



THE LITTLE MAN

WINTER, 1940

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WINTER 1947





THE LITTLE MAN

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE
PHOTOGRAPHIC MINIATURE POSTAL PORTFOLIOS

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Winter 1940

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THE LITTLE MAN SPEAKS.

For so long the storm had threatened that by the Spring of this year we had become inured to the lowering skies and the perpetual rumblings of approaching catastrophe. We had no gas-masks at Warwick, and were concerned only with the vapours of the skies and of one another. The Club's visit to that ancient and romantic town will always mark, for many of our members, the close of the first great chapter of our story. The mellow evening sunlight on the old crumbling sandstone walls presaged, though we did not know it, the approaching end of the first epic of our little world. An interim of suspense followed, which was never more than a feebly hopeful anti-climax, a dogged perseverance with the preparations of the A.G.M. Our last issue was a wistful memorial rather than a hopeful prophecy. The paralysis was complete.

But not for long. The effect of the first shock was hardly exhausted when the President acted. The possibilities of a restricted resumption were explored. Tentative approaches were made to members. A circular was issued, and the response was encouraging. Enthusiasm began to reawaken. An Emergency Council was got together, the two Clubs agreed to combine, and a vigorous move was made towards putting the folios again in motion. The President and General Secretaries consulted, suggested and inspired. Circle Secretaries come forward in a manner to ensure the success of the venture. The story of the resuscitation is told on another page.

Your obedient servant,
THE LITTLE MAN.

The Rebirth

When the call came many of our members responded, some to join the colours, others to face a period of evacuation. The fourteen circles of the sister clubs, P.M.P.P. and P.P.P. had then 56 folios in circulation. Of these many were likely to be sent to vacated addresses. Chaos and loss seemed inevitable. But in both clubs the foresight of the Councils had prepared us for the emergency, and without delay, and so far as is known, without loss, the folios were called in and the club activities totally suspended. The A.G.M. almost due to be held was postponed. Many of us felt this a great loss, and most feared that it would remain till peace came once more. I particularly felt the break in the valued personal, photographic and social relationship built up through the clubs during the last few years.

On October 16th came the welcome message from the President. There was evidently the same regret and more optimism in high places. War had not, it seemed, sounded the knell of the clubs. We invited the support of those who were able and willing to carry on. This was a good move, the representatives of the Council were fairly balanced, and made the right use of the "key" men of both bodies. It consisted of Mr. Syd Burch, the Hon. Gen. Sec. of P.M.P.P., Mr. Jack Hole, who holds a similar position in P.P.P., Mr. E. J. Eprill, F.R.I.B.A., F.R.S.A., (Prospective Vice-President of P.M.P.P.), the Editor of "The Little Man", and Mr. R. C. Leighton Herdson, President of both Clubs.

All Circle Secretaries had been requested to notify the Council immediately if they were free to carry on their work for the Circle. They responded well. All who were not with the colours or fully occupied with National Service duties undertook to continue their services. It was unfortunate that we had to forgo the services of three valued helpers, but extremely gratifying to find so many other members offering their services if required.

Just what happened after the issue of the circular of October 16th we shall probably never fully know. Somebody obviously had a very considerable amount of work to do. Not all of it could be distributed among, or undertaken by, the new Emergency Council. Draft plans covering the new constitution had to be drawn up, the method of administration and control worked out. The process by which the folios could again be put into circulation, and many other detailed matters had to be well thought out and carefully planned. That the task was well done was shown by the issue of "Official Circular No. 2." This outlined the policy and the new constitution as well as gave clear information to the members. In effect it gave us the glad news that the two clubs had been reborn. One can imagine the amount of work that had to be undertaken by the Circle Secretaries, some of whom were new to the task. Folios had to be prepared, new Rotas compiled, and everything made ready so that we might continue to enjoy the company of old friends. The spirit of the Clubs has triumphed over the difficulties of a critical time.

