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# THE LITTLE MAN

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE  
UNITED PHOTOGRAPHIC POSTFOLIOS  
OF GREAT BRITAIN

*(Affiliated to the Royal Photographic Society,  
Central Association Photographic Societies)*

Edited by George H. Farnsworth  
Redland Villa, Industrial Road, Matlock, Derbyshire.

No. 23.

OCTOBER, 1947.



"Hobo"

A. MARRION, A.R.P.S. (Circle 14)

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### THE LITTLE MAN SPEAKS.

This issue is primarily concerned with recording the wide and varied activities that are crowded into the week-end when the Club holds its A.G.M. Because so many of the members attended this year we have been persuaded to record not only the official items, but also the lighter side of a week-end which obviously means so much to a large number of you. Like all Editors we accept no responsibility for the views expressed by our contributors and are equally prepared to print the reactions of our readers.

We continue our series of leading articles with a contribution from Mr. J. Allan Cash. Having had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Cash we can vouch for his adventurous spirit, and in thanking him for his contribution we also express our feeling of admiration for one who still "shows the flag" of our pioneers.

Our reproductions are all taken from entries sent in to the Club competition. We have reproduced three that secured certificates, including our cover picture which gained the premier award, and two gold-label prints which were not successful in gaining a certificate. We trust that those of our members who were not able to attend the A.G.M. will gather from the reproductions some fair idea of the high standard of work submitted.

This time we have a reduction in Circle News and News Items. This is partly due to lack of space, but mainly to the fact that, particularly in the case of Circle News, few contributions have been received. We do ask that all Circles will give regular support by sending in items for each new issue as soon as possible after receiving their copy of the current issue. We have to allow as much time as we can to our Printers, and your Editor also requires time to do his part.

We take this opportunity of thanking all who have sent in a contribution, and desire to assure those who have not yet seen their items or prints reproduced that they are not forgotten, but will all appear in due course.

Your obedient servant,

*The Little Man*

## PHOTOGRAPHY AS I SEE IT.

By J. ALLAN CASH, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

I regard photography as a wonderful adventure, a glorious means of seeing the world, finding out how other people live and discovering unexpected things in out-of-the-way places that are not normally visited. But I also consider it to be an unique medium for meeting people in all walks of life in this country, for discovering how things are done, what other people do for a living, how this compact little collection of islands is made up, with all its complicated industries and activities, and what makes the wheels go round.

But then all this is because I chose the particular phase of photography that takes me out and around, abroad and in this country, instead of going in for studio work or some other kind of photography that keeps one mostly in one place, Every man to his taste. I should be miserable confined indoors ; other people would be sick with anxiety and apprehension if they were freelancing, going away on trips, either short or long, that are often a complete gamble, spending money that may be completely wasted or may yield a splendid return.

I find this kind of photography is a grand education in general knowledge. I usually have to write captions for my pictures, and quite frequently articles to accompany them, and thus must study the job I am on and learn the facts about it. In the course of years I have thus gained at least a smattering of knowledge on a very wide variety of subjects, which makes life a lot more interesting for me as I travel about. Having been in electrical engineering, and at one time very keen on chemistry, I find the knowledge I have retained of these two branches of science most useful in industry, particularly as I specialise now, among other things, in industrial photography.

I have been a free-lance now for some twelve years, including three years in the army and two and a half with the British Council, during both of which periods I did a good deal of free-lance work. I left a very pleasant, comfortable and safe job in Canada as a radio engineer to go in for free-lance camera journalism, burning my boats behind me and launching out into what was probably the biggest gamble of all—a trip of some 10,000 miles from Canada through Soviet Russia and other parts of Europe. I spent almost my last penny and I had a very thin time of it afterwards, but I have no regrets for my decision to enter this fascinating game. Looking back on those 12 years, I feel it has been well worth while. I have had some marvellous experiences

and seen some extraordinary places, and although the highlights have, on occasions, I frankly admit, been mixed with feelings of dismay and sinkings of the stomach, the better side far outweighs the troubles I have had.

I cannot, in this short article, describe my adventure abroad. You will find them in my book : "Living on my Camera," with many of my pictures. Here I must confine my observations to photography as I see it, and I do not want the reader to be under the impression that I regard it merely as an excuse or a means for having a good time. I make the best of my opportunities, naturally, but I also feel that illustrative photography, and the writing of articles that accompany one's pictures, carries with it some considerable responsibility.

