



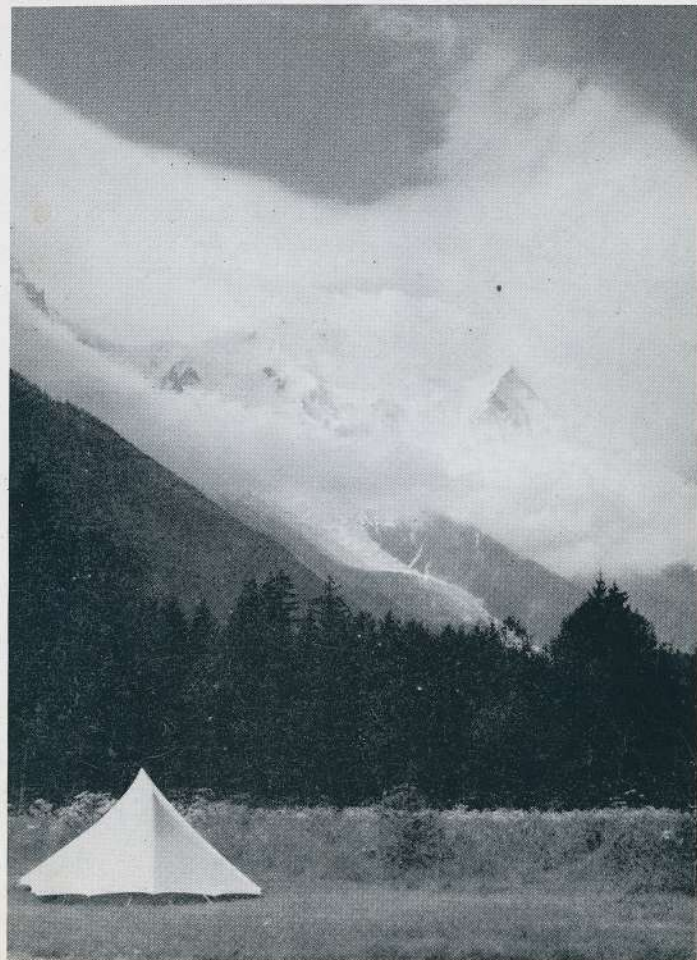
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AUTUMN, 1974

# *The Little Man*

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## THE LITTLE MAN

Number 67

AUTUMN  
1974

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The official  
Magazine of  
The United  
Photographic  
Postfolios  
of Great  
Britain

### To all members

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

Correspondence on general club matters should be sent to the General Secretary Mrs C. Jones. Inquiries about membership should be addressed to the Recruiting Secretary, J. E. Huxtable, 161, Studlands Park, Newmarket, Suffolk.

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

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

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

### EDITORIAL

I must commence by expressing my thanks to all the contributors for responding to my pleas for copy. They have prevented this, my first issue as Editor, from containing only the skeleton facts that always appear in the now annual publication. Bill Armstrong, Muriel Rosamond and Colin Westgate really need no introduction, but Gordon Lycett and Brian Most, both members of the Contemporary slide circle—24, are newcomers into LITTLE MAN print.

Constantly rising printing costs mean that, whilst the future of the magazine is not exactly in jeopardy, some economies will have to be made in the future. Whatever these may be, it is still my intention to include feature articles such as those you have enjoyed in the past. BUT to do so means that I require the wherewithal for just this purpose. With this issue I have, in common with past Editors, gently 'persuaded' friends to contribute something and help me out, but there comes a time when even the most willing horse refuses to move, and unless you, the readers, are either indifferent about the fate of LITTLE MAN, or you are content for it to just be a vehicle for bald reports of the various activities, then PLEASE put pen to paper and send something along for inclusion.

In common with last year, our cover picture is a Gold Label winning print—this time the winner of the plaque for the best small print by J. W. Stokes of Circle 7. This action was forced upon us last year when our regular front cover advertiser opted out and a replacement could not be obtained. In retrospect, this seems to me to be a good thing, as it does at least permit the use of our own photography which gives the cover a more lively look than in the past.

Sadly more obituaries report the passing of old friends. But on the credit side, even if membership is contracting slightly, our Gold Label prints and slides show no diminution in quality, and indeed seem to improve from year to year, which can only augur for the good of the Club as a whole.

## LANDSCAPE? UGH!

by Colin Westgate, A.R.P.S.

WHEN the Editor asked me for an article, preferably controversial, on my approach to photography, I was immediately faced with a quandary. Being an easy going sort of chap, one of my earnest desires is to see more tolerance in photography—no slapping down of the 'traditionalist' by the ultra-mod way out blur and grain man, and an effort by said traditionalist to understand, and perhaps go a little way towards appreciating, just what our grainy friend is up to (whether or not he knows himself!).

Alas, I fear the gulf is unbridgeable, and we shall forever have the man with the magnifying glass seeking every last spot, just as we shall have condemnation of the chocolate box by our avante garde friend. So what is the answer? Perhaps to try and enjoy the best of both worlds; to take a traditional subject and attempt to approach it in, for sake of a better phrase, a creative or contemporary manner.

Take, for example, landscape. There could hardly be a more traditional subject than this. Almost every photographer takes them at some time or another, and they are undoubtedly a favourite with folio fiends. But—so many of those seen at the Club competition, or in the box, are merely recordings of scenery, with no attempt at individual interpretation or personal involvement. A traditional subject, but oh, so boring. So, how to find a fresh approach, to get some excitement or feeling into the picture? Well, the desire to break new ground is in itself, half the battle, but the other half is not nearly so easy to define and I would say is mainly instinctive.

The photographer must have a feeling for what he is trying to do, a rapport with the subject, otherwise it is that much more difficult to achieve success. The aim must be to project something of oneself into the picture; to show how the individual sees the scene before him; the impression it makes; the effect on the emotions. To put all this onto a piece of bromide paper is not easy, and the chances are that the result will be so individual that nobody else will like it. So what? I guarantee that if the above can be achieved, it will be a far more satisfying picture to the author than the usual cold rendering that is dished up year in year out.



So, how to go about it? Well, the very essence of an individual approach is that it should come from individual thinking, so any suggestions that I might make could, quite legitimately, be dismissed out of hand. However, hoping that a little bit of that tolerance that I mentioned earlier might prevail, here are one or two ideas to toss around. The first is to forget all about things like 'rules of thirds', 'avoiding half way horizons at all costs', 'fluffy clouds' and 'full range of tones'. Think instead about blank skies, ground level viewpoints, red filters and Agfa Grade 6 (I wish there were a grade 7), and yes, think even of the dreaded grain. It is, after all, an impressionist approach that is sought, not a beautiful record of a pretty piece of countryside. So, anything goes, from ferri to fiddling tones, distortion to darkroom dabbling. Composition? Forget it—damn it, if it **looks** right, then it **is** right. Relegate it to the subconscious and be guided by instinct.

