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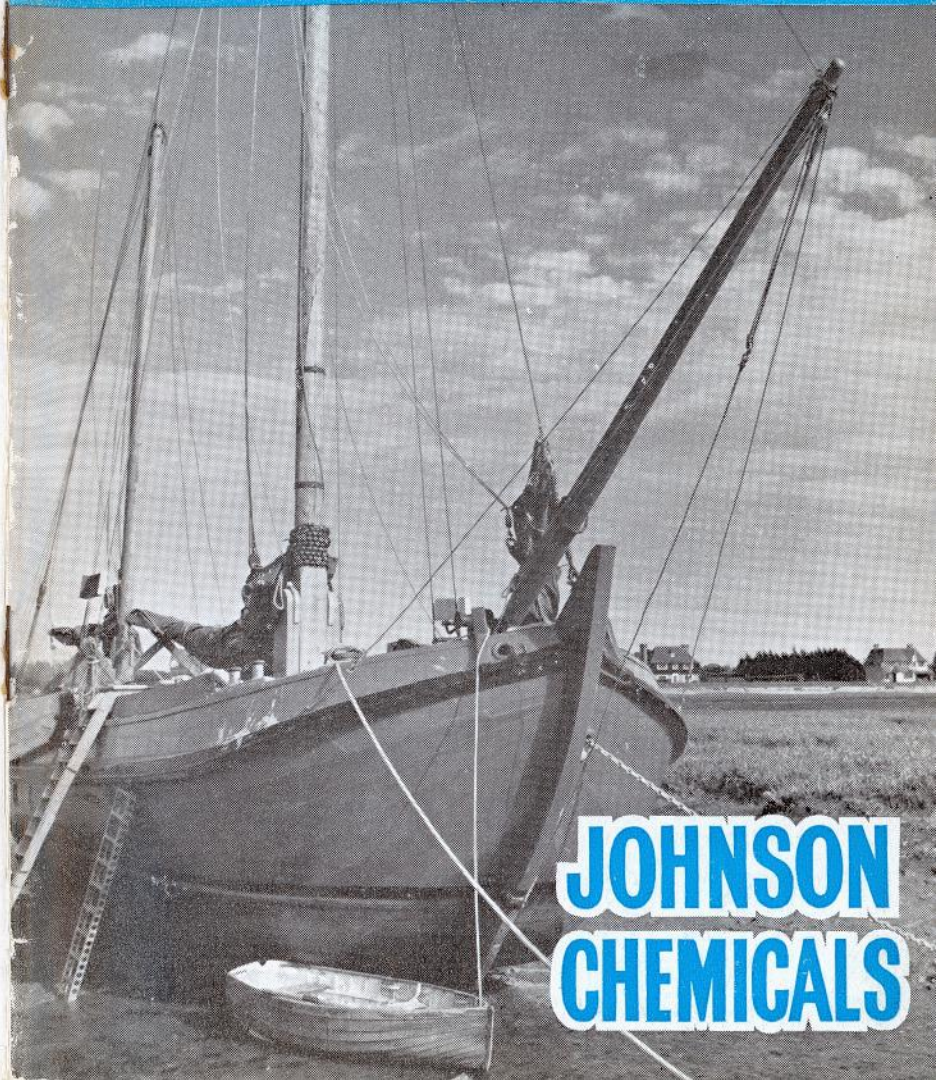
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November, 1961

The Little Man

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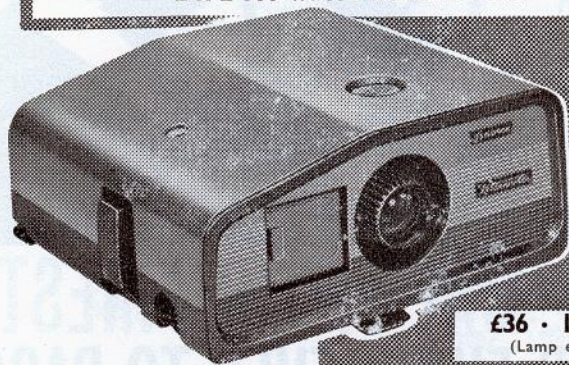


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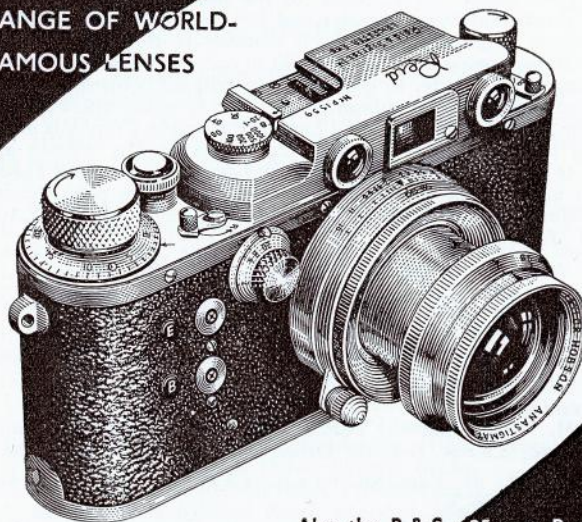
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No. 43. NOVEMBER, 1961

The Little Man

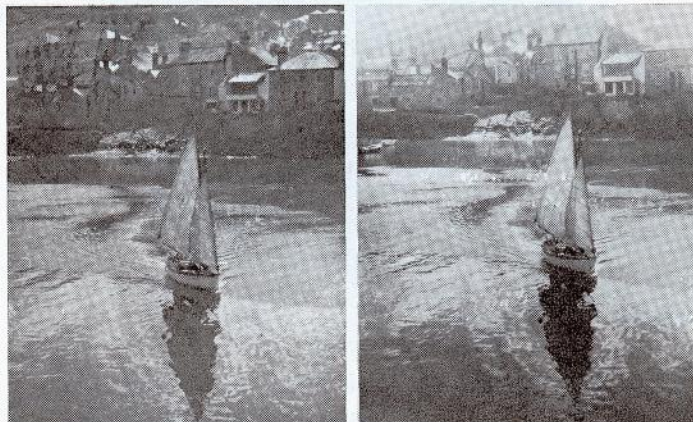
THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE
UNITED PHOTOGRAPHIC POSTFOLIOS OF GREAT BRITAIN

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

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



Print Control Today

by R. Parkin, A.R.P.S.

IN THESE DAYS of automated cameras, bloomed lenses, super speed films and specially prepared developers, the idea of print control is something that should be relegated back to the days when photography was difficult, because the quality of equipment and materials were so lacking that some means of control had to be exercised to get even an ordinary result, or a result at all. For those of us who knew the old days of photography, the present hobby lacks the excitement of all the personal effort that went into the making of a negative and then a print.

Nowadays, one points the camera and the electric eye gives the light value and arranges the exposure according to the stop. One presses the release and a satisfactory exposure is made on a film which is put through a tank of developer for specified times according to the make of film used and temperature of the developer. The resulting negative can be printed on a suitable contrast paper to produce a satisfactory result. But this result is the subject as seen by the

camera! What about the subject as seen by the photographer? However much you pay for your camera and all its gadgets, it is still just a light-tight box with a glass eye which is allowed to blink at a subject for, in most cases, a small fraction of a second. Compare this with the photographer's appreciation of the subject. There are *two* eyes which register colour, movement and third dimension. They are of variable focus and narrow angle of view. They are backed by a mind and emotions, coupled with the other senses, and it is usually a combination of these which create a desire to make an exposure, but one can only allocate the job to the emotionless box with a glass eye. In these times, the box makes a good job of it but it has its limitations and we must realise them. One of these is that it sees everything equally and all over at the same time and records it in one plane. The photographer, as previously mentioned, sees colour, movement and third dimension, but he also has the ability to see only what he wants to see and to ignore what he does not want to see, so that the result given by the camera can differ very much from what the photographer was actually seeing when the exposure was made.