The membership will particularly appreciate the consideration of the special conditions embodied in the new constitution and administration. Probable shortcomings have been foreseen and provided for. We have been given few rules, and these are based on an appreciation of our individual circumstances. They are fair, reasonable and adequately elastic. We shall enjoy our membership all the more for this. None is likely to take undue advantage of it.

The "Little Man" is the voice of the Clubs, and I can therefore hope that this due appreciation from me may find its way into the magazine, for I am confident I express the mind of the whole membership. We truly appreciate all that the few have done to provide for the many this method of finding relief from black-out boredom.

A GRATEFUL MEMBER.

The Bright Side

Not only in nature and art, but in life, balance is of prime importance. In the first it makes for stability, in the second for unity, and in the last for reasonableness and "commonsense". In extolling the beauty and culture of the Hellenic Age, due regard had also to be paid to the misery, ugliness and brutality of the substratum of slavery on which it rested. The superb achievements of our own industrial age do not really represent the real character of Victorian England. The preoccupation of the amateur photographer with the sylvan and sweetly domestic aspect of the world in the days before the lights went out always needed the corrective of realism, and was indeed not ill served by the little band who insisted on balancing the highlights with some shadow.

During the dim interregnum in which we grope today the same principle of balance applies. We need to reach back now to the bright passages of the past, and to embody in our work what faith and hope we have for the future. The landscape picture-makers can now be sure not only of their purpose, but of its current value for others. When we lived on sweetmeat a continuous diet of honey was apt to induce satiety, and many a good entry was offered to a surfeited palate. Now the beauties of sun and sea and field can usefully refresh the bemused and jaded mind. "The evil that men do" is no less than when it was an appropriate subject for the camera, but its treatment is less appropriate to the time, for no one can ignore it. The voice crying in the wilderness is less salutary when we are all in the wilderness against which the voice warned us. Let the makers of cheerful pictures now show what they are made of, and exhibit the bright side, not from routine and indolence as so often happened when the world was everywhere brighter, but with the passion of a humane mission in a world of prevailing darkness.

Omnia Bona Bonis

"Once upon a time there was a good club photographer. He was a good man and a good photographer. He revelled in good, clean, straight prints. He was that kind of man. Gather round, boys and girls, he was a Purist. The negative should contain all that was to be shown in the final print.

"One evening there came a serpent to his club. He was there to demonstrate how a cloud could be added from another negative. The poison worked and our hero tried this for himself. He found that he had the ability to do this successfully. Of course, he felt justified in this because, after all, was not the result a photographic combination?

"Then one day, his trigger finger scored a winner. Here, with the addition of a cumulus cloud, was the Pictorial Masterpiece. But, it was marred by a sign which said "HALT". This warning was ignored, ferri was prepared and Onward went our hero. No betrayal of his views was felt by him, he had but applied chemistry, upon which, after all, the hobby depends. Had his application been less skilfully done, then he would have led the argument against such doctrine, or should it be doctoring?

"He won his club's highest award, did this Purist, who had no use for 'cooked' prints. The father of all serpents came to his club. How beautiful his shadows looked (pencil). How beautiful his highlights (pencil on the negative). This evil one was a controller. Our hero thought that he would just try. Being handy (with his hands) he improved upon his masterpiece, but there was no greater honour that his club could bestow upon him. He had achieved greatness.

"But what of the oiliness of his method? Was he still pure? Did he feel that he had sinned against his art? Of course he did not. Art is art and photography is art, so what would you? Our hero is sublime and he is still a purist, a good photographer and a good man."

This concludes a true story. Honest! Could not the hero be you, dear reader? Why not face up to it, and ask "Magic Mirror on the wall, am I not just like them all?" The reply will be, "Snow White". You dwarf all the other poor fish.

To summarise the lesson we have learnt: the purist, we find, exists only in his own imagination. His views and his practice advance together for, like the trombone player, he works on a sliding scale. But. Ever upwards to greater heights.