Dear landscape lover, do not throw up your hands in horror at what might seem a sacrilege to your shrine—take a look at yourself and your work. Are your 'pictures' cold unfeeling renderings of the local beauty spot? Or, dare I say it, *Holiday snapshots*? If so, take a bite of the apple, once you have succumbed, you will revel in your sinfulness. Put



a foot on the exciting path of impressionism; it may not win Gold Labels, but it will give you a greater feeling of fulfilment in your photography. And, be assured, you will not be a lone voice in the wilderness—somewhere, someone, will appreciate what you are doing—even if it is only me!

But, as I said in the beginning, I believe in tolerance, so if you are content to plod your weary way, then by all means do so. You may not produce works of art, but then you can take heart that in another hundred years, just as in the last, 99% of photographers will still be churning out dull and unemotional landscapes.

## QUOTABLE QUOTES

by G. A. Lycett, A.R.P.S., E.F.I.A.P.

**I**N my travels around the country meeting and listening to fellow photographers, certain maxims and catch phrases are remembered because of a strong feeling of agreement, resentment or utter amazement that such things are believed and expounded. You may read the following and place your own interpretation on them.

Federation judges should not give low marks to beginners slides so as not to discourage them.

I never mark a slide below 10/I never give a slide 20 marks.

Every slide should have a centre of interest which **MUST** be on the thirds/Golden Mean.

Every picture must have a part of it which is sharply focussed.

Camera Clubs—they only take sunsets.

The slide has too much foreground and too much background.

I don't understand and cannot explain the picture but it is a winner.

It is impossible to take good pictures on a club outing. You cannot expect to take good pictures unless the sun is shining (over your shoulder?).

Rules—there are no rules for professionals, they are for amateurs.

'Our guest speaker tonight is Mr. er, um, er—well you all know him, so here he is to talk to us about . . .'

Slides are easy, just press the button and Kodaks/Agfa do the rest.

There is little or no original work done at any level.

FIAP honours are awarded for 'making coffee'.

This picture has been done many times before and we must discourage further copies—2 marks.

Photographers must be bound and spotted for projection.

If you come across any Quotable Quotes, why not let the editor know.

## COMIC (?) CRITICISMS

by Muriel Rosamond

**P**PRINTS are put in the portfolio for criticism, not sympathy'. (Not from a U.P.P. circle.)

Said about a contre-jour picture of a lychgate with one of the gates open, and the sunlight pouring through, which was entitled 'Enter Ye'. 'The title is more inviting than the print'. (Again not from a U.P.P. circle.)

Perhaps these can more properly be described as cruel rather than comic!

The third from a U.P.P. circle, but a long time ago. The quality of the work submitted by one member could not, by the longest stretch of imagination, be described as good, and it became evident that he would not accept helpful criticisms. Not known to any of the members personally, it was felt that he was quite old, and at the stage where he thought the young 'uns should listen to the old 'uns, and not argue with them. One sensed quite a considerable antagonism building up towards him. The final blow fell when in one round he submitted a tone separation print of a group of silver birches, a busy subject not at all suited to the process. The print was just less than 1/1 plate, and was mounted horizontally at the top of a 15" x 12" mount. Underneath, in letters quite 2" high, was scrawled his 3 letter signature (surname only) in thick red felt pen. One could see that the first few critics were at a loss for words, but after about 6 criticisms there came one which lead to the print maker's resignation. It was 'I like your signature, but what is that scruffy piece of paper stuck above it?' Cruel? Probably so, but at least it terminated a membership which was in danger of causing quite a bit of disruption within the circle. Perhaps in these more enlightened (?) days the three letter signature would have elicited a four letter criticism.

## "AROUND THE EXHIBITIONS"

**London Salon** in its changed and vastly improved venue and date, this most prestigious of events was utterly transformed from the usual by the compelling display of enormous colour prints by Haas. If their size was impressive, the photographic vision was breathtaking, and when it was revealed that they were all done from original 35mm transparencies, the scope of colour printing took on another dimension.

**Worcestershire Colour Slide International** seen from the 'inside' as a helper behind the scenes, was noticeable for a vastly improved and fairer method of selection being employed, and for the sad lack of numbers of general public who came to see the final show.

**Blackpool Open** is always a pleasant visit, and this year the previous trend towards more and better colour prints was maintained. Unsophisticated but solid.

**Fentham PS** is a small and very new Club in the Midlands who recently held their second members exhibition. The usual display of modest and slightly archaic members prints was relieved by an interesting collection of invitation panels from nearby Clubs, and some exciting picture cubes.

**Bristol Salon** shown in their usual slightly forbidding, but reasonably capacious Museum locale. The monochrome print section, unlike so many other exhibitions, seemed to be striking vigorous and plentiful, whereas the colour prints disappointed in their mediocrity.

**Birkenhead Colour Slide International** was seen from a seat among the selectors, where, all too often ones impressions are blurred with the fatigue of repetition. Here however selection was smooth and effortless, and although numbers were quite high, the system permitted a review of **every single** accepted slide for possible honours award. A luxury nowadays.

The general impression is that the established exhibitions continue to flourish against continuing adverse odds of increasing costs. The standard of entry seems to be on a plateau at present, and is only lifted out of the ordinary by special displays such as seen at the London Salon and Fentham. The non-photographic public will only trouble to go to those that show something new surely?

## THE CENTRAL ASSOCIATION EXHIBITION 1974

**M**EMBERS will be aware that U.P.P. is a member club of the Central Association of Photographic Societies which is itself one of the Regional Federations which make up the Photographic Alliance. The one activity of the C.A. which concerns us is its annual exhibition held at the Battersea Public Library, Clapham, in April/May each year. Entries may only be made through affiliated clubs and no one may enter through more than one club. Inter-club competitions are held for the Switch Shield and the Herbert Memorial Trophy but the latter, for monochrome slides only, may be dropped for lack of support. The Switch Shield goes to the club scoring the highest marks with its best 8 pictorial and 4 record prints and 4 pictorial and 2 record slides from a minimum number of members who are in any case limited to two entries in each class. The C.A. then selects a panel to represent them in competition with other Federations in the Photographic Alliance Exhibition which tours the country for several months. The standard of the C.A. is very high and that of the Alliance even higher and it is quite an honour to gain acceptances.

