely, recent building renders it difficult to place its exact location. The police station remains: solid and strong. A symbol of law and order. I suppose this is how it should be. But I always hurry past.

## V.I.P.s

We are very pleased to report that out of the 53 members of the R.P.S. elected as Associates last November, no less than four are members of U.P.P. Our sincere congratulations go to—

BRIAN ASQUITH, who joined Circle 18 in April, 1963

KENNETH S. EVANS, who has been a member of Circle 26 since August, 1960.

IAN PLATT, who joined U.P.P. in February, 1962, and is Secretary of Circle 36 (transparencies) and has also recently founded the Contemporary Colour Circle (24). He is also in the Anglo/U.S. Circle and has been a member of Circles 9, 11, 19, 25 and 33.

MICHAEL C. F. PROCTOR, who joined the Natural History Colour Circle No. 2 in March, 1963. His Associateship was gained in the Nature Section, while the others were in the Pictorial Class.



# ROUND THE CIRCLES

## Circle 3

Folio 400 went into circulation during December, but before January was out the P.O. had managed to mislay it, and to date it has not yet come to light. 1969 has not started off too well. In addition to the lost box the G.P.O. go-slow, coupled with sickness in the Circle, has resulted in rather erratic circulation. With the passing of the wintry weather, and its attendant maladies, it is hoped that normal circulation will be achieved once more.

It was with regret that, owing to the pressure of work, one of our real stalwarts was forced to resign. Geoff. Lygo had been a member of the Circle for a number of years, and even though he was at home only at week-ends, he had conscientiously kept his prints going and contributed his kindylcrits and notebook entries. Over the years he has been a consistent G.L. winner. We shall sadly miss his excellent prints and particularly his whimsical table-top efforts, where he was a master.

The Circle is still strong with its twenty members, and it is hoped to have a get-together during the year.

Recently the Circle enjoyed a print battle with Circles 11 and 25, which proved a very even affair indeed. It is hoped to make this a regular event.

## Circle 17

It is with great regret that we have to record the death of W. J. (Jake) Parsons on March 9th, 1969, after a series of heart attacks. Although laid up for many weeks, he maintained to the end a most active participation in his several Circles, both in U.P.P. and elsewhere.

Jake joined Circle 17 in May, 1956, and was Secretary from May, 1957, to April, 1958. He again took on the running of this Circle in September, 1967, and he will be a great loss to all who have benefited from his leadership. He was also a member of Circles 4 and 12 right up to the end as well as having been a member of Circles 9, 21, 34 and the Architectural Print Circle. These activities, plus his article in the last issue of "The Little Man" will have made him one of the best-known of our members. His forthright comments and lively humour will long be remembered.

To his wife and family we extend our sincere sympathy in their loss, in which so many of us share.

## Circle 28

C. W. Carthy, known as "Chas" in the Circle, retired from business in April, 1969, and moved from Southsea to 20, Steart Avenue, Burnham-on-Sea.

To add spice to life, Chas. went along to Biggin Hill Air Show in 1968 and took a series of colour shots on Agfacolor. One of the slides was entered for the Biggin Hill Air Show Competition. Chas. won first prize, and the winning slide was published in the December issue of "Photography". The prize was a Mediterranean Cruise for two for 2 weeks. So Chas and Mrs Carthy enjoyed a wonderful retirement present.

## Circle 32

Since the last issue of "The Little Man" Circle 32 has reached and passed its 100th folio, and to mark the occasion a set subject was tackled entitled "Sunset".

In the members' vote the round was won by Mrs. Beryl Hayes, but it was agreed that the Gold Label award should be judged by an outside adjudicator. This was done by an ex-member of the U.P.P., Mr. F. Edwards, who was at one time member of Circles 12 and 24. Again Mrs. Hayes was judged to be the winner.

Circle 32 is a lively Circle and although does not very often make its presence known through "The Little Man", it is nevertheless with it, especially through the Notebooks.

## Circle 36

It is twelve months since the last report, due to accidental omission, and quite a lot has happened since then. On the membership side the very sad loss, due to the death of Bob Skinner, who was not only a founder-member of the Circle but a stalwart of many years' standing in U.P.P., was keenly felt. Bob's very considerable efforts as a discerning critic and prolific Notebook writer, in addition to his excellent photography, will be sadly missed by all. On the brighter side, new members have been forthcoming to fill some of the gaps, notably Bob Waddington—already a member of Circle 11, and who applied for membership on reading of a vacancy in the Circle News Section of a previous "Little Man". (Circle Secretaries please note, it pays to advertise!) Also Malcolm



Gilson and Cliff Steer have arrived to boost the numbers up to one below maximum.

