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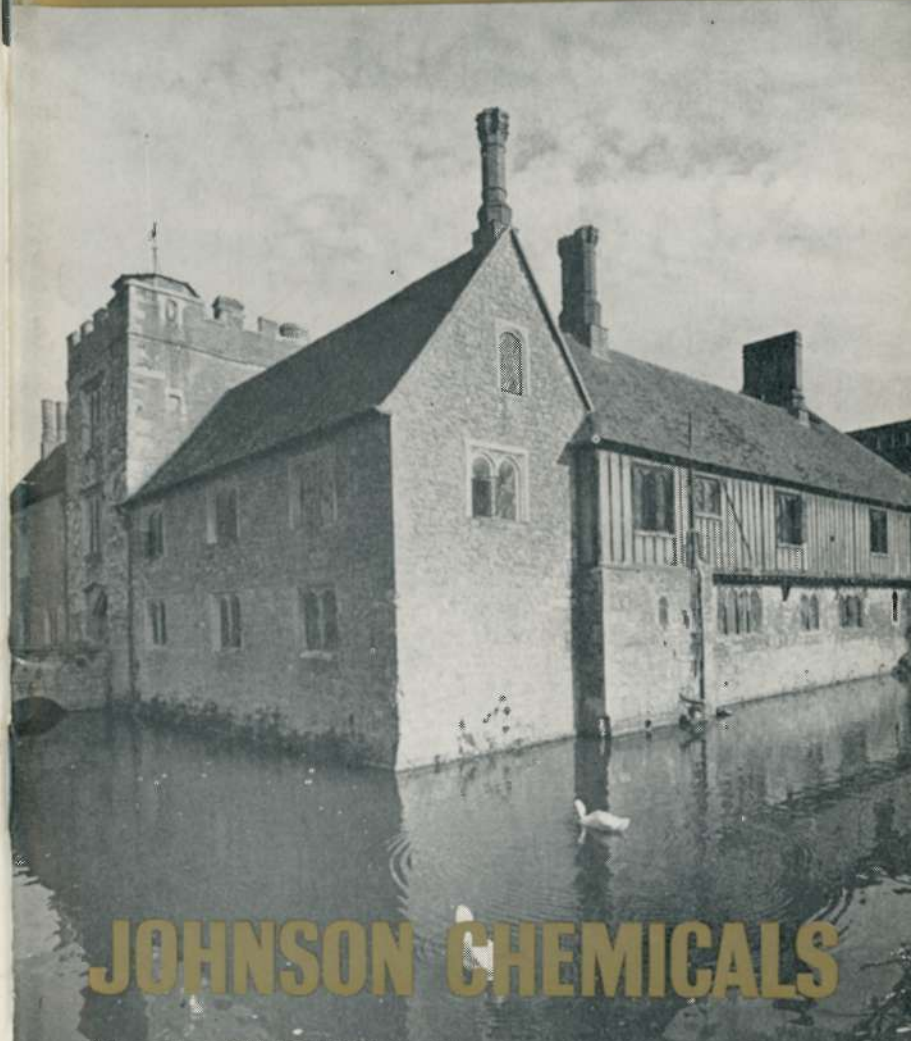
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SPRING, 1970

The Little Man

The Photographic Magazine That's Different



JOHNSON CHEMICALS

Taken with a ZEISS HOLOGON ultra wide angle camera

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means the
most in
colour**



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'Kodacolor-X' Film for colour prints**

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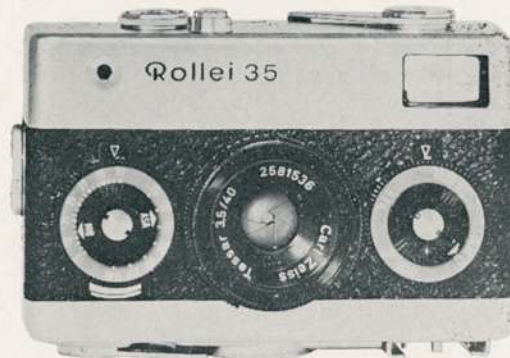
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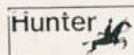
But although it's so small, it still has the superb quality and performance you expect from Rollei. The size is 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ " deep, 3 $\frac{1}{8}$ " long, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ " wide, and it weighs just 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. Not exactly gigantic.

If you feel, however that you can't run to the price of a 35, we've introduced the 35B and the 35C. They're even smaller than the 35, and come at around half the price. The only thing that is not reduced is the performance, although as you'd expect, there are one or two refinements, such as the range of shutter speeds, and the Tessar lens, that they don't have.

If you'd like to know more about these great little cameras, write to Hunters for full literature, or go round to see your authorised dealer.



Rollei



Hunter: 51, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

THE LITTLE MAN

Number 60

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To all members

THE LITTLE MAN is published twice a year by the UNITED PHOTOGRAPHIC POSTFOLIOS OF GREAT BRITAIN, which is affiliated to the Photographic Alliance through the Central Association and is the LARGEST POSTAL PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB IN THE WORLD.

Correspondence on general club matters should be sent to the General Secretary, Mr. R. Osborn Jenkins. Inquiries about membership should be addressed to the Recruiting Secretary, Miss M. Rosamond.

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

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

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

SPRING 1970

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**The official
Magazine of
The United
Photographic
Postfolios
of Great
Britain**

ONWARD from NOSTALGIA

After a nostalgic backward glance the "Little Man" turns hopefully to the seventies. Surely this is a time for taking stock and maybe for making a resolution or two.

We have an excellent past record to guide us. "Little Man" can look back over 30 years, and U.P.P. and its parent clubs even further. From the pre-war days of depression, to war-time perils, post-war privations and so into the age of affluence. U.P.P. was born in the early post-war years of parent clubs well established before the conflict. Their offspring is now a well-known citizen of the photographic world. Indeed, quite a talented child as recent C.A. results show. We claim to be the largest postal photographic club in the world.