The reader of a paper or magazine wants to believe what he sees and reads ; the editor wants the material he puts into his paper to be accurate. He takes the word of the camera journalist that his pictures and written matter portray and describe things as they are, if he is a reputable editor. The free-lance who lets him down is not going to remain prosperous for very long. An editor does not like to get letters from readers telling him he is a downright liar, that certain things in his paper are far removed from the truth. Yet I do see that sort of thing from time to time, on subjects I happen to know something about.

I have been to Lundy, the island in the Bristol Channel, twice within the last twelve months and I have seen two articles published on this subject so far removed from accuracy as to be quite incredible. No pictures could ever have been taken to illustrate such material, so photography can act as a powerful means of telling the truth. A man I knew before the war, having a number of pictures of Central Europe, cheerfully submitted one of a bridge across the Danube when a certain bridge came into the news, and declared it was this one. He told me it was not the bridge in question, but another one altogether. He made some sales then but I have not seen his name in photo-journalism for a long time now.

Now to take another aspect of photography. Some people seem to be just born photographers. Everything they do seems to come right ; all their pictures stand out as the works of a master. Other people just never seem to be able to make the grade. I believe one is born with a flair for this art, just as one may be a born musician or artist. If one does make such an auspicious start in life, so much the better. But the countless people in between need not despair, for photography is very definitely an art than can be learnt.

A natural sense for composition is a great help, but even this aspect can be studied. Personally, when I look through my viewfinder I just know when the composition is right, without thinking of any rules, for which I take no credit but am duly thankful. Similarly in colour photography, of which I am now doing a good deal, there is a sense for colour composition, with which it is very useful to discover one has been born, if one is lucky.

I always insist that I learn something new from every job I do. And I always say that when the time comes for me to declare "Now I know it all; there is nothing else to learn," that is the time I should quit photography for ever, and never touch a camera again.

\* \* \*

**A. G. M.**

13th SEPTEMBER, 1947.

### **Report.**

The President in his address to members, said he was very pleased to see the meeting so well attended, and welcomed the opportunity it provided for him to express his appreciation of the work done for the Club by the officers, council and circle secretaries. Two years ago, when the P.M.P.P. and U.P.P. amalgamated, a two year plan was proposed for the welfare and advancement of the new club. This plan had been an expensive one, it had used up all available funds, but with two items excepted, it had been completed. Canvas covers for the folio boxes had not been secured owing to lack of material and labour, and the other item, standard mounts to be provided by the Club, had not met with anything like general approval, members mostly wanted to purchase mounts individually to suit their personal taste. Something in the nature of bulk buying of mounts might be possible, the conditions were being given constant attention by Council.

The Minutes of the previous A.G.M. were read by Mr. George Farnsworth. No question arose from these and they were duly signed as a correct record. The President said it was to be regretted that the provincial rallies had not materialised this year. Particularly after the successes of the previous year. Circumstances and local difficulties had made it impossible for the local committees to complete their arrangements. On the other hand, the two London Meetings had been most successful ventures.

The Hon. General Secretary, in his report, said it was most difficult to give anything approaching a full report on the year's work in the time at his disposal. It had been

a very full and active year, and he agreed with the President, it had been a very successful year for the Club. Membership now stood at four hundred and twenty-eight, an average of seventeen per circle, and no effort had been made to secure any substantial increase in numbers. Rather had attention been concentrated on consolidating our position. THE LITTLE MAN Magazine, which had been circulated to other societies in this country, and overseas, had proved a very strong publicity asset, and had played a very important part in the Club. It had, during the last two years, greatly enhanced its position in the realm of society publications. During the period under review there had been some changes in the executive and administrative officers of the Club. Mr. George Lombardi had resigned office as Vice-President, this vacancy had not been filled. There had been three changes of circle secretaries. Mr. W. Lee Thomas had taken over circle twelve from Mr. White, who had earlier in the year relieved Mr. Crowden Clement. When Mr. Turley resigned circle eighteen, Mr. T. Tarrant had been appointed in his stead. During the year most circle secretaries had appointed their Deputies, but some still had to do so. Mr. Hole next had a word of praise for Mr. Bon Cobb, who had been his Deputy as Hon. General Secretary, and had proved of considerable help to him. Mr. Iestyn Rees had, during the year, acted as Publicity Secretary.