Statistically speaking, our showing of Gold Label slides at the A.G.M. turned out to have a much lower percentage mark than in previous years. As in the past the highest 12 scoring slides, regardless of which Folio, represented our efforts. This time, although the top slide scored 90%, and duly won the Circle Certificate, the bottom end of the twelve showed four slides with percentages of 68-69, which was well below the figure for the previous year. In spite of this the set did not show up too badly at the projection, although it was definitely a little below the usual par for the Circle. By complete contrast advance marks coming in for the current year suggest not only a higher degree of competition than ever before, but also the far higher standard of entry is reflected in the marks seen. Looking into my crystal ball, and extrapolating like mad, I forecast the bottom end of the list being around the 75% mark by the A.G.M. Once again honours were reasonably well shared out with seven members sharing the Golds last year. Arthur Greasley appeared in the list for the first time, and was welcomed with two to his credit. Edward Eves, O.B.E., made his mark very soon by convincingly winning his second Folio entry and getting into the list.

A very successful outing was held in London in May. No less than half the Circle members turned up, and the "Gold" for distance went to Cliff Davies, who trekked all the way from darkest Wales to meet his fellow-members. A highly enjoyable day was spent meandering around Regents Park Zoo where, although not many Folio winning slides were taken, everyone enjoyed the opportunity to have a good old natter, and we parted with a firm determination to repeat the process again each year.

Our latest guest critic, by way of complete change, was not a photographer at all. A local artist, Mr Goodman, made a useful contribution to the comments on the aesthetic merits of the slides.

The set subject round last time provided sufficient enjoyment to warrant a repeat performance, so with an eye to perhaps slightly more attractive subject matter than bent bits of tin, as in the last one,

"An unusual Angle" was decided upon. This should give

sufficient scope for individual interpretation, as well as providing an interesting variety of subject matter

### **Contemporary Circle—Hitting the High Spots!**

With details of how this new Circle functions appearing elsewhere, there is little further to add at the moment. However, worthy of mention is the P.S.A. Gold Medal recently awarded to Sir George Pollock, F.R.P.S., for his entry in the Around the World with P.S.A., held in Oklahoma in 1968. Other Circle members have been very successful in the exhibition field, and in three consecutive months members won the advanced first prize in the A.P. monthly competition, Albert Bridel, George Scholes and Tony McDade, being the fortunate few who managed to finance the purchase of a few films from the proceeds! With the Secretary getting an article in the same magazine on contemporary work that was illustrated with monochrome and colour reproductions, things are looking up for the movement as a whole.

### **Anglo/Australian Circle**

The position of our Circle is not a happy one, I have just received a letter from Norman James-Martin, my counterpart in Australia, telling me that the boxes are moving very slowly in Australia. I have only one box in this country, which is soon due back to me, and I will send it "down-under".

Apparently the members are somewhat to blame in Australia, although there was a postal strike or go-slow, which meant that there have been some delays beyond the control of either the members or secretary.

The Australian rota has been extended to take in two members from New Zealand, one of whom is Norman Houlgrave, who emigrated there some years back, and who used to be in large print Circle 6 of U.P.P.

I hope that when boxes do start flowing back to me I will get them regularly, at least I am sending them out regularly, so there is no reason why they should not do so in return.

I have now a slightly stronger rota in this country, I have built it up to 12, but would hope for a few more.



# United Photographic Postfolios

President: **H. G. Robson**

23 Spring Terrace, North Shields, Northumberland. North Shields 73047

*Affiliated to the Photographic Alliance of Great Britain through the Central Association, U.P.P. exists for the postal circulation of photographic prints and transparencies and for the mutual advancement of its members in photography. Each member is expected to enter one print or transparency in each postfolio in accordance with the method customary in his Circle, to endeavour to criticise constructively other prints and transparencies submitted and to vote in accordance with the system or code of his Circle. The Leighton Herdson Trophy is awarded annually to the print or transparency which, in the opinion of the Judges, is the best of those which have been awarded Gold Labels as the best within their Circles in each postfolio in the year. The Gold Label Prints and transparencies are displayed each year at the Annual General Meeting.*

## THE COUNCIL, 1968

In addition to the President, the Hon. General Secretary, and the Past President, the Council consists of the following members

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R. FARRAND, F.I.P., F.R.P.S.

(Other Past Presidents — not members of the Council:

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**A.G.M. 1969  
 September 27th**

**Royal Hotel  
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