Think of the changes that have occurred during U.P.P.'s life. Equipment has altered and improved enormously. Cameras are exciting and sophisticated and to match the times, a bit gimmicky too. Affluence has brought them within the reach of more of us. Print quality may not have altered all that much but print content has. Photography now reflects a topsy-turvy age. There are new talents, new masters and new masterpieces. Much of it is often strange to young as well as older U.P.P.-ites.

Some of us remember the days when pictorialists ruled the roost, and the photographic Press. In those days photo-journalism was routine and platebound. The tables have been turned. The new talented ones are trampling the pictorialists underfoot and the beginners are wondering who to believe, the has-beens or the would-be's. The photographic Press and the week-end supplements are setting a cracking pace with the clubs a bit lost in the rear.

A motley bunch of Postmaster Generals has raised the postage rates to such astronomical levels that U.P.P. should have succumbed years ago. But no! We are hale, hearty and over 500 strong. It is rumoured that the present P.M.G. is getting hard up again and has his eye on the postage rates.

So far we have steered a steady progressive course through the maze of photographic fads and fancies. Many of us started

this hobby a long time ago. If you doubt this statement, look round at the next A.G.M. Pictorialism and peaceful contemplation went hand in hand. Study the G.L. exhibition. Many of us are still at it. Are we the custodians of photographic sanity or are we getting out of step? The mods tell us we pay too much attention to the mechanics and not enough to the intangibles. Seems a tangle of intangibles to me.

This is the permissive age when all must be listened to and the loudest mouths get most attention. Much of present photography, to those who remember gentler days, is abrasive and ugly as a newspaper headline—and probably as ephemeral. But many of our new and potential recruits in the seventies will have been weaned in the turbulent sixties.

So our outlook must be a dynamic one, forward looking and adaptable. We must be ready for the excitement and the challenges of the seventies. Our pace is increasing, our outlook is broadening. There is evidence in this very issue. There must be more to come. We need YOUR IDEAS too!

SPRECHEN SIE DEUTSCH?

While the Government is dithering about going into Europe and no-one is very sure that they want us anyway, the "Little Man" has jumped the gun. We are there and we have been made welcome.

Quite how the "Little Man" reached the hands of Herr H. Kloss, the Public Relations Officer of V.D.A.V. (Verband Deutscher Amateurfotografen-Vereine—The Association of West German Photo Clubs) is still a mystery. But Herr Kloss, on behalf of V.D.A.V., welcomes us and is going to send us copies of V.D.A.V.-PRESS each month. We will send him the "Little Man". There is to be a bit of lease-lend too—we have agreed to borrow articles and such from each other's magazine if we feel so inclined. While your Editor is struggling with the B.B.C. German course he would be delighted to recruit—at a fabulous salary—a "foreign editor" who could study, select and translate from V.D.A.V.-PRESS.

Here is a wonderful opportunity to keep in touch with German photography. Another circle coming up!?

BUT WE DO NEED A COMPETENT TRANSLATOR. Fortunately for your Editor Herr Kloss writes in excellent English.

THANK YOU V.D.A.V., and HERR KLOSS. We look forward to a happy association. Thank you also on behalf of our circle secretaries for the entry forms for The International Championship of Amateur Photography, 1970.

AN INTRODUCTION TO COLOUR PRINTING

by Richard Hall

MENTION the subject of colour printing to a majority of amateurs and in the space of a couple of minutes you will most probably get a number of reasons why you shouldn't have a go. I hardly need mention them, as you will have heard them all or almost.

No doubt at one time or another, you may have turned your thoughts to colour printing, perhaps as a result of an article in a photo magazine, and that was as far as you got. What made you have a change of heart? Was it some of the technicalities, or perhaps the expense? Perhaps you've already seen some efforts by a member of your Club or Folio, on a process that had better remain nameless, which let it suffice to say weren't too hot. Your long suffering colleague no doubt went to great lengths explaining all the trials and tribulations, and for what? A rather mediocre mess.

Your immediate reaction would be: If this is amateur colour printing, they can stick it! But you know, colour printing isn't as difficult as some would have us believe. True, it isn't exactly simple; there is a bit more involved than in ordinary B/W printing.

Anyone who used to use Multigrade will soon realise a distinct similarity of this process to that of colour, with M/G paper you had to balance or match if you prefer, the characteristics of the paper to your negative and enlarger by means of yellow filters of varying density supplied for this purpose by Messrs. Ilford. Multigrade was a duo-pack emulsion, and the contrast control was effected by the use of minus blue (yellow) and minus green (Magenta) filters; this paper offered tremendous scope, although I think it is fairly safe to say, most amateurs mis-used it, rather than used it.

Colour paper is a tri-pack having layers sensitive to blue, green and red light; the balance here is largely affected by the negative and enlarger characteristics, any control here being applied with special colour printing filters incorporated in the light beam. It is this filtration more than anything else that is considered by many as the main 'bogey' of colour printing; this need not be so.

With Multigrade you used one filter colour to control the contrast, with colour paper you also use one colour when the Subtractive or "white light" method is employed, for controlling the colour balance. These colour printing filters are available in sets of 7, 8, or 11, in three colours: Yellow, Magenta and Cyan. It is these quantities and suspected endless permutations that confuse and therefore put people off the colour negative/positive process, thereby depriving themselves of a fascinating experience.

Right, let us examine a few facts, not from the text-book, but from the light of personal experience. To make this easy to understand, I will confine the following to the materials I use, and which if anyone should care to try out as a starting point, will in average circumstances, meet similar findings.

The Process

We want a process that is simple in principle, one that requires no high falutin' equipment or technique, one that doesn't take too much of our energies in watching temperatures in the region of 80 deg. F. plus. We also want a certain degree of latitude to meet some of the limitations in our dark-room (I for one have no running water). We also require the minimum of processing baths, and prints that can be examined or even finished in the least possible time, and yet the end results must be professional.