Now, while the camera must supply the negative, the photographer does have the means of controlling the making of the final positive from the negative supplied by the camera, and it is in this printing that he can help to make the final result resemble more closely what he saw than what the camera saw.

As Seen by the Camera

Let us take the subject "Evening Sail" as an example. The scene was a Cornish harbour; it was nearing teatime on an autumn evening. Across the harbour on the hillside, the sunshine was catching the roofs and the smoke from the chimneys of the fisherman's cottages. White clouds and blue sky reflected in the water where a breeze was making ripples and patterns. It was a lovely setting, but *only* a setting until a boatman, needing to cross the harbour, decided to sail across instead of rowing or sculling. As the boat came away from the shaded side of the harbour, the sun caught the sails and their darker reflection mixed with those

of the white clouds. It was lovely to see, and with the movement of the boat, the feel of the warm breeze which was providing the ripples, one could not help but make an exposure.

When the negative was printed, it was found that almost all the harbour had been included in the angle of view of the camera, bringing in a portion of a boat in the bottom corner and odd tin cans floating about, none of which were seen by the photographer, whose angle of view was so much narrowed. The sailing boat which created all the excitement was a small thing in this large format and no more important than the odds and ends not wanted. *It was the camera's version of the subject!*

Creating the Third Dimension

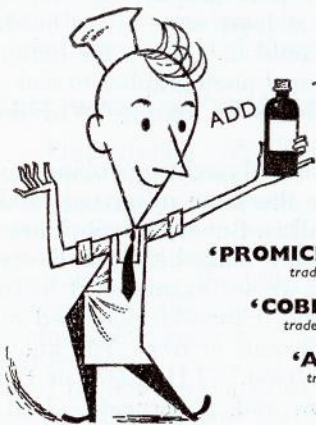
The camera having done its best, it was now up to the photographer to take over. The angle of view was taken care of by enlarging the centre portion of the negative so that the boat occupied more of the format and became more important because of its size and position. That done, however, other difficulties became more obvious. Owing to the distance of the boat from the camera and the stop used, the background of the cottages is rendered as clearly as the boat, and as you cannot look at the boat and at the same time see the background equally well defined, something had to be done about this. Owing to the limited number of tones on bromide paper, the shadowed hillside is rendered much darker than it actually was; with the contrasting lights on the roofs, a strong interest is created in the background, which is forming a subject in itself. It also makes the background appear too near, so that the sense of third dimension is missing. Owing to intervening atmosphere, contrasts lessen as they recede, so that when distance contrasts are shown as strong as these, one gets the impression that they are near, so that the water in the harbour, instead of receding, seems to be sloping upward to the harbour side above.

Having recognised the failings of the camera version, then it was not too difficult to improve on it. Holding back the shadowed hillside would lessen the contrasts and lighten the tones, partial diffusion during this exposure would

soften the definition, and the general effect would be that it was much further away. By overprinting the foreground, the effect of third dimension is increased and the top-heavy effect of the camera version is gone. Having made the three test strips necessary for the exposure guide, it was not difficult to make a print of the graded exposures.

All that was necessary then was a local application of "ferri" to restore the brightness to the overprinted cloud reflections and also to lighten the sails, which happened to be rather dirty, it being a fisherman's boat and not a yacht. The resulting print is a better impression of the scene as seen by the photographer as opposed to that seen by the camera. I hope that the reproductions bear me out.

From my experience, particularly with folios, too many are being too easily satisfied and let their cameras take over for them. My apologies to those who were expecting an article on "muck-oil", etc.



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our every-day work? Well, yes, I suppose that's fair enough, but why photography? Why not darts, or skittles? I have a feeling, you know, that it is because so many of us have what I call unrewarding jobs. Take for instance a bank clerk. Strangely enough, I was chatting to one recently and he agreed with me. He works steadily all day long and at the end of the day what has he to show for his efforts? Just columns and columns of figures which he hopes will balance but nothing else. The fishmonger gets cracking bright and early, does his work well all through the day and, at closing time, all he has to show for his energies is a lot of empty boxes. There is, of course, the little matter of the cash in the till, but was it Shakespeare who said, "He that steals my purse, steals trash?"

So, we take up this hobby of photography in order to have something to show for our efforts, something which we have made ourselves, if only in our leisure time. It would be interesting to have a census of the trades or professions of the members of U.P.P. I wonder how many have a craftsman's job, a job where there is a creative end product, which the worker makes in its entirety. A product which he knows will last and be appreciated for its workmanship long after his working days are over. Of course, these mental meanderings of mine are not intended to prove anything, but they will, I hope, start up a line of thought on the answer to the question, "Why do we do it?"

As is often the case, the original question evokes another. If we agree that so much time, money, etc., is spent on photography with such comparatively small reward, why on earth do we keep at it? Personally I feel that there are several reasons for this. Reasons that vary according to the individual. It has been said many times that the fun of photography is in the seeking. Is it hope that urges us to go out into the countryside seeking new subjects for our cameras: hope that one day *the* picture will turn up? Hope that everything will be just right for us—good composition and atmosphere, nice tonal arrangement, the lighting just as it should be? In fact the perfect picture, the one that we have been striving for since we started serious photography? It could be so, but I rather doubt it, because, if we

have reached the stage when we start to count the cost, then we realise that there is no such animal as the perfect picture.

Club life and the social side of photography? Yes, I feel that this plays an important part in helping to keep our noses to the photographic grindstone. A lot of interest is created by the portrait nights, demonstrations of various kinds, monthly competitions and exhibitions and, of course, we do meet lots of good people with the same interests as ourselves and many friendships are formed that would otherwise be lost to us. This suffices to keep our interest alive for a good many years.

Unfortunately, as the years go on and other responsibilities and interests crop up, we find that not only do the stairs seem steeper and the milestones farther apart but the hands of the clock seem to gain momentum and we find that we just haven't the time to spare in which to visit the club as often as we used to. So we miss a night now and again. We saw Bill So-and-So's demonstration the year before last, anyhow. All due respects to Bill mind, he is a keen member, always willing to help the Syllabus Sec. out of a spot of trouble. And, of course, there are quite a few new members this year who will be delighted to see him do his stuff, but we just haven't the time this week to go along and give him a bit of moral support.

There's a Box in the Post

And so it goes on. We find that our visits to the club get less and less frequent. We are still interested in photography, mind you. We take the camera with us when we go on holiday or if we go for a walk into the country at weekends or on a coach trip. We get a vague feeling though that promising subjects are not so plentiful as they used to be. Maybe it is because the towns and cities are growing so fast and we have to go farther afield. Or is it because we are getting choosy, too critical, and so pass by subjects that would perhaps give us quite a presentable print?

Yet, at the back of our minds all the time, there is the knowledge that we must go on. We must do a little bit of photography whenever the opportunity comes, because time is on the wing. What has time to do with it? Well,

there is a box in the post somewhere and it is making its way round to us. A box? What box? Why, a box of prints from the Postal Portfolio, of course. There's silly of me not to mention it before. I thought you knew. Oh yes, we joined several years ago, in our heyday so to speak, when photography was pretty well our only hobby. Can't get to the club very often now, other things have to come first. But the Folio, that's different, a lot of it can be done at odd moments in the evenings, between other jobs, and an hour or so from each of three or four evenings sees us through all right—spreading the load kind of thing over a period.