In 1974 U.P.P. sent in its smallest entry for many years, 42 prints and 30 slides, but the standard was high and we tied for first place with the City of London & Cripplegate P.S.—the first time there has been a tie. We scored 84½ points for prints and 55 for slides compared with 90½ and 49 respectively by City of London & Cripplegate who had a total of 33 acceptances against our 20. This shows clearly that quality, not quantity is important but we do badly need more support from members who are not entering work through a local club.

Our congratulations go to the following members who gained acceptances through U.P.P. and also to E. L. Appleton, L. G. Hawkins, R. J. Freeman, A. J. McDade and A. Spier who had work accepted through other clubs:—

### Pictorial Prints

"En Garde"	A. J. Bignell
"He's late again"	A. E. Cunnew
"Girl on the Beach" (Cert)	D. W. Hogg, A.R.P.S.
"Pelicans"	H. B. Milsom
"Railings" (Cert)	H. B. Milsom
"Seagulls" (Cert)	R. J. Norris, L.R.P.S.
"Pavement Pattern"	C. Westgate, A.R.P.S.
"Benched"	C. J. Spooner

### Record Prints

"Heron"	Mrs. P. F. Heathcote, L.R.P.S.
"Indo Chinese Temple Joss" (Cert)	Mrs. E. Witt
"Bandstand, Eastbourne"	C. Westgate, A.R.P.S.
"Antietam Creek"	G. C. White

### Pictorial Slides

"The red Chalets"	A. Bridel, A.P.S.A.
"Majorcan Fisherman" (Cert)	N. A. Callow
"Glass" (Cert)	R. O. Couchman
"Sentinel"	C. Steer
"Downland Farmstead"	C. Westgate, A.R.P.S.

### Record Slides

"Honey Bee"	N. A. Callow
"Syrphus Balteatus"	N. A. Callow
"Palace of Inscriptions, Palenque, Mexico" (Mono)	R. P. Jonas, A.R.P.S.

## V.I.P. NEWS

Our sincere congratulations to the following who have distinguished themselves in one field or another, and apologies if anyone has been missed, but the Editors' powers of clairvoyance are limited!

ARPS to Bill Gillingham of Circle 23  
Gordon Lycett of Circle 24

### London Salon

The following members had acceptances:

E. L. Appleton FRPS, W. Armstrong, S. Berg ARPS, L. Hawkins ARPS, D. W. Hogg ARPS, R. King FRPS, I. W. Platt FRPS, Sir George F. Pollock, Bt. FRPS.

### The RPS International

Acceptances by:

E. L. Appleton FRPS, W. Armstrong, D. W. Hogg ARPS, J. Nicholson FRPS, I. W. Platt FRPS.

# JUDGING IN EUROPE

## 1. GERMANY

by Bill Armstrong

**E**ARLIER this year I received an invitation from V.D.A.V., the German equivalent of our Photographic Alliance, to join a panel of judges for a European photographic contest—Junge Fotografen zeigen Europa 1974—for people under 21. You could have knocked me down with a feather. I wondered if some colossal error had been made, but it was addressed to me. So no feathers being available I accepted and in due course spent several interesting days in Germany. It was fun to try out my evening-class German and exciting to see the photographic work of the youth of most European countries, including many from behind the Iron Curtain.

It presumably started a few years ago when V.D.A.V. wrote to the LITTE MAN, sending literature and making friendly noises. L.M. replied politely and so an intermittent correspondence began. Occasionally, beautiful German magazines arrived by post. The best I could do in return was to send the latest L.M.!

You may well see a report of the competition in the A.P. when they next have one of their "international" issues.

It attracted a wide entry but very few from the U.K. Surprisingly enough more from Ireland and including some prizewinners.

The national outcome was to ask why and to discuss what could be done to encourage U.K. photographers to get involved in European affairs. We may be members of E.E.C., but Europe still tends to be over the sea and far away, despite the fact that some countries are closer to London than Scotland.

I offered to try to stir things up a bit. U.P.P. could, for instance, have an Anglo-German folio. There are ways round the language problem. We have some German speaking members, and many Germans know some English. Pictures need no language and it could be fun. Our Council are giving the matter some thought.

Outside the U.P.P. there is scope for clubs to link up

with German counterparts, chosen carefully if necessary to have similar interests. Many towns are already "twinned" with others in Europe. Their clubs could co-operate and might even have the town's financial blessing for joint ventures. It must extend the interest not only of "pictorialists" but probably more so the natural history and other record aspects. A change of wild life or brickwork or bench ends could widen the horizon. Anyway, give it a thought, and drop me a line.

V.D.A.V. run competitions and seminars—the latter sometimes free—and an attempt will be made to publicise the events better in our press. Much club photography in both countries tends to be parochial and determined by local interest and standards. They are much the same as we are, despite the fact that it is usually the international and avant garde exhibitors that make the headlines. But if photography is a universal language by all means let's get talking.

## 2. AUSTRIA

by Ian Platt

**T**HE invitation to act as one of the five selectors at the 4th International Colour Slide Exhibition in Linz, Austria, was accepted with alacrity, and after the necessary travel arrangements had been made, I was winging my way via Lufthansa and Austrian airlines, with the strains of Mozarts K 425 Symphony still in my ears, as a prelude to the trip.

Arriving at 2230, I was met ceremonially by the Salon Chairman, Dieter Doppler, and introduced to a veritable Who's Who of colour photography—Ernst Mathe, Karl Bammer and Peter Roch, all fellow-selectors together with the Chairman himself, in addition to various other notaries. We celebrated my arrival with a glass of slivovitz, and repaired to a nearby restaurant to natter away into the early hours of the morning.

The vagaries of cheap travel insisted that my trip be of six days duration. Any less or any more would have involved exactly double the air fare. Thus my first full day in Linz was the day before any judging was to be engaged in, and my hosts took me on a breathtaking and breathless trip by



car to the Saltkammergut, the Lake District of Austria. After a generally indifferent Summer, the entire stay was graced with beautiful weather, which Chairman Doppler said had been specially 'ordered' for me. We returned to Linz in the evening for a ceremonial send-off to the exhibition judging in the form of a sumptuous meal at the Restaurant that has a permanently reserved room for the exhibition team for the next three days.

The following morning was free also, and in company with Dieter Doppler we spent it looking at two print exhibitions in the city. One was his own one-man show of 80 or so beautiful colour prints that has been on show at a large Bank for 6 weeks, and the other was almost exclusively the work of professional photographers. After lunch we moved to the premises of the judging and soon got down to business.