Mr. Syd. Burch gave his report as Hon Treasurer. The year had just managed to balance out the finances, but it was pleasing to know that the overdraft, provided by the previous year, had been liquidated and the two year plan practically completed. Members needed reminding that the subscription was ten shillings and sixpence and not ten shillings, and further that it became due on September 1st each year. Mr. Burch also thanked members for the many kind letters they had sent him. Unfortunately he had not found it possible to reply to each one, but he had, just the same, greatly appreciated receiving them. He proposed to insure the Club stock which he maintained at his home.

The President thanked Mr. Hole and Mr. Burch for their informative reports, and thought it a tribute to each of them that the large number of members present had not found it necessary to raise any question on either report.

Next followed the election of Officers in accordance with Articles 3 and 5 of the constitution.

*President* (12th year) R. C. Leighton Herdson. *Vice-Presidents* : Iestyn J. Rees (2nd year) and Miss Barbara Wagstaffe. *Hon. General Secretary* : J. H. Hole (11th year). *Hon. Treasurer* : Syd. H. Burch (9th year). *Ordinary Members*

of Council : R. P. Jones, A. W. Esson and \*Alick G. Wheeler.  
Circle Secretaries' Representatives : Dr. H. C. Simpson, Frank E. Ramsden, Reg. C. Elias and \*W. Lee Thomas.

The President gave a cordial welcome to the new members of Council\*.

Mr. S. P. Frosh (Circle 15) proposed that in the final competition of the Gold Label Prints, the judges should take the best two prints from each Circle's collection into the last stage of the judging instead of the single print as was the case this year. After full discussion (and some cross-purpose argument) the meeting agreed to this amendment of rules.

Dr. Robert Ollerenshaw asked whether, in the case of a Circle secretary being of opinion that a better print, than the one given top votes, was contained in the round, he could exercise authority to submit it to the annual final competition. This was not approved.

Mr. E. E. Evans' proposition for setting up an Appointment Secretary to "post" members to new Circles after examination of their work and a scrutiny of each of the folios, was not approved. Mr. Lee Thomas suggesting it was too much like a "Direction of Labour."

The Club Trophy Competition results were announced by the President. Full report is given in this issue.

Miss Wagstaffe, Hon. Librarian, reported that a big stock of literature was now in constant circulation in folios, and books too large or heavy for such purpose were available for individuals to borrow.

Mr. E. E. Evans asked if it were possible for members who had had prints reproduced in THE LITTLE MAN to purchase the blocks from the Editor. The President replied that such blocks were not for sale as the Editor hoped, at a later date, to publish a book of one hundred reproductions of the best of these illustrations. Members could however have such blocks on loan from the Editor.

Mr. Palmer (Circle 17) said the members of his Circle were not at all happy with the style of criticism sheets in use in the small print circles. The President replied that Council already had this matter under consideration.

Mr. Pollard asked if Miss Wagstaff would have the date inserted on any of the gold label prints used for circulation in the folios. Miss Wagstaff replied that she hoped all the gold label prints would be donated to the library by the authors, in which case she would have them dated before being issued.

The President expressed his thanks to all those who had taken part in the proceedings and to those who were to help in the social events of the evening and the following day.

## THE ANNUAL COMPETITION.

A very high standard of prints came together for this competition comprising the leading entries from each Circle during the previous nine months.

The competition was very ably adjudicated by the following Board of Judges :—Messrs. Percy W. Harris, J. Wickison and E. Ginger. We are pleased to express our sincere appreciation of the very great care taken by these eminent adjudicators in making their awards, and when the prints were viewed by well over a hundred members and friends at the A.G.M. we heard no dissentient voice with their findings.

"HOBO" by Mr. A. Marion of Circle 14 secured the premier award. We congratulate him on a very fine piece of work, that earned high praise from the Board of Judges, and also from the President when he presented Mr. Marion with the new Trophy for this competition.

"POWER AND GLORY" by Mr. George Oakley, Circle 3, was a very fine miniature print, and ran a close second to the winner. So close indeed that one adjudicator voted it the best.