So Easy to Stay Away

It is, I feel, all too easy to stay away from a club, especially if it is a big one with a fair flow of changing membership, without being really missed, except by one's own circle of friends. There is too much room to hide our light under a bushel as it were. With a Folio the position is completely reversed. The club comes to us *en masse*. When the box arrives, every man-jack of them are there to see that we do not slack with print, crit-sheet or notebook. If our work deteriorates—as it sometimes will—they are not slow to let us know it and we find ourselves at the bottom of the voting list. On the other hand they are as quick to praise.

A Folio Circle is a small compact club, where every member must pull his weight to make it a success and any default is quickly noticed. There are, of course, occasions when circumstances do not permit us to do all that we should like, but we are all in the same boat, so we understand and make allowances. A really lively conversation goes on through the medium of the notebook, not necessarily all photographic. All manner of topics crop up, from aerographs to 'air-cuts, from logarithms to lumbago. By this means the members really get to know each other and a strong bond of friendship grows up between them—in some cases, perhaps, stronger than that which exists in a local club.

It is this friendship, I feel, that holds a Circle together and is the main reason why we, in spite of difficulties at various times, still stick to this hobby of ours.

E. Bennett-Williams

an Appreciation

MY FIRST contact with E.B.W. occurred when he took over as "skipper" of Circle 19 several years ago. It was apparent at once that here was the born leader; his gentle but firm hand guided the circle through a bad patch or two until we finally settled down into a mutually useful group. In fact, his attitude sometimes was more that of a father than a Sec. "Now then, culprits, don't forget to vote this time," was one of his NB remarks.

We soon became used to seeing in the box the somewhat sombre, heavy prints of his beloved Snowdonia (when they won him G.L.'s he apologised to us for it) as well as his always helpful crits. E.B.W.'s crits were always delightful examples of what good critting should be: the good points first, followed by a gentle reference to the faults and how they could best be corrected. He was, in fact, the perfect all-round folio man, and I think he got a lot of real satisfaction out of it.

When I later met him personally at AGM and rally 1959, this tall, slim man with piercing eyes and slight Welsh accent turned out to be quite different to the image I had formed from his folio contributions and business background. As we talked far into the night about photography and his television "schemes", a far-away look would often come into his eyes as if he were back in the Welsh hills of his birth. By his tragic death at the early age of 48, UPP has lost a gallant and gentlemanly folioist and Circle 19 a skipper whose standard will be hard to live up to.

T.H.F.

A Well-judged Exposure

by (See note on page 45)

NOW, let's see, must decide what exposure. H'm, bit dark in here really. Got to use *f*16 though. Where's the extinction thing . . . Oh, yes, FP 3, Weston something or other. It says "Point meter at object, holding meter close to eye". Can't see a thing. Oh, well, Ted always says if you can't see a thing it's ten minutes at *f*16. He should know. Got his ARPS on this sort of stuff.

That's it then. Open shutter . . . one, two, three, NOW . . . They should stop heavy buses going past at that speed. Fairly shook the place . . . How slowly time passes. Must be two min- . . . Oh! Forgot to note time it started . . . Never mind, call it two minutes and count the seconds. 1001 (cleans a big, big -), 1002 (wonder what that cleans), 1003, oh yes, must be three minutes by now. That means the shutter opened at . . . at . . . at . . .

If that old dear comes much closer, I'll be in a mess. Right in the firing line, too. Where's the black card . . . the black CARD . . . THE BLACK . . . Never mind, close the shutter . . . CLINK . . . uh? . . . Should go CLONK when it closes, CLINK when it opens . . . Half a minute she's been there . . . good, she's away . . . open up again . . . wait for it . . . CLONK. Something wrong there . . . Better shine the torch. No, you fathead!

Started at quarter past, open for three minutes, closed nearly a minute with that woman, open another minute now. If I give it till twenty-five past—and a couple of minutes extra because it's very dark wood—should be spot on.

Shall have to buy a bigger hold-all. Sandwiches all squashed again. Mistake to bring that tomato . . . Oh, no! Not a party of schoolchildren. Better use the black notebook. Believe I touched the lens hood then. MIND THE

TRIPOD, you little . . . yes, of course, I'm taking photographs . . . well, all right, goodbye then.

Uncap the lens. Sure I moved the hood then. Probably get double image. Better stop it now. Be a bit thin perhaps. Too late to worry. Call it 12 minutes on the crit sheet . . . that'll shake 'em. I wonder which one'll call it "a well-judged exposure?"

How did You Come to Join?

by Muriel Rosamond

THIS QUESTION probably does not interest you very much. If you are happy in your membership, the fact that you are in will be enough to satisfy you. However, as Recruiting and Publicity Secretary, it does concern me. I have to try and keep 34 Circles in this Club up to full membership, and as they have a possible maximum membership in the region of 600, with an annual wastage of approximately 70, it can be quite a headache at times.

I am very lucky in that all of the Circle Secretaries keep a weather eye open for possible new recruits and if they do not actually enrol them themselves they drop me a line and I am very pleased to follow up and collect the necessary dues. Also a lot of ordinary members do the same and I am always particularly pleased to hear from someone who wishes to join the Club because their friend B'll or Mary or Fred have told them how good it is.

Another way in which I get publicity for the Club and, as a result, new members, is to get a "write-up" in a national magazine. I must hasten to add here that I get the utmost co-operation from the majority of editors, who are fully sympathetic with the difficulty I have in getting publicity for the Club, as unlike local Clubs I cannot get publicity in local newspapers or even in the odd shop window. It would be invidious for me to compare the results I get from

publicity in different magazines, because I am sure that the time of the year in which the publicity appears has, in no small measure, a bearing upon the response I will get from it. I needn't add that I am very busy for a few weeks when I do get publicity in a national magazine!

On the occasions when I am asked to lecture at a Club, or judge an Exhibition, I always take the opportunity of publicising UPP, because I consider I would not be a good person for my job if I did not do so. I also know, from requests for publicity literature, that other members do the same. I am sure that there must be many more ways in which I could attract new members to the Club, which I have not thought of, and if any of you care to drop me a line if you have any bright new ideas, they will receive my earnest consideration. I'm willing to try anything legal!

Frank Ramsden

Elected an honorary life member at this year's A.G.M., Frank has had to fight ill-health for many years but remains a keen and active member

TO THOSE of the members of this Club who are privileged to know Frank Ramsden personally, there can be nothing but admiration for him and the way in which he has fought against rheumatoid arthritis for many of his later years.

I knew Frank in Circle 25 for a long time before I met him and our first meeting was in the most pleasant circumstances. He had been Secretary of Circle 25 since its inception, and I decided that as the 100th round approached, some tangible evidence of the esteem in which the members of the Circle held him should be shown. I started a collection, and the response was immediate and 100%. We bought him a suitably engraved gold pencil, and it fell my pleasant duty to visit him and make the presentation. This started off a regular round of visits, and as I only live 15 miles from him, I deliver the box to him every month. As round 170 will be sent off in July, 1961, you can work out the length of our friendship, and also measure the value of

the work done for the Club by Frank, as he is still skipping Circle 25.

Until about two years ago, Frank was also Secretary of Circle 16, which he formed as a Circle for beginners. The measure of esteem shown for him in that Circle is evidenced by the nylon jacket he wears—very proudly, I might add. He only resigned from being Secretary of that Circle because of his failing health, the same reason which prompted him to resign from Council after many years of faithful service.

Photography is not Frank's only hobby; he is a keen fisherman as well (find me a Sheffielder who isn't) and when his Corgi (the motorised type, not canine) is heard approaching, the fish in his favourite dam are said to shudder in their scales. Needless to say, Circle 25 notebook contains some very fishy stories at times.

The wish of all who know him, both personally, and only through the notebooks, is that he will continue to enjoy his retirement for many years to come, following his hobbies he loves so well.

M.R.