We're wanting quite a lot!

AGFACOLOR answers most of these needs, for the boffins who developed this process at Wolfen must have gone to the same school as Barnack.

All standard processing temps. are 68 deg. F., both for film and paper. Both only require four processing baths, and none of these processing stages are very long. The small scale user can if he wishes process his films in a one-shot kit made by Tetenal; he will find these negatives very similar from the filtration angle.

If you were to take a neutral tint monochrome negative, say HP 4 rollfilm neg., place it in the enlarger with an Agfacolor CNS blank (negative) then print this on the companion paper MCN III and process as per inst., in the maker's chemicals, you will most probably get a slightly sepia or reddish black monochrome print. If you repeated this exercise, only this time using an Agfacolor CNS negative that was exposed on an average daylight subject, you would get a much similar result, indeed it could be far better that is almost neutral.

What a send-off, for anyone just starting colour printing, passable results without filters; these are termed by Agfa as ZERO prints, that is of being 00 00 00 filtration, the actual pinkish-red will require 5 to 10 Yellow and 5 to 10 Magenta, which equals 5 to 10 Red, to restore neutral colour balance, and any other negatives on the same roll will require the same if exposed in the same lighting.

So in actual fact 3 or 4 filters in Y and M will see you fully equipped to start; a much higher red correction is required for negs., taken in photoflood lighting, but rarely in the Agfacolor process will you have any need for Cyan filters, unless you happen to print some Kodacolor XX negatives. These usually need Yellow/Cyan (Green) on Agfacolor MCN III paper, and a jolly good job it makes of them too.

Equipment

Any camera can be used; the larger the negative the better. I use 6 x 6 and 6 x 9 cm., the latter on a pre-war folding Bessa, which on 12 x 15 colour prints will lick the spots off any 35 mm S.L.R. So owners of modest medium format cameras will find the boot is on the other foot, which makes a nice change. One can easily make some modifications (if needed) to the enlarger to accept filters on top of the condensers, so long as the light passes through the filters only, that is all that matters.

Exposure assessment, if you've got an enlarger exposure meter well and good, as half the battle is over; even an old Lumimeter will do. Some means of voltage control is desirable, especially if you should start printing at the peak periods. However, you can get by; this is always something that can be attended to later when the "bug" bites, and bite it will. If you've no running water, or your darkroom is cramped, invest in a Goodman Tank, which once loaded is light tight

and enables you to work in comfortable surroundings if need be. With this tank one can work at 77 deg. F. and have a print on the dryer in 18 minutes. I have recently made a motorised Processing Drum, utilising a Paterson System 4 Tank, Unit 2 for 12in. x 9in. and Unit 3 for up to 12in. x 15in., made on the lines suggested by Dr. G. L. Wakefield. The processing temperature is 80 deg. F. and the time taken is approximately 8—10 minutes, depending on how long the prints are washed.

THIS IS QUICKER THAN B/W!

One's aim in colour printing should be to start from small beginnings, and as the enthusiasm grows build up with a few helpful aids, many of which you can construct yourself as you go along. The main thing is to get over the initial hump, load your camera with colour negative and see that the best negatives are printed. Today I load my camera with Agfacolor CNS (after having tried the lot). This I do as a matter of course; to my mind there is no other film. The colour negative will produce prints in B/W or colour. One can make transparencies also; the latter don't interest me in the least.

Well, I hope I've whetted your interest in the colour neg/pos. It isn't too difficult; if you're careful it isn't too expensive either. The past two or three years has witnessed a minor revolution. More and more amateurs are turning to the colour print: this is no idle claim for I happen to sell the stuff. Give it a try. It could well be the best step forward you've made in the past few years. My only regret is this: I wish I had started sooner.

FRANK RAMSDEN

It is with great regret that we have to record the death in January, 1970, of Frank Ramsden, after a long illness borne with great fortitude. Frank joined P.M.P.P. Circle 6 in March, 1943, and very quickly became one of the stalwarts of the later war years. In November, 1944, he founded P.P.P. Circle 8 for beginners and intermediate workers. This became U.P.P. Circle 16 and he continued as Secretary until 1958 and as a member until 1967, when he was forced to give up photography by crippling arthritis from which he had suffered for many years. In August, 1946, he started the monochrome slide circle, which he ran with great enthusiasm throughout the nineteen years of its existence.

In recognition of all that he had done for U.P.P., which included serving on Council from 1946 to 1948, Frank Ramsden was accorded the distinction of Hon. Life Membership in 1961. Those who knew him will long remember his kindness, his enthusiasm and his keen sense of humour. We extend our sympathy to his son in his loss.

POSTAL FOLIOS— send for sample

By the time this article is printed I hope to have collected sufficient prints from circle secretaries to have a sample box, containing a specimen folder of large prints, one of small prints and one of 1/1 plate prints, as well as a specimen collection of transparencies. These will show a cross section of the work submitted to U.P.P., from the poor to the best Gold Label work. The sample box will also have a sample notebook and the folder of prints from Steve Wesley, which I have mentioned in another article. The idea is that this sample box should be available to people who are asked to give a lecture to a club. The title of the talk would be "Postal Portfolios—their role in organised photography", and it would stress that we exist to supplement the work of photographic clubs, and not supplant them.

It is hoped that eventually we will have members appearing on the lecture lists of all federations, but as a start this sample box will be available to anyone who cares to apply to me for it, for the purpose of giving a talk to a photographic club.

The idea of such a sample box was suggested at the last Annual General Meeting, and I do hope that it will prove useful in the publicising of U.P.P.

MURIEL ROSAMOND,

Hon. Recruiting and Publicity Secretary.