Total entries received were just under 3,500, and the chosen system of selection was to view all these and just vote IN or OUT. This aspect of the job took until 7 p.m. on that first day, and carried on with an 0830 start until 1300 on the second day. With five selectors, the organisation was geared to coping with their individual preferences by selecting for further consideration any entry that received 1 or more votes in favour—a system that would be difficult to improve upon. This reprojection of the better entries commenced after lunch on day two, and continued until mid-morning—approximately 10 a.m. on day three, and on this re-run we were using a point-scoring system of marks on the scale 5 to 10. Obviously, having already seen everything once, and having gauged the standard, one was able to make full use of this range, and indeed I recall giving full marks on several occasions. Only after this stage, had been completed, was any attempt made at drawing a dividing line between accept and reject, and even then all borderline cases were re-run for a third time to ensure that the best were retained within the framework of acceptable numbers. Up to lunchtime on this third day was finished off by choosing the various award winners, and again every accepted entry was seen again in looking for possible Hon. Mention awards.

In the afternoon, whilst the Exhibition Committee were

closeted behind doors doing all the vast and necessary paperwork, Peter Roch and I looked around the old part of Linz, and, on seeing some water-skiing in progress on the Danube, we were soon taking pictures of the patterns of water and light made by the experts. We had been doing this for some ten minutes when the boat drew into the jetty, and the driver invited one of us aboard to take pictures. Peter kindly let me go, and an exhilarating and bumpy fifteen minutes passed taking these water artists practising from the best possible viewpoint, before I ran out of film and good light simultaneously.

My last day was spent with Dieter Doppler and a friend, in a visit to Salzburg, the location of the firm who were going to print the catalogue. No less than 40 colour pages were planned, which, in common with the last occasion that Fotosektion, Linz organised the exhibition in 1972, must make it among the best catalogues in the world.

Very early the following morning, after an 0530 rise, I very reluctantly said farewell to Dieter Doppler, who by now had become a firm friend, and took away with me wonderful memories of delightful companionship from all my hosts, and the sumptuous meals that they gave me, plus their courtesy and charm throughout the visit, and especially at the presentation ceremony they made me on my last evening with them. Added to which the business for which I had gone in the first place, was of a very high standard, and I even had time, and a little luck, for some personal photography, it was a trip never to be forgotten.

## WELCOME TO ENGLAND BY THE ANGLO/US CIRCLE

After a strenuous tour of Europe, Warren and Hannelore Williams, members of the Anglo/US circle living in New York State, America, finished off their holiday with a trip to the Olde Country. Before leaving America, they were invited to spend a few days at the home of Bill and Annie Waring, who live in the little village of High Town, near Liversedge, Yorkshire. After so much travelling, Warren and Hannelore were delighted to be able to enjoy the quiet pleasures of the England countryside. On the 6th July, Bill and Annie invited all the English members of the Circle to a 'Welcome to England' party for Warren and Hannelore. Due to holidays and travelling distance, some of the members were unfortunately unable to be present, but most of them rang through to Bill's home and had a chat on the telephone with Warren and Hannelore.

Those that were able to get to High Town were given a real Yorkshire welcome by Bill and Annie. After a very satisfying lunch, we all moved to a nearby hall where the highlight of the proceedings was the presentation by Hannelore of a pewter pint Tankard to the Circle Secretary, J. R. Stanforth, known to us all as 'Stan', to mark the recent occasion of his retirement from business. After thanking everyone for his gift, Stan promptly demonstrated, to the delight of the guests, that the Tankard could be properly used, by downing a pint of English beer in record time. Following a lovely buffet tea provided by Annie and her willing helpers, we returned to Bills home, until finally after a farewell drink it was time for us all to take our leave, say our thanks to Bill and Annie, and Cheerio to Warren and Hannelore.

CLIFF STEER.

## PERAMBULATION'S WITH A PENTAX

by Dr. B. H. Most, A.R.P.S.

"I'd like you to go to Belize as soon as you can", my Director of Research said to me last Christmas. I thought to myself, Belize, very nice too, now where is it? Ah yes, I recall, next to Honduras and just south of Mexico, more or less. "What's it like?" I enquired of a friend who'd been there. "Hot; mosquitoes; the usual collection of vividly coloured tropical birds—take your camera." Then he paused and added, "Uhm—the roads are not very good."

I arrived and found Belize to be a fascinating place. The birds were beautiful, there were mosquitoes and as for the roads—"Mon Dieu! Words almost fail me." They were (and still are) dreadful and can best be described thus: B for bad, L for lousy, O for orful, O . . . . Having completed my business it was time to leave and it had been arranged that I, and an American, also on company business, would be picked up at nearby airstrip at 11.15 a.m. We would fly 30 miles further north to collect several Company Directors at 11.30, then fly 90 miles south to the main airport at Belize, arriving at noon for a 12.40 departure. There was a small group of people at the airstrip whiling away time with a yarn or two. The one I liked best was told by a laconic Rhodesian crop spray pilot. He and another pilot had found a rather dilapidated old plane suitable for spraying, which they renovated enough to fly up to their Headquarters. The Rhodesian taxied to the end of the runway and as he revved up the engine a mouse frantically dived out of the cockpit and scurried up the run-way. He took off somewhat disconcerted by thoughts of rats and sinking ships, only to notice a large, green lizard desperately hanging on to the left wing, its tail flapping in the breeze. Quite soon the lizard fell off, and the pilot arrived safely. When they stripped the plane properly they found a wing strut with severe internal corrosion. He commended wryly—"That mouse knew a thing or two!"

Meanwhile time was passing by and at 11.40 someone went off to find out where the plane was. Just before 11.50

a vast, old, battered Chevrolet pulled up with a taciturn driver at the wheel. "Jump in" he said, "we go to Santa Cruz by 12.15." "You're joking!" we all cried, "that's 30 miles away." "No, dis de truf—come quick!" So we leapt aboard, with me next to the driver. "Fast"—I commanded, and spent 25 minutes repenting my command. The speed limit in villages is 20 mph and some have ramps across the road to ensure this. The main speed limit is 50 mph. Thirty miles divided 25 mins.—hmmmmmmmm! We flew over ramps at 40 mph except past the Police Station—a decorous 30 mph. Down the (highway?) with pelted horn blaring, chickens, piglets, children scattering in front, a vast cloud of white dust pluming behind, and the speedometer on the wrong side of 80. We screeched around corners in fantastic style; all I needed was a hat low over my eyes, a six-gun, and some chewing-gum.