Elections to the Royal

Mrs. Muriel Culey and Mrs. M. P. Whitehouse have been admitted to Fellowship of the Royal Photographic Society. Mrs. Culey joined Circle 8 in 1957 and has been a regular and successful contributor to the CA Exhibition. Her Fellowship was awarded in the Pictorial (Monochrome) section. Mrs. Whitehouse is a founder member of the Natural History Colour Circle and won her Fellowship in the Scientific Purposes section.

Associateships of the RPS have been gained by W. A. Armstrong, who has been a member of Circle 6 since 1950 and of Circle 15 since 1955; Cdr. J. A. Storer Carson, who joined Circle 25 a few months ago; and J. R. Tottle, a member of Circle 2 since 1952. All three were in the Pictorial (Monochrome) section.

LOCAL RALLIES

Wind and Rain at Seacombe Ferry

IT WAS a beautiful morning—soft, warm and sunny, with just the right amount of cloud—the delightful Spring morning one dreams about during the winter. *That was Saturday.* Unfortunately we picked Sunday for our trip to Seacombe Ferry and, by comparison, Sunday might be said to be cool and refreshing. It might. But I will be honest. It was just plain, ruddy awful. There was rain (our friends in the Deep South will probably add “of course”) and there was a wind—a piercing, perishing wind that gave one a Godiva-like feeling, but with none of the glamour.

We hastily followed our blue noses to a nearby coffee bar. But the rain stopped. So, having no excuse to offer, we had to wend our reluctant way dockwards. Actually, we found it very interesting and, given a little bit of sunshine, we would have been very, very happy. But it wasn't our day and there was almost a stampede when someone noticed that it was time to feed.

Having fed and thawed in the

cars, we were just beginning to decide to call it a day and go home when some bright spark (I could think of a better description) discovered that some tugs were soon to move out a couple of large boats. So we hung on, dithering with cold, hoping our shutters would work in the sub-Arctic conditions. They did and we each collected a series of flat, dull shots. Then followed a rapid succession of clonk-clonk-zipps as doors slammed and cars departed for the distant horizon, firesides and food.

Maybe it wasn't quite as bad as that and most of us will probably wander that way again when the weather is more suited to our requirements.

Nearly forgot. That trip was on 9th April and 20 of us turned up. On 7th May, six of us went to Bolton Abbey, but Muriel can tell you all about that outing because we went along as guests. Incidentally, that was the fifth rally that we lads of the Manchester district attended in a little over 12 months. J.B.

Nearly as Bad at Bolton Abbey

IT HAS become an annual affair now for Circle 22 to have a Rally and this year, as John Sibley is in both Circles, it was extended to include Circle 18.

However, before the outing took place, members from other Circles, including the newly

formed APC, were invited to join us. Sunday May 7th, was the date and Bolton Abbey the venue. About 15 members attended and voted it a jolly good day, despite the weather-man not co-operating to the full. The best one could say was that it was showery, and

even that does not indicate the severity of the showers.

The fact that the person who arranged the outing did not find out until after the arrangements were made that photography was not allowed in the precincts of the Abbey on a Sunday did not stop cameras being used and I think that the Circles will bear evidence for a few months to come of good lighting conditions prevailing between showers. It was decided before we parted that we ought to get a little green box, plant it in the middle of the woods and station a member in it collecting sixpences. We felt sure that Club funds would benefit, as wherever we went we found such a box, with attendant. Before the day was over we were all running short of small change. M.R.

We were Three

ON SUNDAY, May 14th, a small Rally was held by Circle 25 in Tideswell. Unfortunately only three members were able to attend, but they salved their consciences by arranging another Rally in Stamford in early September, rather than cancel the Tideswell one because some of the members were unable to attend. The weather was chill and misty, and unfortunately the Leicester member just couldn't see across the valleys to admire the scenery which the local members assured him was there.

And we Nine made Five

In response to the request of one of our members, Council agreed to re-introduce the Sunday ramble in London which used to be a feature of the CA week-end. This was not well supported but those who did attend made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers and the party which assembled in Trafalgar Square included three present and one past members of the Council, three Circle Secretaries, one Group Secretary and one wife. Led by the Treasurer, this party of five (yes, FIVE) spent a very pleasant two hours wandering along the Embankment, via the Middle Temple, Fleet Street and St. Paul's to the new Barbican development area and “Route 11” (London Wall). The weather was fine but the absence of sun did not help those working in monochrome, though less inhibiting to the colour merchants. Most of the party were equipped both ways and the ramble was much enjoyed. Owing to the lack of support, it is doubtful whether Council will consider arranging a similar event for next year.

Gold Label Judging

SPEED was the keynote at this year's Gold Label Judging. The judges, Messrs. E. Hyman, FIBP, FRPS, and G. H. Wells, FRPS, got down to it at about 6.30 and were finished by 8.45. There were various reasons for this. Vic Davies, in his first year as exhibition secretary, had things well organised from the start, first fortifying the inner men and then producing the prints in impeccable order from two well-filled suitcases. Helping hands slapped them in front of the judges and whipped them away again with no time wasted.

Naturally, credit is also due to the Camera Club for again supplying the premises and to the judges themselves for giving their difficult task the maximum of attention and for managing to work throughout in almost perfect harmony. Small prints, large prints, colour and monochrome slides came and went to a quiet background of "We can do without that one", "Keep that for a moment", "Well, I don't know how you compare that with that" and so on as the judges eliminated this and that to produce certificate winners for each circle.

Then the real work of arriving at the major award winners began. It is always interesting at these sessions to note the judges' preferences and prejudices (of course they have them) and to note how they are careful not to let them exercise any powerful influence on the final selection. "I always like slanting eyes", "He's had the courage there not to worry about the open space", "Give the credit there to the manufacturer of the dolls", "He only had to push the button to get that one" are all remarks that might be taken as unfair criteria on which to base judgment—and if they were the only criteria that would indeed be so. But, in fact, similar thoughts must pass through the mind of any judge as he views the work before him—and, other things being equal, they must influence him. One thing will influence one judge, another another.

Award and Certificate Winners

Leighton Herdson Trophy

Fogbound Fishermen L. Hobbs (Circle 20)

Bronze Plaques

Prints: William MacTaggart,
Esq., P.R.S.A.

Miss G. Alison (Circle 29)

Transparencies: Indian Rice
Planter

C. S. Johnson (Circle 21)

Certificates—Large Prints

Circle	Title	Author
2	August Sky	Mrs. G. Jones
4	No Title	R. E. Hulm
6	Enid S. Ferreday	C. Dolby
8	Bench End, Tideswell	O. H. Downing, A.R.P.S.
10	Oriental Theme	W. Jesse
12	Tired Old Man	J. R. HunnEX, A.L.B.P., A.R.P.S.
14	Air Show	A. C. Jones
16	Bishop's Tomb, Southwell Minster	L. Seward
18	No Play Today	B. A. Czech
19	Becalmed	A. B. Anderson
20	Fogbound Fishermen	L. Hobbs
22	The Actor	P. Armstrong
26	Hands Recure	E. L. Davies

Certificates—Small Prints

Circle	Title	Author
1	Quartet	J. Shears
3	Gold Hill, Shaftesbury	F. Seale
7	Room in the Stalls	H. E. Orr
9	Bruce	A. W. Shaw
15	December in the Park	W. Armstrong
17	Pier Patterns	H. F. Parsons
21	Rain, Rain, Rain	L. Gaunt
29	William MacTaggart, Esq., P.R.S.A.	Miss G. L. Alison, F.R.P.S.
30	Loweswater	H. Jobson

Certificates—Transparencies

Circle	Title	Author
23	Jungfrauioch	J. D. O. Carter
24	Indian Girl	A. G. De Luca
25	Old Bookshop	Miss M. Rosamond
27	The Firewood Collector	E. J. M. Jones
28	My Fair Lady	E. J. M. Jones
31	Indian Rice Planter	C. S. Johnson
33	Storm Ahead	R. G. Winfield
NHCC	Barn Owl	J. T. Fisher, F.R.P.S.