2, Grenfell Avenue, Mexborough, Yorkshire.

The Central Association Exhibition U.P.P. second in "Switch" and "Herbert"

Advance news has come in just as we were on the point of going to press that U.P.P. has done very well in the 1970 Central Association Exhibition. Our entry was one of the smallest for many years, consisting of 24 pictorial prints from 8 members, 10 record prints from 4 members, 8 mono. and 29 pictorial colour slides from 13 members and 12 mono. and 23 record colour slides, also from 13 members—a total of 34 prints and 72 slides from 21 members.

However, it is quality, not quantity, that counts for the inter-club competitions and it seems that the judges were favourably impressed with sufficient of our work for us to come second to Malden C.C. in the Switch Shield. This is awarded on the total points for the best eight pictorial and four record prints, four pictorial and two record slides, monochrome or colour, from any one club.

U.P.P. was also second, to Borough Polytechnic P.S., in the Herbert Trophy, which is based on monochrome slides only, four pictorial and two record. Members will remember that we were joint winners of this Trophy last year.

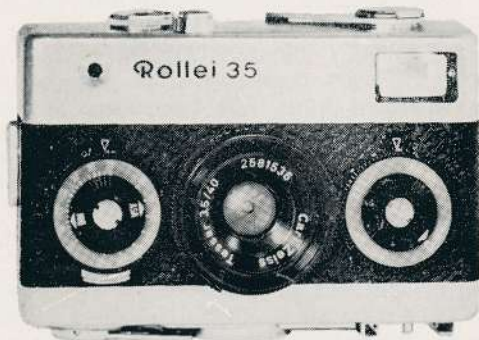
Only once before has U.P.P. won the Switch Shield, and that was twenty years ago in 1950. Never, since then, have we come so close to winning it again as we have this year. Points in the competitions and individual acceptances are not yet known, but we do know that M. E. Huggins, A.R.P.S. (Circle 16), has won the Plaque for the best record print and also a certificate in the same class. Well done, indeed!

Our Exhibition Secretary was becoming rather frustrated by the poor response to his request for entries, especially in the print classes, and has been greatly heartened by the results achieved by the small entry sent in. With a little more support we might even win in 1971, when we celebrate our fortieth birthday.

TECHNICAL TOPICS

THE ROLLEI 35

by Geoffrey Sutton, Technical Editor



IF almost any other camera manufacturer had introduced such a small, expensive camera, which was neither a single lens reflex nor coupled rangefinder, at a time when the half-frame invasion had failed to make an impression, he would have been deemed insane and his shareholders would have had sleepless nights.

However, any product of Frank and Heideck is worthy of close examination.

For a full-frame 35mm. camera the Rollei 35 is incredibly small. Measuring 4in. x 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in x 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., it is smaller than most half-frame cameras. This compactness is partly achieved by the use of a well-engineered collapsible lens mount which is interlocked in such a way that the shutter cannot be fired unless the mount is in its extended position and locked by turning the barrel about ten degrees clockwise. The mount is unlocked in order that it may be retracted by pressing a button on the top plate which is only possible when the film has been advanced.

Conservatively, but perhaps wisely, since no one has yet produced a four element lens which performs well above f 3.5, a 40mm. focal length f 3.5 Tessar was chosen. A focal length

of 40mm. has a worthwhile gain in depth of field over the usual 50mm. standard length, which is useful in the absence of a rangefinder or reflex focussing system. The closest focussing distance is 3 feet.

The shutter speed and aperture are set by two symmetrical dials, arranged on the front, whose engraved scales are clearly visible from above. The shutter, a Compur type is smooth and quiet in operation and has a range from 1/2 to 1/500 with B. There is no delayed action. The shutter release button, which accepts a standard cable release, is situated on the right-hand side of the top plate and is well guarded against inadvertent firing by a raised ring surrounding it.

The built in CDS meter is coupled to the shutter and aperture, operating on the coincident needle principle and is situated on the top plate. In practice, exposure readings checked over the meter's full range against a Weston, tallied within half a stop. Negative quality also confirms this accuracy.

Loading could hardly be simpler. Easier perhaps than even the current Leica, which is saying a lot. Rewinding is facilitated by an unusually large and robust crank which folds away into the camera base when not in use. Other camera manufacturers would do well to copy this.

The film is transported by a lever on the left of the top plate and, as is usual, cocks the shutter and advances the frame counter which automatically returns to zero when the camera back is removed.

The view finder, of the suspended frame type, is situated, when looking at the back of the camera, in the extreme left-hand corner and is an excellent example of its type.

An accessory shoe is attached to the base and has the, now usual, flash contacts incorporated. However, an unfortunate omission is that of the old type coaxial flash plug. A special adaptor being required when flash guns not fitted with central shoe contacts are used.

A robust tripod bush is placed centrally on the camera base. Cleverly this is incorporated in an aluminium pressure diecasting which is riveted to the base pressing and incorporates the film counter mechanism and the neat back lock as well as providing a housing for the knob on the folding rewind crank.

Surprisingly the CDS meter is always live. It would have been a simple matter to couple the circuit to be active only when the lens mount was in its working position.

The standard of construction is well up to Rollei standards, nothing having been lost in the miniaturisation.

I must admit that when I first handled this little camera I treated it light-heartedly, regarding it as a handy little snap shooter. However, when the first film from it was developed I was shaken rigidly by the quality of the negatives. Given the care normal when working in this medium, every frame will enlarge to twelve diameters when quality similar to that from a Leica is the result.

Within the limitations of its focal length one could wish for nothing better. It handles well, fits in a jacket pocket and gives the user the satisfaction of using a beautiful piece of equipment. As with most things, one gets only what one pays for, and such good design and quality construction costs more money than do lesser products.

Action Stations!

ANGLO-AUSTRALIAN FOLIO NEEDS MEMBERS
—See page 33.