Our driver, unbelievably phlegmatic, became somewhat distressed at one point for approaching us at speed was a large cane-truck, being overtaken by an equally large cane-truck! We seemed to be closing fairly rapidly. Our driver took his left hand, which until then had been cooling out of the window in the breeze, and put it on the wheel. Both hands on the wheel seemed to do the trick for everyone passed safely and we arrived at the airstrip in a cloud of dust. We threw suitcases aboard the plane and followed suit. No sooner aloft than frantic messages were sent to the airport asking them to hold the main flight. Probably because we had a Director or two aboard they did so. We landed five minutes after scheduled take-off, and never have I seen so many officials running around an airstrip. Someone took the suit cases; forms were given out; "Hurry, hurry." I ran along trying to put my name down and tripped over my camera bag. "Hurry, hurry." Up the steps; name filled in: "Sign here and leave the rest", and we took off just ten minutes late. When we had caught our breath my American friend set to work—drinking Bloody Mary's, trying out his Spanish, and ogling the Air Hostesses. He said "Do you realise that we fly past Cuba?" "Uh huh" I replied. He continued "Have you seen the Captain's name?" I peered round the corner and saw—"Captain, A. Castro!"

On my second trip over these dreadful roads I was

marvelling that we could ever have driven at 50 mph over them (but now I was in a Land Rover) let alone 80, when we saw a cane-truck capsized on it's side across the road. We edged past and were just about to enquire if anyone was hurt when we saw the traffic cop—truly a sight for sore eyes. Resplendent in shiny high boots, immaculate uniform, white crash-helmet on his head, and gloves held under his left arm-pit, he was a model of sartorial elegance. There, in all his glory with his back to the accident, he stood with a stick of sugar cane filched from the truck in his left hand and a cutlass in his right munching away at a mouthful of cane whilst chipping away idly at the rind preparing another tasty chew. The driver—oh yes he was fine.

All this bumping around might help to explain why the meter on my Spotmatic seems a bit neurotic at present. Many years ago I was conned, though never regretted it, into exchanging my Retinette for a Pentax. This happened in the sleepy agricultural city of Pietermaritzburg, my home town. The dealer, a much travelled Dutchman and friend, was peering into the lens and saying "Ah Ha, I see a journey before you to a large murky city this year." "Don't be so silly, you're breathing on the lens" I said. "Anyhow when do I start?" "Just as soon as you've signed a cheque for £62.00." It wasn't many months later that I found myself in London early in May. The day I arrived was to my eyes as grey and drizzly and gloomy as any I had yet seen. Could it get worse. I wondered. "Good heavens", I was told, "It's almost mid-summer. Enjoy the sun while you can for there's winter yet to come!" "Cor!" I gasped.

In the course of time, having left England and wandered abroad for a few years I returned to England, and acquired a wife, a house and a squawky Burmese tom cat. Not long after we were married I decided that my wife should see the beauty of Natal, meet her in-laws and see some real sunshine. We took the Burmese together with several pairs of ear-plugs to the kennels, wished them luck and hopped on a "Jumbo". We landed in sunshine. "There you are, sunshine" I said. I forgot that August in Natal is a treacherous month and drizzles and much wind (who's for flower photography?) cloud and even snow on the mountains. We had it all, even the snow, and to our surprise on occasion some sun.

Strange things seem to happen when my wife and I venture out with our cameras in Natal. One day we were driving through a game park near Pietermaritzburg and had stopped to photograph Zebra: I was just about to press the button on a superbly composed picture of Zebra bottoms (they did seem hungry that afternoon) when my wife screeched "Help." "SSh—don't disturb me I'm being creative" I snapped. "Help" came another plea. I turned round to see a Zebra with its head in the open window trying to lick my wife's ear. "Good Heavens" I exclaimed, meanwhile thinking that it would be my luck to have on the camera a 75-210mm Sun Zoom when I needed a very wide-angle lens!

Not many miles from the zebra-incident we went into a kind of zoo late in the afternoon. We were wandering around and saw, in a large enclosure, four Wildebeast and a solitary Rhino. Immediately he saw us this beast came cantering over and rubbed his head against the fence, which bulged alarmingly but held to our relief. I turned away to look at something else when I heard a gasp and coughing. I looked around to see my wife and the rhino emerging from a cloud of dust. My raised eyebrows elicited the comment "He looked so lonely so I decided to pat him. How was I to know he'd be so dusty?" And indeed who would have? I then enveloped myself in dust by patting him too, for he was lonely and seeking company. We felt very sorry for him.

We left South Africa clutching our hot-water bottles and chuckling over this with this story, apocryphal we hope, of an American photographer who visited South Africa. He was in that portion of the Cape known as the Karoo, and was breathtaken by the grandeur of that lonely, flat, semi-desert land. Whilst standing there cogitating on exposures and compositions he was approached by an old Boer farmer, who was fascinated by the camera and gadgets around the neck of the photographer. "Tell me, eh, what are these things around your neck?" he asked. "Well these are cameras, and this is a light meter, and this is . . . . "What do you do with the cameras, eh?" "I am taking pictures of your lovely veldt." "Ag, man—this is very interesting, tell me about it." The obliging American

explained at length to the old farmer and then he stated that at that moment he was taking pictures in black and white. The Boer thought about this for a moment, and then looking him straight in the eye said "Ag man—black and white pictures eh, you use separate cameras I presume?"

## GOING ROUND IN CIRCLES

### CIRCLE 3

The Circle has functioned steadily with resignations balanced by the enrolment of new members, who have already proved an asset to the Circle. The Aberdare contingent has had a most successful year, as evidenced by the Circle entries for the AGM.

### CIRCLE 4

Since this colour print Circle started three years ago there has been a full complement of members and, at times, overflowing. Now however there are a few vacancies. Bob Child is emigrating to Australia, Cliff Turner hopes to rejoin us in the New Year after meeting his commitments, and Edith Witt had to resign owing to illness. So if anyone would like to partake while there is an opportunity, now is the time.

Quite a number of members also belong to local clubs and all have maintained that the standard of this Circle exceeds their local clubs. This is to be expected when we have the maestro himself, Baron Woods with us, the impeccable technique of Bernard Heathcote and John Cannam, the scintillating criticisms of Thomas Metcalfe, and not least, the vast improvement of everyone's work since joining, which of course is one of the benefits of folio membership. The Hon. Sec. endeavours to keep the notebook alive with discussions on various aspects of colour printing, also at the same time not forgetting the valuable hints and tips the members contribute. So once again, anyone like to join us?