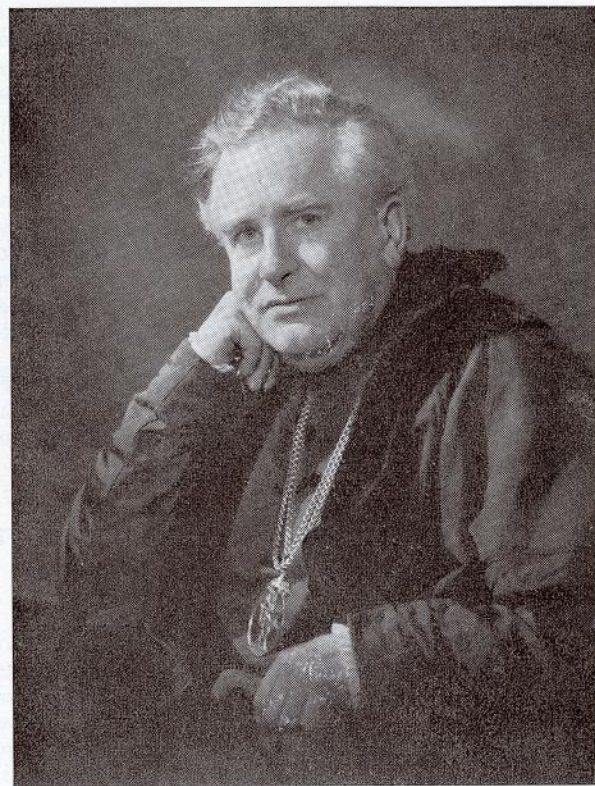


FOGBOUND FISHERMEN, *L. Hobbs*

The TROPHY Winner . . .

**. . . and the best
SMALL PRINT**

WILLIAM MACTAGGART. Esq., P.R.S.A., *Miss G. L. Alison*



C.A. Exhibition, 1961

We did well with colour, but made a poor showing for the Herbert Trophy

THE CENTRAL ASSOCIATION Exhibition was held again this year at the Battersea Public Library and once again provided a show of very high standard if not of great distinction. The judges, Messrs. Holbrook, MacLennan and Johnson for prints and Messrs. Crawley, Deeming and Stollery for slides, had over 900 prints and 500 slides submitted to them, of which 203 and 106 respectively were accepted. Our own contribution was about on last year's level in numbers but with a marked increase in colour in the record section where we did very well with 9 accepted out of 16. It is a pity that this section scores least in the Switch Shield and, though we gained more points here than the winners, City of London & Cripplegate, we were placed sixth—the same as last year. In the Herbert Trophy for Monochrome slides we achieved a record by being tenth out of ten clubs qualifying. What has happened to our slide makers that for the last two years they have not had a single acceptance in the pictorial class? It makes one wonder how we ever managed to win the Herbert Trophy, but win it we did in 1954, 1956, 1957 and 1958!

An analysis of the results for 1961 and 1960 is given below, and also a list of our acceptances. Congratulations to all concerned and "Better luck next time" to all others who submitted entries.

U.P.P. ACCEPTANCES FOR C.A. EXHIBITION

Pictorial Prints

A Ticcino Launderette ...	A. J. Scrivener, A.R.P.S.	9, 21	<i>Circle</i>
May I Come In? ...	Miss P White, A.R.P.S.	29	
Sir Compton in Profile (Cert.) ...	Miss G. L. Alison, F.R.P.S. ...	29	
Dreaming ...	J. R. Hunnex, A.I.B.P., A.R.P.S. 12		
December ...	Mrs. M. Culey, F.R.P.S.	8	
Somewhere in Sussex ...	J. C. Waterman ...	12	
Sculptress ...	J. R. Hunnex, A.I.B.P., A.R.P.S. 12		
The Pool of Light ...	S. Berg, A.R.P.S.	20	

Record Prints

Centre Figures, Reredos, Sheffield Cathedral ...	W. Tonks	14, APC	<i>Circle</i>
Stalls and Screen, Newark ...	G. E. Pearson, F.R.P.S.	APC	
Yellow Dung Fly (Cert.) ...	Dr. J. M. Woolley, A.R.P.S.	12, NHCC	
Misericord, Beverley ...	G. E. Pearson, F.R.P.S.	APC	

Record Slides

Stall End, Tideswell ...	W. Pegg	25 APC AA	<i>Circle</i>
Nerve Centre ...	D. H. E. Knights	14, 27	
Between Flights ...	D. H. E. Knights	14, 27	
Silver-Striped Hawk Moth ...	Dr. E. G. Saunders, A.R.P.S.	NHCC	
Lappet Moth ...	Dr. E. G. Saunders, A.R.P.S.	NHCC	
Larva of Atlas Moth ...	Dr. E. G. Saunders, A.R.P.S.	NHCC	
Monarch Butterfly ...	Dr. E. G. Saunders, A.R.P.S.	NHCC	
Coenagrion Puella ...	Dr. J. M. Woolley, A.R.P.S.	12 NHCC	
Head and Thorax of Aeshna Dragon Fly ...	Dr. J. M. Woolley, A.R.P.S.	12 NHCC	
Plume Moth ...	Dr. J. M. Woolley, A.R.P.S.	12 NHCC	

Colour Transparencies (Trade Processed)

Bahama Pintail (Cert.) ...	Mrs. R. Upton	NHCC	<i>Circle</i>
Winter Sunshine ...	R. A. Evans	16	

ANALYSIS OF 1960 AND 1961 RESULTS

CLASS	1961				1960			
	Entered	Accepted	Points Switch	Herbert	Entered	Accepted	Points Switch	Herbert
A	55	8	17	—	47	5	20	—
C	13	4	10	—	18	5	5	—
B Mono colour	13	—	7	5	16	—	8	6
D Mono colour	4	1		4	15	4		4
E colour	16	9	8	—	7	2	7	—
PLACE	5	2	—	—	—	—	—	—
			6th	10th			6th	6th



AGM—the Business Meeting

Subscriptions up — New Officers — two more Life Members

IT WAS not the weather for an indoor function. London had been warm and extremely humid for several days before the AGM on September 23rd and those from out of town probably felt the oppressive atmosphere even more acutely than the natives. Nevertheless, after a last-minute rush, everything was ready for the retiring president, Mr. Richard Farrand, to open the proceedings promptly at 3 p.m. He started with the usual invitation to first timers to identify themselves and it was gratifying to see that there were quite a few attending their first AGM this year. The traditional Circle roll call followed and the solid phalanx of Circle 21 members again took honours as the largest contingent present.

The president confessed that he really had no presidential address to deliver this year, in itself a measure of the difficulty he now finds in devoting as much time as he would like to UPP affairs. As many members will know, Mr. Farrand is now president of the Institute of British Photographers, a reflected honour in which UPP members can be proud to bask.

“I am resigning office,” the president said, “with very sincere regret, but I think that, after seven years, it is time somebody else had a go”. He had one main point he wished to put to members and that was that UPP was not, as some people seemed to think, a mutual admiration society. It was a mutual aid society, perhaps, with the object of providing a free exchange of advice and practical help. There had been an inclination of late for members to be too polite to each other. That was not a good thing. We did not want rudeness, of course. That was, perhaps, why we were too polite now, because there had been rudeness in the past. But frankness was an essential part of UPP activities and

A.G.M. PICTURE PAGE

Above: Don Pulley receives the Trophy on behalf of Leslie Hobbs.