The best print from each Circle was awarded a certificate, and in the Slide Circle this was secured by their popular Secretary, Mr. Frank Ramsden, with W. Lee Thomas running him a close second with a fine Thiocarbamide entitled "FROSTY MORNING." During the projection of these slides at the A.G.M. they received a high measure of well deserved praise.

We give below a complete list of the awards in this new competition which has started off with such a fine collection of entries from all the Circles, and on behalf of all Circle members we congratulate the winners very sincerely indeed.

L.

\* \* \*

### U.P.P. Best Print of the Year. 1947 Competition.

#### CLUB TROPHY.

"Hobo" by Albert Marion, A.R.P.S.

#### CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

- |      |                            |                         |
|------|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| C.1. | The Window Seat.....       | W. Lee Thomas, A.R.P.S. |
| C.2. | The Way and the Light..... | David Owen, A.R.P.S.    |
| C.3. | Power and the Glory.....   | George E. Oakley        |
| C.4. | Joyous Youth.....          | R. H. Smith             |
| C.5. | Seaside Stroll.....        | F. A. Cooper            |

- C.6. Sand Magic.....Baden Oates  
 C.7. Portrait.....  
 C.8. Wood Carving—Ripon Cathedral.....D. Kershaw  
 C.9. Wet Sands in the Sunshine.....H. A. French  
 C.10. Culham Manor.....D. Eadie  
 C.11. Trees.....F. J. Dixon  
 C.12. Autumn Evening.....J. A. Brimble, A.R.P.S.  
 C.13. Country Lane.....W. Forbes Boyd, A.R.P.S.  
 C.14. Hobo.....Albert Marrison, A.R.P.S.  
 C.15. Vitamins.....Rosalind Watts  
 C.16. Nell of New Design.....G. A. Thompson  
 C.17. Monster.....H. F. Parsons  
 C.18. Talking about Me?.....C. Woolf  
 C.19. Glenhoyne.....F. G. Bradley  
 C.20. Harlech Castle.....W. E. Lawrence  
 C.21. Motif Miniature.....John Wardale  
 C.23. The Westering Sun.....J. A. Hogg  
 C.26. A Boatload of Mischief.....David Owen, A.R.P.S.

LANTERN SLIDES.

- C.25. Happy Childhood.....F. E. Ramsden

\* \* \*

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.**

DEAR MR. FARNSWORTH,

I feel THE LITTLE MAN is the most appropriate medium to express to all members my sincere appreciation of the high tribute they paid to me at the A.G.M. this year.

That all members should contribute towards such a fine Trophy for annual competition is in itself a token of their affection and loyalty to the Club; that they should also endow the Trophy with my name is an honour I most highly esteem.

During the twelve years I have been privileged to hold the office of President the Club has moved forward from strength to strength. They have been difficult years for most of us, but the Club has never stumbled in the very pleasant task of building up a great brotherhood of members within the Circles to heights undreamed of twelve years ago.

Now that we have this new Trophy, for annual competition, it will provide an incentive to still greater efforts, that will result in high achievements not only within the Club itself, but in all spheres of photography in which our members take part.



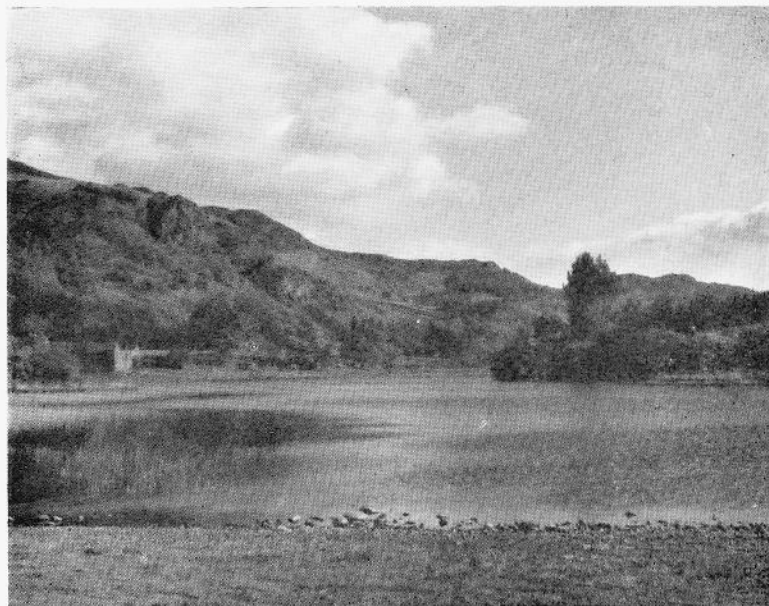
"Wee' Orchard"