NEW CREATIVE CIRCLE—get your name on the
waiting list See page 28.

GET BUSY WITH PEN & PRINT.
The Editor needs contributions.

REMEMBER. - A.G.M., September 26th, 1970.

A FURTHER SELECTION OF GOLD LABEL CERTIFICATE WINNERS



CHANCE ENCOUNTER

Colin Westgate, Circle 11



SIGHTSEEING

Dr. J. McMaster, A.R.P.S., Circle 8



CHASING SHADOWS

B. Asquith, A.R.P.S., Circle 18
19



BALANCED FEED

B. Sanderson, Circle 25

THE BIRTH OF A PRINT.

BILL NOOT.

MR. SNAP exposed BiX at 125 at f8 and developed the film in strong tea whilst he was shaving.

That or a somewhat similar prosaic statement is often the caption to the published print. And as nearly every photographer knows that epigraph is just a small part of the story lying behind the picture. So, why not, for a change now and again, give the whole of the story. Reveal the dedication of the author, his singleness of purpose, the pathos and heart-break, even the funny side—yes, there is one—that's all part of the photographic game.

Who would not view, with a more sympathetic and understanding eye, a print with a caption such as this: "After innumerable visits and countless exposures, Mr. Church Interior obtained this picture of a Pew End—it's, we believe, the sixtieth he's submitted. He has asked us, should the picture be accepted for publication, to kindly denote the fee to the Church Restoration Fund. We were sorry to learn that after his last visit he returned home to find that his somewhat fed-up wife had run off with a fishing enthusiast".

And why shouldn't the story be told of the chap who made a "packet" just through falling asleep.

He had a sharp eye for the market and knew how to make a quick quid out of a quick snap and very lucky he had been, but never so lucky as the day he fell asleep in a deckchair while on holiday.

It was while Dad was sleeping, Young Son, fed up with making sand castles, decided to go for a walk, and just to be like Dad took that thing that Dad had bought just before coming on holiday and was so fond of carrying about.

One hour later Young Son was reported missing.

Two hours later, with the tide in, Young Son was spotted on an inaccessible ledge half-way up the cliff face.

It took the combined efforts of the Lifeboat crew and Coastguards to get him to safety. And it was with tear-filled eyes of thankfulness Mum received Young Son from his rescuers; while Dad, with tear-laden eyes of misery and fearing the worst, received his camera. Happily, apart from some minor scratches, all was well with both.

It was when the film was developed that the shock came; it contained one of the finest views of the resort that had ever been taken.

Dad was quick to realise its potential—he exploited it to its utmost. He took the credit and the cash. 125 at f8 he said the exposure was. He's never dared admit that Young Son had exposed himself to total annihilation at 1/2,000 of a sec.

So prints are born. Some by sheer tenacity and no little sacrifice; some by the luck of the Gods, and others are altruistically produced—cunningly conceived and aided and abetted by modern technology—like the one I'm about to relate.

The print has its beginnings at the 1968 A.G.M. The meeting was the first I, as a greenhorn member of Circle 6, attended, and to my untrained eye passed off uneventfully. I enjoyed myself and had no complaints regarding the allocation of the awards.

The chill winds came afterwards, borne on the post-Postfolios.

It became clear that the winning of honours was the life-blood of the Circle; Trophies and Plaques were made for them to have and to hold. Its existence depended on such things and expecting much and receiving nothing had shattered them.

The subsequent Folio Notebooks made depressing reading. Despair and despond was written into every page. Morale couldn't have been lower; I worried much and feared for their safety.

Sleepless nights became my lot, for thought I, should they all decide to jump into the river I would be left, literally speaking, high and dry circlewise—with the chore of having to acquaint myself in another circle. A prospect I viewed with little enthusiasm for, had I not, in spite of their shortcomings, become rather attached to the Circle.

Therefore, a repeat of the 1968 fiasco could not be contemplated. How to reverse that year's failure was a task I was prepared—having but little confidence in the ability of the others—to undertake. A task that time proved was easier accepted than accomplished.

The easy way would have been to circulate some of my masterpieces in the Foliots, an award would be the natural outcome, but that was not my aim. I wanted a morale-boosting collective success.

What a nightmare that idea turned out to be. Three times I wrote my letter of resignation—thinking, better them than me—besides, North Sea Gas, I'm told, is hellish.

Try this, try that, think of this, think of that. Nothing more than an ever-increasing layer of papers on the darkroom floor was the result.

Then, when it seemed all over and I was ready to accept defeat, came a new and exciting idea.

The idea flashed through my mind while I was studying an identikit picture. You know what they are—they are built-up face drawings purporting to be a likeness of the wanted person, and derived from various descriptions supplied. The next time you see one examine it very carefully and you are sure to find a little bit of yourself somewhere in it. Makes one think that, after all there may be some truth in the adage, "There's a bit of"—never mind—let's get on with my story.

How the association came about I can't say. But when looking at that picture with its many bits and pieces I thought, why not enlist the aid of a computer.

My original idea was feasible, it was the piecing together of all the parts to make a whole that was beating me, so maybe that modern technical wonder, the computer, might solve my problem.

I was excited with the idea. New and unique—Avant Garde to the fore. I could feel success in the air. Things, I felt, were at long last moving my way—they had to be, there was a lot of poor stuff going around in the Folio the last few months.

A friend of mine, an old photographic enthusiast, is a Programmer—that, I understand, is the title given to the persons who attend on these machines. His job is to feed or supply the computer with the relevant material or information upon which it works.

He was "hooked" with the idea—but first the briefing. I had to collate the photographic propensities of the members of the Circle.

My brief and concise collation—"They're a damn poor lot with no future whatsoever"—wouldn't do. What was wanted was something of their inner selves, a probe into their subconscious minds; a kind of psycho-analysis.