Right: Miss Margaret Harker starts her lecture

Pictures by Don Pulley but Stan Berg pressed the button for top one.



one that must be maintained. "The more you put down your real feelings about other people's work," the President said, "the more you are helping them". After thanking the Council and officers of the club with whom he had worked during his term of office, the President concluded by recording the enjoyment he had experienced while serving in his office and helping the club along.

Reports by the Hon. Gen. Secretary and the Hon. Treasurer having been circulated, were taken as read and, there being no questions, were duly approved by the meeting. The Hon. Gen. Sec. was then called upon to announce the result of the voting on the proposed increase of subscription from 12s. 6d. to 15s. There were 130 in favour and 29 against. Officers and Council members for 1961-2 were then announced. The full list will be found in the usual place at the front of this issue.

That was the cue for the new president, H. G. Robson, to take the chair and call on the new Hon. Gen. Sec., R. O. Jenkins, to assist him. Glen Robson thanked the members for the honour conferred on him and (somewhat optimistically) divulged that he was only expecting to be in office for one year, by which time members would be conspiring to throw him out. "In that year," he added, "I shall do my best to further the interests of UPP, which I have done for the past 30 years."

Life Membership for Two

With that, the main business was over and the "Any other business" item came up. First on his feet, this time from the floor of the hall, was Dick Farrand, with a proposal that honorary life memberships should be conferred on Glen Robson and Frank Ramsden. "I do not think," he said, "that this honour should be distributed too freely, but these two members fully deserve it." He had not the full facts at his fingertips so he would take the rather unusual course of calling upon Roland Jonas, who had, to support his recommendation.

Denying that he was in full possession of the facts, Roland remarked that he could not resist the opportunity of saying a few words in support of the proposition. Glen Rob-

son was the club's one and only original member. He had been a member since UPP started in 1931. But that was not all. One could be a member for 30 years and just jog along, putting prints in the folios and doing very little else, or one could be a fully active member who sought to forward the aims and objects of the club on every possible occasion. Glen Robson was that type of member and one example of his enthusiasm was that, although he lived in Northumberland, he travelled down to London three times a year for Council meetings, often at his own expense.

Unanimously approved

Frank Ramsden, Roland said, was another "old-timer". He founded the monochrome slide circle and was a founder member of Circle 16, which was specially formed to encourage beginners. Unfortunately he had suffered severely from arthritis which had kept him away from the AGM for the past four or five years. Before that, wild horses would not have prevented him from attending. Despite his difficulties, he was still an enthusiastic worker. The meeting gave unanimous approval to the proposal to confer honorary life memberships on these two stalwarts.

In a short speech, Glen Robson offered a simple "Thank you" for the honour and recalled that UPP had its roots in several clubs and was eventually formed from two, one of which he founded and the other of which he was a founder member. He had enjoyed what he had been able to do for the club and would not have done it if he hadn't. He was grateful for the honour accorded both to him and to Frank Ramsden.

Rapid-fire Questions

Followed a vote of thanks to the editor of *The Little Man* from the floor of the hall and a suggestion that the list of Circles in the magazine ought to include a note to indicate the nature of the work of each Circle. From this point on, the proceedings were somewhat enlivened by the erratic functioning of what appeared to be a concealed spring under the chair of Mr. Syd Pollard, electronically

connected, perhaps, to any gap in the proceedings. Mr. Pollard is, of course, Secretary of Circle 6 and he raised in rapid succession questions regarding the increased subscription, gold label awards to members who have since left the club and the possibility of their gaining the Trophy, the size of the large print criticism sheets, a vote of thanks to Stanley Berg and Dick Farrand for their services to the club in the positions from which they were retiring and an announcement of a rally in the North Wales area. Perhaps there were one or two other points which the editor's note-taking was not fast enough to catch. The question regarding the gold label awards to past members is an interesting one. The general interpretation of the rules seems to be that such prints are the property of the member and should be returned to him (providing he pays postage). Therefore they are not available to go forward for the Trophy competition. Naturally, circumstances can alter cases and it would no doubt be best, as another Circle Secretary suggested, to leave such matters within the discretion of the Secretaries themselves.

And that was that. With an appeal to somebody to hold Mr. Pollard down, the president closed the business meeting and left members with half an hour to stretch their legs before the commentary on the Gold Label prints.

Into the Breach

Unfortunately, neither judge was able to be present this year and Dick Farrand took on the unenviable task of commenting on the certificate-winning prints selected by somebody else. Inevitably, he occasionally disagreed with the judges' choice and was obliged to say so. This simply emphasises, of course, the element of luck there is in any such competition. Different judges, different selections and although such disagreement must take a little of the gilt off the gingerbread for the winners, it can offer considerable consolation to the unsuccessful. Despite these difficulties, the ex-president gave an interesting and instructive discourse on the prints and, as he put it himself, "kept the members quiet for an hour before dinner."

Picture making in Colour

**provided the theme for this year's lecture
by Miss Margaret Harker**

WELL and efficiently fed with the traditional dinner, members were in a comfortable frame of mind to settle themselves to listen to Miss Margaret Harker's lecture on "Picture Making in Colour", which started promptly at 7.30. Introducing Miss Harker, Glen Robson reminded members that she was an FIBP and FRPS and was very well-known as the Principal of the Regent Polytechnic School of Photography and a past-president of the Royal Photographic Society, as well as being a member of the Councils of both the RPS and the IBP.

Miss Harker said she had heard a lot about UPP and knew what an excellent club and association it was. She congratulated members on the work they were doing. "Colour photography," she continued, "is something that is going to grow in importance as the years go by. The improvement of colour materials and the reduction in prices that must come will make colour materials more readily available to all of us". She foresaw a great future for colour print materials.

The difficulty facing the photographer in his early days was that he had to forget all about his view of the natural world in terms of colour and think in terms of monochrome. In time he managed to do that and it became part of him. Then he was faced with colour material and had to work the other way round and start thinking again in terms of colour. This was a very difficult exercise, for the presence of colour could be a definite hindrance to putting across something more than just a record of what was in front of the camera.

To use colour correctly, the photographer must learn to discriminate between colour arrangements. He must compose his picture well or the colours would only bring confusion. This, too, was difficult at first, particularly when the photographer was using two cameras, one for colour and one for monochrome, at the same time. It needed con-

siderable agility of mental approach to swing from thinking in monochrome to thinking in colour. The visual impact of colour recorded by the brain is far different from that recorded by a range of greys and it was possible to get away with so much in monochrome that would not pass in colour.

Portraiture, Miss Harker continued, illustrated this point well. We see people all the time and we are constantly aware of their colouring. Consequently we are much more critical of flesh tones in a colour portrait than in monochrome. It was the same with the greens in the countryside and other colours with which we were very familiar. We are much more critical of the rendering of such colours in a colour slide than we would be of translations of the same colours into monochrome.

Many practical examples

To emphasise the various points she had made and to bring out many others, Miss Harker then showed a large collection of colour slides and pointed out with each one how they conformed to or broke the rules she had laid down. Unfortunately, your reporter is neither a colour worker nor a cat. He cannot make notes in the dark and prefers not to rely on his memory for too detailed a report of the remainder of Miss Harker's lecture. In any case, it would be rather like the book of the film—unrecognisable without the pictures. The colour workers will surely, however, have gained some extremely useful hints on the use of different lighting conditions, simplification of colour schemes, colour harmony and colour contrast, composition (a very different thing in colour) and the many other things that go to the making of good colour slides.