DONALD EADIE (Circle 10)



" Sand Magic "

H. BADEN OATS (Circle 6)



" Evening - Derwentwater "

P. WHITE (Circle 26)



" Talking About Me "

C. WOOLF (Circle 18)

That the Trophy will bear my name will ever be a source of wonderment and pride to me, and through THE LITTLE MAN I express my indebtedness to every member for the honour bestowed upon me.

Yours sincerely,

R. C. LEIGHTON HERDSON.

\* \* \*

#### CIRCLE NEWS.

CIRCLE 1.—We learn that Mr. Cobb has resigned this position and a new Secretary has been appointed. The new Skipper of this foundation Circle is Mr. Ken Yeats, 4, Sunnyside Gardens, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 5.

We offer our very good wishes to Mr. Yeats and trust he will receive all possible help from the Members of this famous Circle of the Club.

\* \* \*

#### ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION.

Some members have still not paid their dues. Would they please take that little extra effort to send it along to the Hon. Treasurer NOW. He is anxiously awaiting to send you a receipt from 12, Lambert Road, North Finchley, London, N.12.

\* \* \*

#### BILL PROTECTS "LITTLE MAN."

The rights of the little man are entitled to the same protection as the mighty State said Sir Hartley Shawcross moving the second reading of the Crown Proceedings Bill. The Bill makes it possible for the citizen to sue the Crown.

*(Extract from the Daily Press).*

\* \* \*

#### PHOTOGRAPHIC CROSSWORD PUZZLE.

##### Solution.

ACROSS.—1, Transparency ; 8, Image ; 9, Harvest ; 10, Ordinary ; 11, Crit ; 13, Enjoy ; 14, Delft ; 19, Opal ; 21, Handwork ; 23, Unguent ; 24, Limit ; 25, Enlargements.

DOWN.—1, Tripod ; 2, Alladin ; 3, Steenbok ; 4, Adhere ; 5, Earn ; 6, Clear ; 7, State ; 12, Pendulum ; 15, Footman ; 16, Focus ; 17, Ragtag ; 18, Skates ; 20, Argon ; 22, Beta.

Having received no correct solution to the Crossword we are somewhat doubtful as to the reason, but assume you were all taken up with the holiday season.



## ONE OF THE GANG.

Carefully placing my collection of tickets in my pocket, I set off on Friday afternoon, complete with wife of course, for that Mecca of U.P.P., the Annual General Meeting. Having attended for many years in the past, I knew I was in for a good time, but I had a little doubt that it could hardly be so good as last year. On the Saturday morning, after dragging the wife past a host of London Stores, we both arrived at the Salon to be greeted by the same old cheery faces of our President, Editor, and other old friends. Was it really a year ago that we received the self-same happy welcome? During a pleasant hour of pretence so far as viewing the Exhibition was concerned, we chatted with old and new friends, and were presented with more tickets, or rather labels, complete with pins, by our Editor, who also gave us detailed instructions about arrangements for the whole gang to partake of lunch together. We noticed that this self-same Editor was missing just before lunch, but having previous knowledge of his habits we were not in the least surprised and were quite happy to be taken under the wing of the President and crowd on to a string of 'buses heading towards the arranged lunch.

Having satisfied the inner man we slipped away from the crowd to spend a short hour at the Royal prior to the afternoon meeting, only to find many others of the gang had done the same. It was at this point we appreciated the labels provided, they helped considerably in introductions.

Eventually we arrived at St. Saviour's Hall in nice time to get a good seat for the A.G.M. proper. 'Twas a full and very fine meeting indeed, and hearing our President hold forth once more I felt how fortunate we all were to have such a fine skipper still steering the ship. Grouped around him were the same stalwarts that had sat there so often before, and I had to wonder at the spirit which kept so many good friends and true together over so many years. The sacrifices they must have made on our behalf, especially during the long war years, must be considerable, apart from the personal expense they incur in carrying out their duties. Quite suddenly I realised that it was their fine co-operation as our Officers that not only made the Club a success, but was also responsible for the excellence of the A.G.M.