## **CIRCLE 12**

Membership hovers between 13 and 14 and it seems that as soon as we find a new member, another has to resign for health or other reasons. The general standard remains high and there is considerable keenness and a lovely notebook which ranges widely outside matters photographic. For the second year running seven members have shared the twelve Gold Labels, with no one winning more than three.

Last year we reported:—"The Secretary is waging a constant battle to keep the folios under 10 lbs. to save postage but some members seem unable to find really light weight mounts." This battle still continues and as folios often run just over 10 lbs. the expedient has been adopted of putting two sets of criticism sheets in one overweight box and none in the next one which is thereby kept under 10 lbs.

Members also have the option of using the telephone instead of warning cards. This can save a few pence over the year and also save time, provided that conversations are kept to the minimum time rate allowance.

## **CIRCLE 18**

The Circle had a very enjoyable weekend at Leamington Spa in May, and all our thanks are due to Phillip who arranged it so well that the nine members and two wives who were able to attend had hardly any time to sleep!

Our thanks also to models, particularly to Lynne who came with us on the Sunday to Warwick, and dressed in a medieval costume. She virtually 'stopped the show'.

Our Gold Labels were well shared out again this year, seven members sharing the twelve awarded; one less member than last year when eight names were on the list. Apart from being down to thirteen members, with a couple of prospects being 'worked on', the Circle is going well in its usual uneventful way, with boxes going smoothly and regularly.

## **CIRCLE 22**

A change of secretary has marked the year for Circle 22, Dick McAdam Hall having to resign after some years, due to pressure of work. Dick has also dropped out of the Circle but hopes to return some time in the future. Our new secretary is David Williams, with Cliff Johnson as Deputy.

Membership is down to twelve with one potential new member, but we could do with more! During the year twelve Gold Labels were awarded, four going to Allan Wood, two each to Mac Clark, George White and Cliff Johnson, with the remaining two to John Gibbs and David Williams.

## **CIRCLE 27**

The membership is falling very slowly. Bob Donnelly has given up for health reasons (subsequently news of his death arrived. See obituary—Ed.) and Tom Pearse seems to be detained somewhere in Europe. The actual membership is now 14. One would think that this would help the boxes to get round quicker but no such luck!

The Circle rally this year moved up north to York, and it was a great pleasure for Stan and Mrs. Stanforth, Henry, Albert and Willy to meet Mr. and Mrs. Alf Shaw for the first time. After lunch at the Viking and a look in at the Cathedral the afternoon was spent in the Castle Museum—a fascinating place. Tea was followed by a trip up the river to the Archbishops Palace, and a drink, rest and good natter before saying goodbye and heading for home.

The Bill Boyce Trophy competition took a different form this year—being anonymous. In addition to votes for the slides, there was an additional 'bonus' for guessing the authors names. The winner was Bill Dales.

The league champion has not yet been named due to a folio hold-up, but the chief contenders are Ken, Bertie, Alf, George and Mona.

## **CIRCLE 31**

A sadness came over the members of Circle 31 recently when we heard of the death of one of our oldest members. The Circle is now approaching its 250th folio, and for nearly all of that time Harold Grieve has been a member. There has always been an open invitation to any members of the Circle on holiday in his part of Scotland to call on him if in the area, and all who have done so have invariably been impressed by his kindness. As one member put it he was the 'perfect gentleman'. Harold had been retired for many years and he put in many pictures of his native Scotland for our enjoyment. But most of his working life was spent

in the Far East as a planter, and now and again he was called from his retirement for short periods to return to those parts in an advisory capacity, and he always returned with a new batch of pictures of those far away places, some of which appeared in the folios as a change from those of his native country. He will be greatly missed in the Circle.

### **CIRCLE 33**

Because of the Circle Secretary's forgetfulness on the last occasion these notes span two years. In April last year the Circle held its first Meet—voted a very successful one—at Evercreech in eastern Somerset. The Saturday outing was to Wells, where members either renewed, or were initiated into, the pleasures of architectural photography. After tea, taken back at the hotel, members explored the village and the long focus lenses were much in evidence in photographing the gargoyles of the local church. The Friday evening was given over to the projection of slides of members and guests, while on the Saturday evening there was a mammoth programme consisting of two main-feature slide programmes: a journey to Marrakesh by Andy Spier and a theme based on the Four Seasons by Roland Reed. The first showed how much could be achieved in the course of a single trip; the second showed what can be achieved by assiduously working one's own home territory, since nearly all the slides were taken within a ten mile radius of the author's home near Stourport-on-Severn. On the Sunday (brilliantly sunny compared with the mostly cloudy bright of the Saturday) the gardens at Stourhead were visited where most members found enough photographic subjects and problems to keep them busy, and in addition were conversant with the garden party scenes when The Pallisers subsequently appeared on TV.

The number of transparencies taken during this weekend which have subsequently been entered in the voting rounds of the folios has been quite gratifying. The Circle Secretary was able to walk about at Stourhead relatively unencumbered because it was not until arrival there that he discovered that secretarial duties had distracted him from bringing his gadget bag on the outing—fortunately he had remembered to wear the camera and 50mm lens round his

neck. Circle membership is currently fourteen, and an interesting feature of the past year has been the case of a member (Sid Westwood) who, during a temporary absence due to pressure on his time, continued to submit slides to the folios and ended up with six of the top twelve slides of the year and the Circle Certificate.

### **CIRCLE 36**

The circle membership has stayed stable throughout the last year at 17 members, although we lost Tom Gibson for personal reasons, we gained George Miles who joined the very same week as Tom resigned, we hope he will enjoy his membership.

The circle had a small get-together at Woburn Abbey which 5 members and their wives and families attended on the 20th July. The weather was extremely kind to us with warm sunshine lasting all day. It was decided to try and make an annual event of this but in the autumn next year to take advantage of the colours and avoid the main holiday times so that more members may be able to attend. Cliff Steer and Les Yallup have been co-opted into looking into the possibilities of some venues for next year and making the necessary arrangements.

This has been the most successful year on record for 36. Cliff Steer has become joint winner of the Leighton Herdson Trophy with his slide "Red Umbrella", the second time in 2 years that a circle member has won it, Ian Platt winning it last year. Cliff also won the Best Slide award as well as the circle certificate, Les Yallup gained Hon. Mentions also.