There followed the final item—the projection of the Gold Label Transparencies—which again brought Miss Harker to her feet to offer comments on the award winners. Here, too, the inevitable disagreement with the judges' decisions again arose and Miss Harker found her task no less difficult than Dick Farrand had done earlier on. It was also, perhaps, rather unfortunate for the majority of the slidemakers that the showing of their efforts had to follow so closely on the projection of Miss Harker's own slides.

BUILDINGS

and their Bits and Pieces

by E. Baker

ARE YOU interested in architectural photography? (By architectural photography I mean the photography of buildings, both exterior and interior, and the bits and pieces that go to make the finished product for our admiration). Have you tried it? It doesn't interest you? I wonder why?

Now I am the last person in the world to try to persuade anyone to do any photography that does not interest him, as of course we are all in the game for the pleasure we hope to get out of it. I get a lot of pleasure out of all kinds of subjects, but until I was introduced to architectural work I had little interest in buildings or their bits and pieces. True, like most of you, I suppose, I would often wander around a church or cathedral to see what was in it; sometimes I would follow a crowd around with a guide. But one day I ran into a club member who was holidaying near where I was spending my annual, and whereas I was bemoaning the bad weather which was preventing me from using my camera, he was quite happy for he was "church hunting" and thoroughly enjoying himself. I joined him in his hunting, and luckily for me, through his guidance, collected a number of interesting prints, some of which later found their way into exhibitions.

Why not try it yourself? It isn't easy, mind you. A lot of people seem to think that anyone can do this kind of work, but that isn't so by any means. But do we want our photography on a plate? Surely there is a lot of satisfaction in tackling the apparently impossible. Lots of disappointments to be sure, but does that matter if we can still grapple with the problems and eventually get our joyful moments when it comes off? (You can keep on trying, of course, as the subject is always there, although lighting conditions may change, which is often to advantage).

I suppose there is another thing that puts many off this work; it is invariably advised that you need a camera "with all the movements". Well, of course if you are going to specialise in the work and want to be able to tackle almost any subject, you will want a "camera with all the movements". So far, I have been content with a good all-rounder which, despite its well-known limitations, has enabled me to tackle a wide range of subjects and get a number into major exhibitions. The thing to remember is that one should work within the known capabilities of the camera.

Just think of the wonderful work of masons, sculptors, painters, glass artists, carpenters, and wood-carvers that have made so many of the things we see in a look around a church or cathedral or other great building, whether old or new. Nearly all their work is, besides other things, intended to beautify. As a photographer you must like the "thing of beauty" I'm sure and while any of those things we are thinking of do "date" they are none the less worthy of our attention and in many cases our admiration. Most of these things you can tackle with a camera which "hasn't all the movements".

Knowing what to look for

In *English Parish Churches* (Thames & Hudson), Graham Hutton writes: "For eyes which know what to look for, there is perhaps more to see in the parish churches of England than in those of any country". Before I ran into my old club friend on that wet holiday, I had not known what to look for really, and when I looked I did not see what was there for the photographer to see. But it was when I was comfortably sitting at home before my prints that I realised that I was looking at something extremely interesting and *seeing* what was in those objects I had photographed. I had been shown how to study their shape, form, contents, their relation to one another and so on, whilst doing the photography; now I was able to study the details more closely, and a fascination began to grow. I knew then that for years I had missed a lot of pleasure, and that I had had opened up for me a realm of fascinating material for my camera in the

great heritage we have in this country. You can do the same, and you will soon get to know what to look for; you might even find that you have a supplementary hobby added to your interest viz. that of an ecclesiologist. Then you will be delving into the literature of the subject to enlarge your interest and knowledge, for it is rather fascinating.

Anyway, after your preliminary taste of this facet of photography you could have a look at these books which you can probably get from your public library: *The Parish Churches of England*, by Cox; *The Cathedrals of England*, by Batsford and Fry; *English Church Craftsmanship*, by Crossley. They are all Batsford books in their Heritage series. All will help you to cultivate the "eyes which know what to look for". Doubtless you will want to add them to your shelves.

Another useful book in this category, also a Batsford book, you might get as soon as you start, for it will help you in your preliminary skirmish to understand what you can see; it is called "*How to Study an Old Church*" by A. Needham, and it is quite cheap. Another is "*The Observer's Book of Architecture*" (Warne) which is a really pocketable book. I have already said that you will not find it easy to do this kind of work; you will come up against a surprising number of problems, but if you are lucky enough you might be helped to overcome them now in U.P.P. for a Circle has started this year which is devoted to this work and going "great guns"; in it, members can enjoy the advice of several who "know most of, if not all, the answers", as well as find beginners like yourself enjoying the rounds and seeing some of those works of craftsmanship and art beautifully put on paper for one's armchair admiration.

Circle 12 again

GOLD STAR Circle for 1961 was Circle 12. The award, made at the AGM for the best panel of Gold Label entries on show, was inaugurated last year — when the winners were also Circle 12. It's up to somebody to stop the hat-trick.

News from the Circles

WE STILL get rather less news from Circle Secretaries than seems right and proper but things are looking up. Sixteen of them took the trouble to let the editor know what was going on this year. Don't forget that we have another issue due out in May or thereabouts and that any news between now and then (or at any other time) will be welcome.

Pride of place must go to "the Daddy of them All", as John Young calls **Circle 1**, which has now sent out more than 340 folios in its 30 years' existence. John Young took over as Secretary from Harold Thompson about 18 months ago and promptly ran into all sorts of trouble, including a serious hold-up of boxes, a spate of resignations and a trip into hospital for himself. Fortunately, a good friend of his—not a UPP member—kept things going for him and the Circle is now functioning with all its old vigour and has even been pleased to welcome Harold Thompson back again as one of its "new" members.

With our indefatigable correspondent J. B. Broomhead at the helm, **Circle 2** is, of course ever-present in these notes. Apparently they are concentrating at the moment on raising the standard of their prints because the Circle Sec. feels that they haven't won many LH Trophy's lately. They send out rough prints for help and advice and then see if they can make a folio entry on the lines suggested. They are also adopting the principle of saving the first **three** prints from each folio and sending them round

again at the end of the year for selection of the 12 best. These 12 are awarded the Gold Labels and sent forward for the Trophy competition.

Circle 7 reports a comparatively uneventful year through Secretary C. S. Johnson, who took over from George Bibby (now in Australia) a year ago. They are proud of course to be able to number the president of the IBP among their ranks, even if he has had to be granted temporary leave of absence from the folios. At the other end of the line, they have been unfortunate in having to terminate a membership owing to persistent holding of boxes. They had a wedding, too, and the bridegroom (Ken Hutley) distinguished himself by maintaining his record of not missing a round regardless.

Secretary J. R. Broadhurst sends a mixed bag of news from **Circle 8**, which has just lost a good friend and worker in O. H. Downing, who has retired after a very long membership of the Circle. The Circle has two fine successes to report, however. Soon after joining them, Muriel Culey shook them up a bit by gaining her ARPS. Now she has gone up to FRPS and Doug Richards has followed her example by gaining his ARPS in his first year with the Circle.

Circle 9 has been functioning so smoothly that Secretary A. J. Scrivener finds little to report. The members feel that their work has improved over the past 12 months and that, in itself, is a cause for satisfaction. One member has recently obtained a degree at London University and

is now employed by Ilford Ltd. Scriv himself has moved out to Chesham and, from all reports, has been giving the builder of his new bungalow a wonderful run-around over the plumbing and electrical fittings for the dark-room.

Roland Jonas, reporting for **Circle 12**, last year's Gold Star Circle, was confident enough to predict that any circle wishing to snatch that honour this year would have to put up a pretty strong bid. How right he was! **Circle 12** won again. And that despite the previous shaky year with constant changes of membership. There was a distinct improvement this year, although there were four resignations from temporary members who had rallied round to help the Circle over its difficulties. Five new members took their places and are settling down well. Can they make it three in a row?