With the usual precision of timing the meeting ended at exactly five o'clock, and was followed by the tea. My wife is still talking about that tea and is a sure starter for

next year for that reason alone. It was one of the chief reasons she came this year, as she remembered the previous one, and whilst I had to pretend a show of indifference I'm afraid it was a poor pretence as I enjoy looking after the inner man with the next. The thought did strike me that the General Secretary was a wise bird in satisfying one's inner man. "Feed the brutes" is always good policy.

Following tea the remainder of the evening was fully taken up with a show of lantern slides loaned for the occasion by members of the Slide Circle, and with the presentation of the awards in the competition. Mr. Kay and Mr. Herbert were two visitors who along with our President gave us a very enlightening commentary on the slides under the guidance of Iestyn Rees who made a very good compere. I had to chuckle many times as the Compere warned the commentators that the maker of a slide was present and that the figure on the slide was the wife of the author.

When we came to the presentations, I think we were all very touched by the gratitude of our President that we had given his name to the Trophy for the premier award. That it was more than deserved by his efforts on our behalf did not detract from the pleasure I felt, as one who had contributed, when he showed such deep pleasure and appreciation.

Following the awards we had time to look round the prints that had won the gold labels, and the only fly in the ointment was a remark by my wife that I should now spend more time in my dark room than at the "Local." Shades of George F! Eventually I was able to drag her away from all the other blokes' wives and finally dropped off to sleep murmuring "I must be at Westminster Pier before ten in the morning."

On the Sunday morning I was up bright and early, and arriving Westminster in good time I was a little surprised to find the Editor, complete with his wife, already stationed by the gang-plank and refusing entry to the good ship *Oenid* to all who were unable to give him back a certain portion of those tickets I had carefully saved. On the stroke of ten, and who could argue with the correct time within the shadow of Big Ben, we learned from Mrs. Editor, who had been carefully checking the list of "Shipmates," that three of the party were still adrift. I could see a short conference on the pier between President, Editor, and the *Oenid's* Captain. After a short period of grace the ship sailed with three of the original party missing. I was at once struck by the similarity between Tootell's calamity

## PHOTOGRAPHY—AS I EXPERIENCE IT.

(A Cameo).

By HERBERT F. SINCLAIR.

at missing the boat and the title of the print he had reproduced in the last issue of the magazine. When I mentioned it to the wife she thought it was in rather bad taste so I joined the Editor in the rear saloon where I had already noticed he had been carefully supervising the placing of a number of attractive cases. Although the weather was not as kind as it had been during the rest of the summer, we had a very nice trip, and with a pleasing lunch added, we passed a resolution there and then that the performance be repeated next year. I know the Editor enjoyed it because at 12-45 p.m. he approached the President saying it was time we were turning back, and was surprised when he was informed we had been on our way back for over half-an-hour.

We arrived back at Westminster exactly four hours after we had started off and once more I wondered at the amazing accuracy of timing that adds so considerably to the pleasure without being in the least bit obtrusive or conveying any feeling of previous planning. It is only when one stops to think about it that one realises the amount of care and thought put in by the organisers. From Westminster most of us went to the R.P.S. Exhibition, and I must record that the beauty of this exhibition held one so enthralled that conversation became instinctively taboo. On the previous evening we had been told by Mr. Hallet, the Secretary of the R.P.S., who very kindly came to our A.G.M. to bid us welcome from the parent body, that he hoped we would like their show this year. I certainly did, and judging by the rapt attention of the large crowd present I know they all had the same feelings as myself.

At this late stage we had to say au revoir once again to our old friends, and to the even larger number of new friends we had made over the short week-end, but it really was only au revoir as we have no doubt whatever that we shall see them all again at the next A.G.M.

I cannot close this contribution without just one more reference to the fellow responsible for its publication. I was able to attend the R.P.S. President's Reception on the Monday evening, and the first person I met holding forth complete with glass in hand was the Editor of THE LITTLE MAN. I remarked to my wife "How that fellow likes to enjoy himself," and when he took a large share of dances with my wife later in the evening, I repeated the phrase to myself. In case my remarks are taken too literally I hasten to add that they are made in the right spirit, in fact in that grand spirit that makes a visit to the A.G.M. such a tonic.