The circle also gained the Best Colour Circle award and the Gold Star Best Circle award, making an almost clean sweep of the colour slide awards.

Congratulations to Cliff on his personal awards and all the other members who made the circle awards possible.

### **ANGLO-US CIRCLE**

Membership pretty stable, though we could do with a few more American members, and could cope with a couple more Anglos. Pull out the stops, blokes!

Disruption of services still wags a tail, but things are nearly back to (ab)normal, and we just managed to get seven GLs on show (from as many different members) in place of the scheduled eight. Still, the seven were better

than any other twelve!

The highlight of our year was the visit of Warren and Hannelore from New York State. A separate report (hopefully) appears on another page, so apart from registering the secretarial pleasure at meeting our visitors and so many Anglos, some for the first time, and amazement that Bill and Annie Waring and their horde of helpers could exceed their high standard of hostship, if there is such a word, I'll leave it at that. Except for a tiny beef. In Bill's far-flung outpost the publicans have not been told of the proper opening time. Or did we forget to adjust our watches to local time? The rest of England must have been beautiful with the sight of open and opening doors.

Finally, it has to be reported that the circle has found a way of silencing the Sec. Present him with a tankard, and he's gagged. However, he is religiously trying to wear it out, and will give warning when replacement is needed after a couple of weeks practice at saying "Thank you" properly, if not adequately.

Finally, late news of the sudden death of Derrick Slingsby, came as a great shock. He joined the Club in 1967 and passed away whilst on holiday.

#### **Anglo/Australian/New Zealand**

Another steady year, where prints for a fifth circulating box have been gathered by the Anglo's and are now making their first round in Australia. This we hope will save gaps that overseas postal delays have caused.

Though there has been little growth on the Anglo side (we should welcome 3 or 4 new members!!) the work has been of a high standard and the fat overfed notebook tells its own tale of good fellowship and keen interest of all members here and overseas.

## **THE GOLD LABEL COMPETITION 1974**

**T**HE Gold Label judging, held in the premises of the Camera Club, in London, was conducted on a Thursday evening in late August. Starting just before 6.30 p.m., the two judges, Vic Attfield, F.R.P.S. and Cyril Hale, F.R.P.S., both members of the London Salon, were soon engrossed in the sifting process of choosing the best print from each Circle, and at the same time carrying a mental picture of the best overall Circle for the Gold Star award. The organisation went very smoothly, with the rapid gathering-up of already judged prints on one table, whilst selection of the next Circle was being done at another. The judges, who are also members of the City of London and Cripplegate Club, were usually in total accord when it came to picking their favourite entry from each Circle. Occasionally, and inevitably, there were differences, and these were resolved by discussion, or the mental toss of a coin, and in one case—that of the award for the best small print—by leaving an apparently deadlocked situation to return later and resolve it.

Five Circles were in the running for the distinction of being the best, and gradually these were eliminated down to just two, before the final choice was made. This proved to be quite difficult as one had the edge on overall quality of entry and the other in variety of subject matter and treatment.

Individual Circle winners were then reappraised for their various major awards—the best small and large print—and also the best overall print for Leighton Herdson Trophy contention. This finally completed we were all able to adjourn to the bar for liquid refreshment before tackling the slides. During conversation in this lull in proceedings, both Judges asked if it might not be possible to limit the number of entries from any one author, as they had felt some misgivings after having learned that one print Circle had half its entry from one individual. It was pointed out however, that this really had not affected the final result in any way, as they were being asked to pick the best panel of prints, not necessarily the best Circle as a whole.

After the recess the slides were viewed, including the few larger than 2 x 2 entries. The procedure was much as before; all a Circles' entry being shown quickly, and without comment, then reviewed and discussed before picking a winner. The judges were most impressed with the overall standard of this section, and readily agreed that they could see that this was U.P.P.'s strength in the C.A. Competition in which we tied this year with Cripplegate. The Gold Star Circle was an immediate and unanimous choice, as too was the slide plaque winner when all the individual Certificate winning entries were finally reviewed at the end. Up to now the inevitable occasional differences of opinion between two individuals had been ironed out by compromise. But this did not happen when it came to choosing between the best print and best slide for the award of the Leighton Herdon Trophy. One judge preferred the slide; the other the print, and neither would give ground. So, finally, and for only the second time in its history, joint winners were declared.

Considering the large numbers involved, the judges performed their task with speed and yet total fairness, choice, and finally the job was completed just before 10 p.m. reviewing certain entries many times before making a final Mervyn Williams, the print Exhibition Secretary, and his helpers, Roland Jonas, John Williamson and Ian Platt, must also be given credit for their hard and efficient work 'behind the scenes'.

In this, the culmination of a years work for U.P.P., our thanks must go to our judges for their efforts on our behalf, and to the Camera Club for once again allowing the use of their premises. But in particular our congratulations go to the various award winners who are listed below.

**LEIGHTON HERDSON TROPHY JOINTLY AWARDED TO:**

			Circle
	'Parting of the Ways' (print)	D. Aldrich	3
	'Red Umbrella' (slide)	C. Steer	36
<b>GLEN VASE</b> for best natural history slide awarded to:	'Willow warbler'	H. Brigg	NHCCI
<b>BEST SMALL PRINT</b>			
	'The unfolding scene'	J. W. Stokes	7
Runner-up	'Cape Cernwall'	E. Thurston	9
<b>BEST SMALL PRINT PANEL</b>			7

<b>BEST LARGE PRINT</b>			
Runners-up	'The parting of the Ways'	D. Aldrich	3
	'Jean'	M. Hooton	12
	'Lady Chapel, Beverly Minster'	H. Bateson	18
<b>BEST PRINT PANEL</b>			26
<b>BEST COLOUR SLIDE</b>			
Runners-up	Red Umbrella'	C. Steer	36
	'Willow-warbler'	H. Briggs	NHCCI
	'Power'	G. Hutton	27
	'House on the Hill'	R. Scott	32
<b>BEST COLOUR CIRCLE</b>			36
<b>BEST CIRCLE—GOLD STAR</b>			36