So with the help of a friend, who was good at this kind of work, a careful analysis of their criticisms of my prints on the

crit sheets was undertaken. This took up a lot of valuable time which, by now, was getting really short.

When at long last this job was completed everything was got ready and the date arranged.

Impressive things these computers. This one was housed in a room as spotlessly clean and sterilised as Emergency Ward 10. White-coated attendants moved silently around, not a spot of dust anywhere.

It took a good hour's work to obtain an answer to my problem.

Twice the message was passed—"Not enough information". It was therefore, with some relief, when all we had left was the enlarger, that the signal—"Answer ready"—came. After a brief wait the desired—I hoped—formulae was delivered.

Across the road for a celebration drink or two, then home to the depths of the darkroom.

So it came about, after much burning of the midnight safe-light, the print upon which so much depended was at last a reality.

I must say that the computer had done a wonderful job.

A careful study revealed something after the work of every member. Even the scratches that are a feature of one member's work was not overlooked. The title "Whither" was suggested and accepted. Into the current Folio it went, accompanied with a silent prayer.

It has, for long, been a favourite axiom of mine and one that I have successfully practised—"You can get people to do what you want them to do without them knowing you want them to do it".

When the box again came around the crit sheet showed that this time it really worked. The harsh and scathing criticisms that had become the accepted lot of my work were missing. Faint praise was to be detected in every crit.

It received a Gold Label, and at the 1969 A.G.M. was awarded the "Large Print Plaque".

All that, I know, is history to most of you, and some of you have seen the print. Pity you didn't know the story behind it at the time.

The Circle Notebook is now a pleasure to read. There is an air of gaiety in every page. Every member seems carefree and happy. Some sparkle has returned to their prints.

There is a lot of talk of—among other things—of "lifting" the Trophy this year.

I sleep in peace at night, comforted with the thought of a job well done.

"Whither" is framed and hung. Below it stands the Plaque. When I'm asked if I received the Plaque for "Whither" I nod assent, but murmur—"For saving a Circle".

To obtain this print, Mr. Snap exposed AX at 125 at f8 and developed the film in shaving water while he was having his tea.

Ah! well—maybe—that's all that need be told.

"CONTEMPORARY" GOES INTERNATIONAL

Although still very much a young Circle, the Contemporary Circle has already established contact with another country and has arranged the exchange of slides between the two. Appropriately enough it is with the Photographic Society of America that this arrangement has been made, as it is the P.S.A. definition of contemporary photography that is the basis for the function of Circle 'C'. The original suggestion for this regular exchange came from Albert Bridal of Guernsey, who, in correspondence with P.S.A. Officials, told them of our existence. For many years P.S.A. has conducted exchange schemes with foreign countries, and indeed there is a flourishing circuit already in Britain although, like the others, devoted to more conventional photography. The idea of this contemporary exchange was mooted by P.S.A. Colour Division Chairman, Nan Justice, F.P.S.A., and after I had confirmed our Circles' willingness to participate, the recruiting of the U.S.A. end was organised. Considering this was the very first such exchange to be organised on a regular basis, the response to the invitations to join from U.S.A. members was almost overwhelming. The first ten to accept have made up their side of the team, and this includes many of their leading exhibitors and exponents of this sort of photography including Nan Justice herself. Out of U.P.P.'s Contemporary Circle membership of 19, 16 are taking part in this exchange, and with this disparity in numbers between the two teams we have had to come to a compromise arrangement with the number of entries. Each of the Americans enters two slides every time, whereas we supply a total of twenty slides

to match their number, arranging for different members to provide two entries in turn. Our first exchange of slides has been effected, and by the time this appears in print the second will be going the rounds. On average we expect to manage two per year. We have arranged for these rounds to circulate in a normal Circle "C" Folio, so that even the non-participants get to see the American slides, and apart from slightly slowing down the Folio concerned, the entries on these rounds adds considerably to the pleasure without causing the inconvenience of an extra Folio. As with our domestic activities, there is no voting. We are content to see the work of others, discuss it, and enjoy it, plus the usual Notebook exchanges. Although not in any way a stipulation for the exchange, it is worthy of note that among Circle "C"s members 7 are in fact P.S.A. members themselves.

A Message from the Recruiting and Publicity Secretary

I would like to take up some space in the magazine to show my appreciation of the work done by so many members to help me in my job, which, to quote Bob Donnelly, secretary of Circle 9, "Must be like painting the Forth Bridge—never ending". Members like Tom Haigh, of Circle 14, who seems to have an endless supply of people to whom he wants me to send particulars of the Club, and who helps my letter by a personal follow-up, which always results in the person deciding to join us. People like Dick Hall, secretary of Circle 22, who seems to find all his own members, merely asking me to send them an application form. These are but two of many people who help me, and I trust that I may be forgiven for mentioning only them, if I mentioned all I would take up the whole of this issue.

But the thing which has finally decided me to write this appreciation is the way in which members have rallied around me in support of my work in compiling a register of members who would be willing to show a box to a prospective member, if called upon to do so. All those who have agreed to help in this capacity have had a letter of thanks from me (I hope—

I have had such an overwhelming response to the scheme that I might have accidentally missed one) but I want to say a further "Thanks" here. Not only have over 100 members agreed to arrange to have someone visit their house to view a box, but many have offered to take the box to the person concerned, in their own transport, at their own expense. Such a response is very heartening, and makes my job so much more worthwhile.

I just cannot close without mentioning Steve Wesley, of Circle 17, who has so enjoyed his membership that he has made a folder of copies of the first twelve prints he put into the Circle, along with copies of the criticisms he had made upon them. They show a progression from a print which did not fare very well in the voting to one which won a Gold Label. He has generously given this folder to me to be used for publicity purposes, it will feature in our sample box which will be available to lecturers.

A New Creative Circle

It has been suggested that we form a new Circle for large prints of a creative nature, which, like our Contemporary Slide Circle, would be for work which is a departure from the traditional approach.