Do you not agree?

I thought not.

I care not.

There is a clue to the identity of our hero in the text. Know him?

CIRCLE FOUR TWICE

The hills of Wales, the hills of Wales,
Reduced and rounded by the gales

Of untold ages past;
So guard the rivers and the vales
That early night as daylight fails
Falls first and rises last.
Our Taffy now, when school is done,
And blackest black-out coming on,
Would e'en be out of doors;
"Now night is night, look you, my son
We'll have no more of cellars dun,
Our darkroom's on the moors".

Secretary Hole
Is a faithful soul,
A faithful soul is he;
A shielding shroud
To the Warwick crowd,
And so he gets no tea.

Dilley, Dilley, don't be silly,
There's not a picture there.
"But I'll make one, willy-nilly,
You'll be surprised, my dear!"

"The President! the President!
seig heil! seig heil! seig heil!"
"My rota's mixed—". "A minute, Leigh—."
"My shadows are so pale."
"The council said—." "But it was led,
Tell Leigh the awful tale."
The Little Man, who lurks hard by,
Will print their clam'rous wail.

Meniscus F.11

Is *this* the lens that won a thousand plaques
And filled the awful walls of Russell Square?

Sommar F.2

Look at the leaves! My spirit grieves
At contrasts uncontrolled;
Precision, with the chromium, leaves
My genius unenrolled.

Emergency Council

President: R. C. Leighton Herdson Esq.
Deputy Chairman: E. J. Eprile Esq., F.R.I.B.A.
Hon. Gen. Sec. (Small Prints): Syd H. Burch Esq.
Hon. Gen. Sec. (Large Prints): Jack H. Hole Esq.
Hon. Secretary: Albert Chapman Esq.

SMALL PRINT CIRCLES.

A—H. G. Robson, 17 Newcastle Road, North Shields.
B—E. E. Evans, School House, Parkmill, Swansea. Glam
C—S. H. Burch, 12 Lambert Rd., N. Finchley, N.12
D—H. G. Keable, 7 Orchard Road, Andover, Hants.
E—S. F. J. Jordon, 9 Georges Avenue, Skegness.

LARGE PRINT CIRCLES.

1. J. H. Hole, 103 Northbrook Street, Newbury, Berks.
2. Ken. Murphy, Strathmore, Upper Colwall, Malvern.
3. G. Farnsworth, Redland Villa, Industrial Rd. Matlock
4. Alec B. Chatfield, 17 Heathfield Avenue, Crewe.
5. Dr. H. C. Simpson, Broughton Cottage, Cockermouth

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London, S.E.21

The Lincoln Camera Club held a successful Exhibition in December. Mr. J. J. Brady had three of his pictures accepted: 'Boy Drinking', 'Light', and 'Props'. The event was also supported by the Loan Exhibition of the P.M.P.P.

Personal Notes

November 25 1939—Miss Marie Walker, Record Secretary P.M.P.P., was married to Mr. Dennis Shaw. Both are members of the Camberwell Camera Club. Mrs. Shaw has for some years taken a leading part in the affairs of both P.M.P.P. and also P.P.P.

December 9—Mr. Fred Dixon, pre-war Secretary of P.P.P. Circle Four was married to Miss E. Freda North. Fred, who was one of the vanguard of the B.E.F. He came home on leave for his wedding.

December 25—Mr. and Mrs. S. Crowden Clement celebrated their Silver Wedding at their new (evacuation) home at Wickwar. Clem has been a popular member of both P.M.P.P. and P.P.P. folios.

December 26—Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chapman celebrated their Silver Wedding. Chappy is known to all members of both clubs as Editor of "The Little Man", and more intimately to the members of P.M.P.P. Circle Six. He has also been a member of the P.M.P.P. Council for a number of years.

To these fellow members the Club extends its sincere congratulations and wishes them every happiness.