"Are we going out for a run this afternoon?" asks Betty, my long suffering wife.

"Yes, I think so," is my reply, "it's a lovely afternoon and there are some beautiful clouds."

"Um," (thoughtfully) "I suppose you mean you are taking your camera?"

"You betcher!" retorts the 'shutterbug', "you know I never go past the Post Office without it."

"Oh, I don't mind!" says B. resignedly, "providing you don't leave me sitting in the car for hours while you wait for the sun to shine in the right places and the clouds to fit into the picture."

Off we go with me "stepping on it" a little, for you never know how quickly the weather may change in the mountains.

"What's the hurry, Daddy?"—"Hurry?" (in surprise) "I'm not hurrying," is my reply. "No?" (and this "no" was spoken in a *very* disbelieving tone of voice) "You were clocking 45 and this car happens to be a Morris 8—not a Bentley or . . ." I did not hear the name of the alternative car, for at that moment as I took a corner, my oak tripod fell with a crash just behind me.

"You should have put it in the back seat," says Betty. "It won't harm it," is my sanguine reply. "You hope!" I subside.

We arrived at a spot I'd previously earmarked. "How far are you going off the road?" asks B. "Oh, just far enough to escape the pylons and telegraph poles." "Well, be careful, I believe its a bit boggy out there." A bit! Ye gods!! I was wading across the "field" in a swamp which seemed to reach up to my hairless chest, my camera and tripod held high above my head. Squelch, squelch, squelch. There was a stiff breeze blowing, and as each foot was pulled out of the bog, I wondered if my sturdy tripod would prove sturdy enough to prevent signs of camera shake!

A viewpoint was chosen on a knoll and a couple of frames exposed, one with a 2x Y.G. and t'other with a sky filter.

On my return to the car I was feeling very righteous in that I'd only kept my spouse waiting 20 minutes.

"Get anything?" she asks.

"Yes, I think so" (actually I thought I'd captured that elusive masterpiece!)

"Oh Daddy, look at your shoes" (just as though I hadn't already seen 'em).

"Yes, they *are* a bit damp, aren't they?"

"Damp? They're *soaking!*"

We proceeded on our way and called at a roadside hut for a cup of tea. While there the proprietor introduced me to a gentleman with the words "Mr. So and So is interested in photography."

Mr. "So and So" had a new 533 "Super Ikonta." Well, that did it.

We (that is, Mr. "So and So" and I) discussed cameras, composition, developers, etc., etc. After about an hour I realised my wife was with me!

"Sorry old girl, but you know how it is." "Yes, I know how it is."

I felt she was looking at me more in sorrow than in anger, she's very sweet.

By way of compensation I used my last frame on taking her drinking a cup of tea—her sixth! The time was getting on and we had to return in order to get the childrens' tea ready. On our arrival home I mentioned that I'd develop the spool while she was laying the table.

Betty looked very resigned, but spoke not a word! I toddled up to the dark-room (Bathroom to you) and while putting up the "Black out" heard a voice—

"You'll be careful not to spill anything won't you; I've just scrubbed that floor." It's a nice floor, or, to be more strictly truthful, *was* a nice floor, until several developer stains turned its black and white draughtboard pattern into a more complicated design.

The film was loaded into the tank and during the process of agitation, my son's stentorian voice "wafted" upstairs—"Daddy—tea's ready."

I had another 9 minutes to develop and not wishing to keep the meal waiting, I carried the tank down to the dining room, meanwhile planning with typical efficiency (?)—

"One mouthful—one twiddle of the knob."

It was just plain bad luck that a spot of developer fell on our light blue carpet (just back from the cleaners!) as I entered the room.

"Sorry Mummy, but I was *very* careful in bringing it down the stairs." No reply was made to that remark (which made things worse!) but, after a moment or two—"If you **MUST** do that in the dining-room during meals, why don't you put the tank into one of your dishes which will catch the drops of stain."

Stain! my precious M.C.W. 2A—"stain"? Well, after all, I suppose it *is* really. Nevertheless it was a brilliant idea, even for Betty, who's full of 'em.