Council are quite happy to agree to this, subject to our being able to get a nucleus of a dozen members from our own existing Circles. In fact I am sure that we could get more people than that interested, and so get an even larger Circle membership built up. Louis Parke, of Oxford, who is a member of Circle 16, suggested that such a Circle be formed, and he has agreed to act as secretary of the new Circle, if it is formed, for the first year at least. Show your appreciation of his generous offer by writing to the Recruiting and Publicity Secretary. She is:—

Miss M. Rosamond,
2, Grenfell Avenue,
Mexborough, Yorkshire.

and has agreed to work with Mr. Parke to help form the Circle, and to do the necessary publicity work to get it full with members new to U.P.P., if we cannot get more than twelve of our own members interested.

CHRONICLES of the DOGS NORTON P.S. Episode 1.

By J. J. Brady

With apologies to Gillie Potter

UPON Sunday, the twenty-seventh day of October in the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and sixty-eight, there embarked upon their annual autumn outing the several and sundry members of that noble and auspicious body the Dogs Norton P.S. The gathering, and I trust none of you will misinterpret the significance of that term, came, as it were, to a head at the very reasonable hour of nine-thirty a.m.

In accordance with the inviolable tradition of such affairs the starting time had been widely advertised and confidently proclaimed as eight-thirty a.m. The chagrin of those misguided unfortunates (among whom was numbered your present humble and unworthy scribe) who had risen early to be at the appointed place (no less a spot than the precise centre of our glorious homeland, England) at the appointed time, may easily be imagined, and it was scarcely mollified by the glow of early, if somewhat frigid, sunshine, and the promise of a sunny day.

The motley throng who had been happily occupying themselves furthering the interests of the manufactures of photographic materials by photographing their wives and children more or less tastefully disposed around the village cross, being at last safely gathered together into their equally motley collection of automobiles, the cavalcade departed from Meriden in an easterly direction, en route for Stamford in famous Lincolnshire.

A circuitous route by way of Nuneaton brought us eventually to a lake, of moderate dimensions, and no very imposing appearance, strongly agitated by the breath of an inclement Zephyr, and forming part of the local water-works. Here our caravanseri rested and sandwiches were eaten. At this point, again in accordance with the long standing tradition of such events, one member had the misfortune to mislay a valuable filter. A most thorough-going search, in which the local pack of Basset Hounds joined with notably vociferous enthusiasm, having failed to uncover the defecting item we departed in due, if not actually overdue, course upon further adventures.

Our tour now led us through that well-known group of villages, the centre of one of our justly famous public schools,

the Uppingshams. These, as is almost equally well known, comprise Upper Uppingham, Lower Uppingham, and Up the Middle and Down Again. The latter being so named as the result of a greatly premature Medieval essay in town planning. Remarkable though it may seem, these early Town Planners would appear to have attained that same high degree of incomprehensibility and general inconvenience which is the hall mark of their modern counterparts. No better illustration of this can be found than the pedestrian subways of central Dogs Norton, where erstwhile natives of that glorious city have been known to wander, lost for days on end, until rescued from their predicament by a kindly "Bobby" and safely incarcerated in the local looney bin at Sheepy Parva; while on the palatial Ringway above them motorists play an interminable game of Merry-Go-Round, punctuated only by the occasional pile-up, that which took place upon St. Cinemon's Day, the Thursday of last week, attaining the record dimension of one hundred and fifty-three vehicles.

At last Stamford was reached and as the party disembarked the sun, who had hitherto granted us the benison of his effulgence, paid his due mede to the inflexibility of traditional practice by secreting himself behind a cluster of thick and murky clouds where he remained until late afternoon before venturing to appear, once more, coyly, upon the scene.

On the return journey a halt was made by a wayside brook. Lest the automobiles should constitute a hindrance, or an obstruction to other users of the King's Highway, they were driven through a conveniently open gate into a field and here the bountiful provision of hot coffee and cold chicken by the leader of our expedition, Sir Humphrey Backgammon, was gratefully, not to say avidly, consumed. Alas! for the fatibility of human intentions, it was whilst departing, backwards, from this delectable spot that the leading automobile, in which your said humble and unworthy scribe was ensconced as a passenger, collided with the inevitable gatepost. The gatepost remained standing, albeit with all the solemn dignity of an inebriated reveller, but the ruby plastic of the automobile's rear lantern emerged from the concussion with a distinctly woebegon expression.

By this time the sun was setting, and soon we were beset by the shades of night, but I am glad to be able to report that

we returned to Dogs Norton without further mishap save for an inadvertent diversion in the intricately convoluted environs of Coventry and so, belatedly, to bed.

ANGLO-U.S. CIRCLE

REPORT from ED. and HAZEL JOHNSTON

IT was a very happy occasion when our plane landed at Gatwick Airport in the late afternoon of July 14th, 1969, and my wife, Hazel, and I found ourselves on English soil for the first time.

We were met by Mr. and Mrs. Ian Platt and their children of the Anglo-U.S. Circle, and by our host and hostess, Bill and Annie Waring. Thus began a very memorable visit to England; one that we had anticipated for many months.

We were taken by car that evening to the Waring's lovely home in Yorkshire, near Cleckheaton, which was to be our headquarters for six (6) weeks.

We soon met several of the Anglo-U.S. Circle members: Alf. Harrison, George Schales, Cliff Steer and J. R. Stanforth. Of course, knowing Stan, I was soon bending my elbow at one of the local pubs with a schooner of beer in my hand.

Taking day long trips with Bill and Annie and other friends and relatives through the Yorkshire Dales, Devonshire, Derbyshire and Cheshire were the highlights of our visit to this part of your country. We enjoyed the many interesting villages wherever we went.