John Sibley unblushingly confesses that this is only the second time in 12 years that he has let *The Little Man* into the secrets of **Circle 18**. He hopes we will be charitable enough to attribute this to modesty rather than negligence. They have had a few losses during the year, including that of the late Miss Winfred Hunt, who was an active UPP member and an officer of the Hammersmith Hampshire House club. This Circle has had a number of family relationships among its members. It once had two brothers, then a father and son pair and now it has a father-daughter combination. Secretary Sibley hopes he will not offend his members by saying that they have no really brilliant workers, Gold Labels for their 11 rounds having been shared between 8

members, but that they are a happy and companionable Circle.

The tragic death of Secretary E. Bennett-Williams dealt **Circle 19** a very hard knock but they are now rallying under T. H. Francis after some excellent liaison work by Joe Rigby of **Circle 6** in transferring the Circle "effects" from the late to the new Secretary. Membership is split between two main groups based on High Wycombe and Ipswich, but there are notable offshoots in South Wales, the Midlands and elsewhere. The general standard is high, Secretary Francis reports, and the Circle hope to make their presence felt in the awards list before very long.

Reporting for Secretary G. A. Tootell, Dick Ridyard quotes from **Circle 21** notebook: "I am sure I am going to enjoy this; the atmosphere is at once delightful, friendly and informal . . ." Unfortunately it was **Circle 21** that lost two boxes in a very short space of time this year and helped to bring about the inauguration of the "certificate of posting" procedure. This is the specialist 35 mm. circle and the widely spread membership leads to a variety of geographical outlook and individual approach to photography that produces some interesting folios. Dick Ridyard seizes the opportunity to acknowledge the efforts of one of the longest-standing Circle Secretaries—"Toot" to all—who is a perfect example of the maxim "Show me a successful Circle and I'll show you a first-rate Secretary".

Some interruption of the smooth flow of boxes was experienced by **Circle 23** in the early part of the year, Secretary J. R. Jarvis

reports, and there were a few resignations and temporary suspensions of activity. Normalcy is beginning to return, however, and three new members have been recruited, including the Circle's first lady member, Miss Alexandra Orley, of the Croydon Camera Club. Membership is spread from Penzance to Scotland and Northern Ireland.

Happy, if few, is the general state of affairs in **Circle 27**, where Secretary J. R. Stanforth waits hopefully for new recruits to his mixed-size slide circle. Two members have been lost through ill-health; Frank Moitoi, who had been with the circle since its first folio, and Howard Williams. They are wished a speedy comeback. There were two events of note during the year. First, the winning of the McTurk Trophy (presented by an ex-member) for the second year running by "Farmer" Jones. To break this stranglehold members have considered round robins, thugs or, if extreme measures prove to be necessary, better slides. Secondly, the annual get-together for the presentation—minus the Trophy. The party, strengthened by Eric Haycock and wife from a rival establishment, "did" the Thames from Oxford to Dorchester via Abingdon and Sutton Courtenay. The weather was fine and the beer cool.

Major G. L. Garratt has plenty to be proud of in **Circle 29**. Dr. B. S. Sproule, ARPS, won the Leighton Herdson Trophy last year and Miss Barbara Wagstaff, ARPS, was elected a life member. This year Miss Gracie Alison, FRPS, was again among the winners with the Plaque for

the best small print. Major Garratt reports, incidentally, that Barbara had recovered her health sufficiently to receive the folios once more as they come round. May we all join him in hoping that the improvement is long-lasting. A less happy note was sounded by the resignation of Allen Hoar, a member of UPP since its very early days, who was involved in a bad car accident just before last Christmas. The latest news was that he was progressing as well as could be expected.

Circle 33 are involved in Secretary J. Williamson reports that it is generally agreed that masking should be resorted to where it can improve the slide but that there are differing opinions as to whether it should be inside or outside the cover glasses and whether the masked-down transparency should be centred in the cover glasses. The Circle had a period in the doldrums but now has a full rota of members of whom one-third are new and another third have been members for less than 12 months. An attractive standard of home processing is one of the most notable developments among many members.

Muriel Rosamond has bent her enthusiastic efforts towards reviving the **Anglo-Australian Circle** and, in association with Maynard Pocock at the "other end", has worked out a timetable which allows for the issue of a box every quarter in both countries and to each other. There were at first only six people on the permanent rota but eight more have been added and several Council members are standing in as temporary

"guests". At the time of reporting, Muriel's last box to be sent to Australia had 20 prints from the Anglo contingent. Maynard Pocock is trying to attract more members at his end and the last set of prints received from him numbered 11.

The new **Architectural Print Circle** is skippered by Ernest Baker, who reports that it got under way with almost a full complement of members but immediately lost two on health grounds, one the result of a motoring accident. They have two Fellows of the Royal and two Associates and have valued their comments on the prints. The standard of work is high and Mr. Baker expressed the hope that those prints shown at the AGM would amply illustrate this to those who were not prejudiced against this facet of photography.

The Secretary of the **Natural History Colour Circle** lives in a house called "Puffins". There's single-mindedness for you. He is,

of course, E. H. (Snip) Ware and he reports that the Circle is continuing to flourish. Limited to a membership of 20, it now has a waiting list of half as many again and resignations so far have been few and far between. The Circle has two FRPS and eight ARPS, Mrs. M. P. Whitehouse having turned her "A" into an "F" at the last election. The other "F", J. T. Fisher, captured seven out of the year's 12 Gold Labels with home-processed Ferrania shots of birds. Snip says that both these two members handle this material in a way that has to be seen to be believed. The Circle is not, as might have been feared, over-weighted with bird photographers. Subjects covered in the past year include animals (wild), birds (both British and foreign), butterflies and moths, with their caterpillars, dragonflies, fish, flowers and fruit, fungi, insects of various kinds and spiders.

THE editor regrets that he has lost the manuscript (which he typed for the printers) of the article on page 20, and with it all trace of the author's identity. If the author will identify himself, we shall be pleased to make all due acknowledgements in the next issue.

George Bibby, who was Secretary of Circle 7 until he emigrated to Australia last Autumn, wishes to be remembered to UPP in general and Circles 7 and 31 in particular. His address is: 17 Carr Street, Waverton, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia. Owing to accommodation problems he cannot find the opportunity to do monochrome work at present, but thanks to a 1954 Hillman Minx he is able to get out and about, and is doing quite a lot of colour work. He says that you need colour and interchangeable lenses to do justice to the Australian scenery.

be sure ...



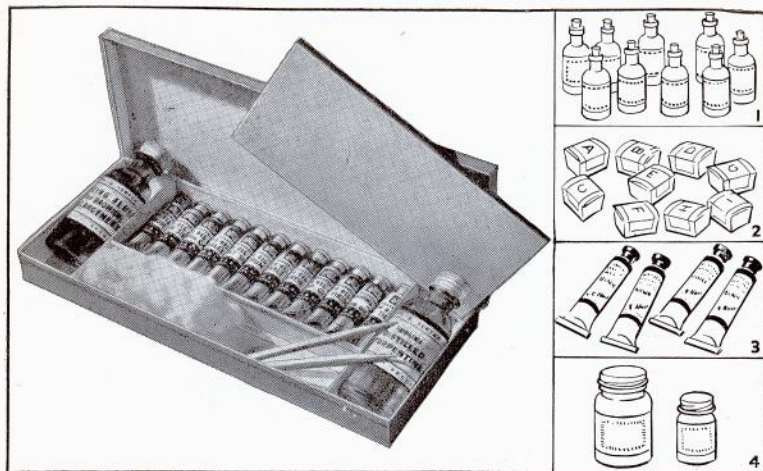
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