Several "Excuse me's" from the tea table saw the end of the processing.

It was a good strip, especially of my wife drinking her cup of tea!

The film was put to dry while I went into the garden. After spending an hour or so *looking* busy, I was visited by B. with:—

"You *did* (emphasis on the word "did") say we were going to the pictures this evening, didn't you?"

"Er, yes, so I did," I reply, "but I've been thinking that perhaps you'd like a couple of prints from that shot this afternoon to send to your family."

A grateful smile resulted from my suggestion and I returned to the darkroom to make a couple of contact prints of her and incidentally (Oh! very incidentally) a couple of 10 in. x 8 in. landscape prints for the folio.

Aren't we men good?

\* \* \*

## NEWS ITEMS.

### The Springbok Annual of Photography 1947.

This first issue of a South African Annual is well produced and will be appreciated by all who find pleasure and profit studying the works of outstanding pictorial workers. The forty-five productions, in rich brown tone on a cream laid paper, are well selected giving a good cross section of the pictorial work seen in the Union. The joint editors, Nat Cowan, A.R.P.S., F.R.S.A., A.P.S.A., and A. D. Bensusan, F.R.P.S., F.R.S.A., are to be congratulated upon such a fine production.

The twenty pictures by South African workers hold their own with the remaining twenty-five selected works provided by Australia, Canada, Czechoslovakia, England, India, Luxemburg, Spain and the U.S.A. The Annual performs a very necessary function, for not only does it serve to introduce South African workers to the photographic world, but it clearly illustrates the considerable progress that photographers within the Union have made. Combined with the Founding of a South African Federation of Photographic Societies, this Springbok Annual will contribute much toward the consolidation of photography within the Union. To secure a reproduction in subsequent issues will

no doubt be a coveted prize, and this Annual of Photography will provide a worthy incentive to South African Exhibitors. A Book that should be on your bookshelves.

R.C.L.H.

\* \* \*

### Triple Jubilee.

During November of this year Circle 9 will be sending out its Triple Jubilee Folio. This Circle is skippered by our Hon. Treasurer, and we would like him to know that every member of the Club send him congratulations and Greetings on this auspicious occasion.

From Circle 15 we have received a photo-print of a Greetings Card they have sent to Circle 9 and reproduce it with pleasure.

#### GREETINGS TO CIRCLE 9 FROM CIRCLE 15.

We of "15" appreciate and share the pride you have in the launching of your Triple Jubilee Folio—not because we are even within striking distance of the 150, but because we also count among us "Our Syd"—a tireless and revered member of "15."

With such RESOLUTION as is possessed by Syd, who in the days of war's DIN realised that the sun would SCHEINER gain, it is but natural that your Circle should prosper. Your Sec. has well shown how to METOL difficulties, and rightly does "9" MERITOL our good wishes.

May you, by the FULL DEVELOPMENT of the skill within your Circle, provide a FOCAL POINT of knowledge and enthusiasm which may be DIFFUSED throughout the U.P.P. May TIME in its passing increase the DEPTH of understanding and ENLARGE the FIELD of your successes.

These are the sincere wishes of all of us in Circle 15.

LOUIS DANNINGER, *Hon. Sec.*

\* \* \*

### Obituary.

It is with deep regret we record the death of Alexander Keighley, at his home, High House, Steeton, Yorks., on August 2nd, 1947. All members are familiar with the work of this outstanding exponent of camera-art, and all will share the sense of loss that will be universally felt in the world of Photography. Alex. Keighley became a member of the Royal in 1910, and a Fellow in 1911. Hon. Fellow 1924. He was also the President of the London Salon of Photography, and President of the Yorkshire Photographic Union. He represented the Union on the Council of the Photographic Alliance.



## GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT . . . .

For nearly sixty years Burroughs Wellcome & Co. have paid careful attention to the chemical needs of amateur photographers. The first 'Tabloid' brand Photographic Chemical was placed on the market in 1892, only a year after the day-light-loading roll film made its début. Since that time the range of 'Tabloid' Photographic Chemicals has been extended to keep pace with current trends, but always on sound practical lines. "Stunts" and fashions of the moment have not been allowed to divert policy. The name of Burroughs Wellcome & Co. is recognised as a guarantee of quality.

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