On our way to London we visited Coventry, the Malvern Hills, Worcester (the China Factory and the Cathedral) and Stratford.

In London we were met by Bob Scott, who was our host during our visit to the city. He not only arranged for our accommodation at a quaint family hotel near Kings Cross Station, but also dinner and a delightful evening at Samuel Pepy's pub on the Thames Embankment, where we met Fred and Dorothy Hearne, Tom and Beryl Hayes and Enid Stater, all members of Circle 24.

We enjoyed every minute of our tour of Downtown London,

truly a magnificent city. One of the highlights there was a visit to Guild Hall at midnight!

Of course we wanted to see more of England, so the day after our return to the Midlands we set out for the beautiful English Lake District and Scotland, going as far north as Ullapool, an interesting fishing village. We returned via Edinburgh, stopping for the night at this fascinating city.

I had barely time to change my socks before we set out for the interesting Roman City of Lincoln. We were guests in the home of a friend of Stan's, a very charming hostess and a lovely person.

The time has now arrived for our departure for home. Bill and Annie brought us to London for an overnight stop with time to visit Windsor Castle before boarding our D.C.8 at 7.20 p.m. on the evening of August 25th, arriving home at 1.0 a.m. local time.

We wish to thank everyone for making our trip so pleasant. We will always remember your beautiful countryside, your pubs (we loved them) and most of all, the wonderful, friendly people we met wherever we went. Thank you again.

CIRCLE NEWS

CIRCLE 12

Circle 12 has been through a rather lean period with low membership. Two of its most able and respected members died last year and others had to drop out owing to pressure of work or study. However, there has recently been an influx of new blood and the "House Full" notice has gone up, with sixteen members. The Gold Labels have been moving around and over the last twelve months have been shared between seven members, which is how it should be.

CIRCLE 17

I am pleased to report that this Circle, which suffered a number of losses in membership during the year 1969, has already this year built membership back to twelve, and by the time this reaches print we hope to have a lucky thirteenth. Help in increasing our numbers came partly from the U.P.P. Recruiting Secretary, Miss Rosamond, and in part from the efforts of our own members.

I am pleased to report a success by one of our members outside U.P.P. activities. Miss Dorothy Comley last year had a colour transparency accepted for exhibition by the Royal Photographic Society.

CIRCLE 32

In October a Rally was held at Cirencester, eleven members of the Circle, together with their husbands and wives, a party of seventeen, spent an excellent week-end. Saturday afternoon was spent touring the Cotswold villages, and in the evening we were very fortunate to be able to use the T.V. room of the Fleece Hotel for a film show, slides being projected coupled with very cryptic comments, which went down very well with everyone.

Sunday morning, off we went again to visit Arlington Row, Bibury, a part of the National Trust property. Although there was no rain during the week-end the weather was very dull, and photography was limited, but the getting together of the Circle members, some meeting for the first time, was the essence of the get-together. Our grateful thanks are due to Estyn Jones, of Liverpool, for the organising of the week-end, and to Kenneth Hood, of Cirencester, who acted as the perfect host and travel guide of the Cotswolds, the area he knows so well.

Report on the Anglo/Australian Circle

This Circle should really be called the Anglo/Australian/New Zealand Circle, because we now have several members in the land of the kiwis, as well as the Aussies. The boxes seem to get a little stuck down under, I think their postal problems are even greater than ours, and that is saying something. However, the Australian Secretary, Norman James-Martin, does his best, and the boxes, if they do not arrive as planned every two months, arrive about four times a year, although not evenly spaced. I now have an Anglo membership of fourteen, and would be pleased to welcome up to four more members.

Whither Exhibitions?

By our Man on the Spot

I THOUGHT that most camera-toting enthusiasts made a beeline for exhibitions, if not for the pleasure of tearing the masterpieces apart then simply to pinch a few ideas. Occasionally for the sheer pleasure of seeing good work.

A quick nip round some recent shows made me wonder what it's all in aid of.

A Local Club Exhibition, well hung in the public library

Typical club stuff. Could have been 1950, 1960 instead of 1970. Inspiration short, general interest low, total effect rather flat. On the second day at lunch-time it commanded an audience of one—me. Admission free.

C.A. Exhibition, Battersea.

Competent performance by authors skilfully trying to please a trained audience and judges but saying little that hasn't been said before. On a Sunday afternoon in London, the day after the official opening, only a handful of mature club types were pottering about, eyeing the exhibits critically. Admission free.

Camberley. World Camera Art.

A flush of hard glossy 15 x 12's, with the authors trying desperately to say something, or at least be different. Their subjects appeared captured rather than contrived. The colour prints were often bizarre and exciting, and the only part of the show well lighted. A couple of dozen viewers appeared to be diligently searching for the message, rather than indulging in sour grapes. Admission free.

Bill Brandt. At the Hayward Gallery, South Bank.

A one-man show of photo-journalism, supplement sequences and art for arts sake. Bits of nude, chunks of rock and snatches of life both formal and crude. A lavish display of

one man's breadth of vision and his views on life and art. There must have been a message, I am not sure if I got it, but hundreds of youngsters were eagerly looking for it at two bob a time. There weren't many oldsters. How does an old man like Bill Brandt keep "with it"?

For the tail end a comment from a letter of Ian Platt, which appears appropriate.

"Exhibitions are above all to be seen, and in common with several U.P.P. friends I try to visit most of the good ones each year. The pity is that more of the good photographers in this country do not support these events with their work because, overseas particularly, this is the best way of showing others what we like and how we approach our mutually shared hobby. Good **contemporary** photography is recognised as being not merely a gimmick but another means of expression."

V.I.P's.

Congratulations to Malcolm Gilson and Richard Tucker, who have gained Associateship of the Royal Photographic Society (A.R.P.S.).

Also Robin Brown for the award of Excellence of the International Federation of Photographic Art (E.F.I.A.P.).

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

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