**CERTIFICATES**

Circle	Title	Author	Award
1	Wye, Rhayader	H. G. Brewer	Certificate
2	Rain, Borrowdale Towers, Chambord	R. Parkin ARPS G. R. Hooper ARPS	Certificate Hon. Mention
3	Parting of the Ways	D. Aldrich	Certificate
4	Imoko	B. Woods ARPS	Certificate
5	Heron	Mrs. P. F. Heathcote, LRPS	Certificate
6	Tess Collette	L. A. Baker J. Nicholson, FRPS	Certificate Hon. Mention
7	Supplication The Unfolding Scene	W. Armstrong J. W. Stokes	Hon. Mention Certificate
	Vulcano	R. Farrand, FIIP, FRPS	Hon. Mention
	Foreshore	A. Greenslade	Hon. Mention
8	Sand Patterns	H. Bonner	Certificate
9	Cape Cornwall	E. Thurston	Certificate
10	Grandma	C. Adams	Certificate
	Check	K. Breare	Hon. Mention
11	Pavement pattern	C. Westgate, ARPS	Certificate
12	Jean	M. Hooton	Certificate
14	Smoker	R. Jones	Certificate
	Morning fog	T. Palmer	Hon. Mention
15	Pool Winner	F. Hughes	Certificate
17	Grimsby Dock	M. Hooton	Certificate
18	Lady Chapel	H. Bateson	Certificate
20	Where is he?	S. Berg, ARPS	Certificate
21	Some showers	B. A. Hirschfield	Certificate
22	Drunks eye view	D. Williams	Certificate
23	Evening light	C. D. Turner	Certificate
25	Mud & Steam Panel, William Wallace	B. Sanderson A. T. Emond	Certificate Hon. Mention
26	Wondering	D. Hogg, ARPS	Certificate
	Afro	D. Hogg, ARPS	Hon. Mention
	The Loo	W. Noot	Hon. Mention
27	Power	G. A. L. Hutton	Certificate



Circle	Title	Author	Award
28	Hallowe'en	M. C. O'Donoghue	Certificate
	Thoughts	M. C. O'Donoghue	Hon. Mention
29	Lorry demolishes farm	J. C. Hinman	Certificate
31	Fountain	G. C. Barnes	Certificate
32	House on the Hill	R. C. Scott	Certificate
	Harlem Nocturn	R. C. Scott	Hon. Mention
	Poised	N. Humphries	Hon. Mention
33	Young striker	J. S. Westwood	Certificate
34	Now that April's here	C. J. Allday	Certificate
35	Forest fantasy	D. Foord	Certificate
	Design for poppy	C. Hooton	Hon. Mention
36	Red Umbrella	C. Steer	Certificate
	Old Mijas	C. Steer	Hon. Mention
	Peeping	L. Yallup	Hon. Mention
	Gillian	L. Yallup	Hon. Mention
NHCC1	Willow Warbler	H. Brigg	Certificate
	Short-eared owl	H. Brigg	Hon. Mention
NHCC2	Plume moth	I. Bowen, ARPS	Certificate
	Centipede	N. A. Callow	Hon. Mention
Anglo-US	Monarch		
	Resting	J. T. Johnson, FPSA (USA)	Certificate
	Autumn Gold	M. J. Gilson, ARPS (UK)	Hon. Mention
Anglo-Aust-NZ			
	Silver Eye	A. J. Hartup (Aust.)	Certificate

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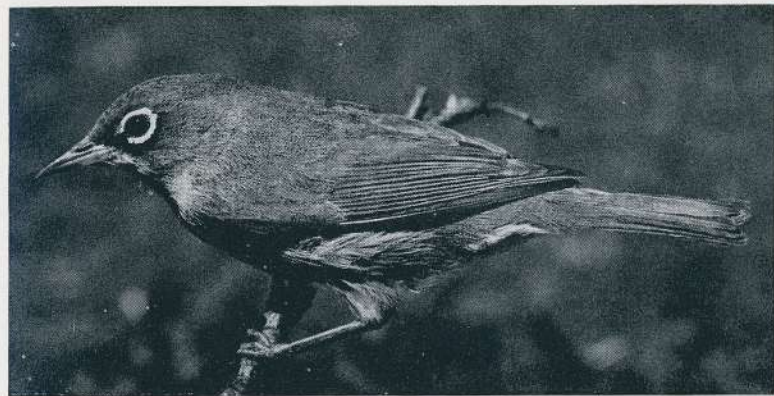
*D. ALDRIGE*

*CIRCLE 3*



*H.BATESON*

*CIRCLE 18*



*A.J.HARTUP*

*Anglo-Aust-NZ*



M.HOOTON

CIRCLE 17

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## MEET THE PLAQUE WINNERS

**T**HIS year the three plaque winners show a wide range of photographic experience from relative newcomer to seasoned veteran..

DAVID ALDRICH of Circle 3 winner of the best large print award, and co-winner of the Leighton Herdson Trophy, is an agricultural botanist working in Cambridge, and he specialises on grasses. He made his first black and white print less than two years prior to winning this award—there's progress for you! Is also a member of Cambridge Camera Club, and joined U.P.P. in April 1973. His main interests are with monochrome and subjects have been frequently linked with wood and trees. Uses an elderly Rolleiflex and a 35mm Mamiya 500 TL, his winning print being taken with the latter. I am sure most of us would endorse his comment, "My camera has introduced me to a lot of jolly nice people".

CLIFF STEER of Circles 24, 36 and Anglo/USA, was a winner of the transparency plaque and the other co-winner of the Leighton Herdson Trophy. He is a Bank Manager by profession, and took up photography in 1959. Joined local Camera Clubs in the Nottingham area and after working for some time in both monochrome and colour, has in recent years concentrated entirely on the latter. Joined U.P.P. in 1966 after reading an article in A.P., by another keen U.P.P.'ite, and says he finds a much closer rapport amongst its members than he had previously found in his local club. Exhibits his slides fairly extensively both here and abroad, is a member of the Photographic Society of America and a 2 star exhibitor. Currently uses a Spotmatic and Practica with various lenses.

J. W. STOKES of Circle 7 was winner of the best small print award. He has been actively interested in photography for over 40 years, and is a member of the Preston Photographic Society as well as U.P.P., with whom he has been involved for about 14 years. He says that the Lake District has been a happy photographic hunting ground for him for many years, and is particularly gratified that his winning picture came from there. Currently uses a couple of Exactas and a Rolleiflex. By the time this appears in print he will have retired from his job as on Executive Engineer with Post Office Telephones.



**F**OR once the weather, which for so many years had been kind to the enthusiasts who make their annual pilgrimage to London for the A.G.M., failed to rise to the occasion. Strong winds and rain curtailed the planned outdoor activities of the morning Camera Club session, and tended to overcrowd the studio facilities as a result.

A slightly modified print layout organised by Mervyn Williams, seemed to give more elbow room in what is fairly cramped accommodation at the Ivanhoe Hotel. He and his helpers completed the arrangement of the print panels just in time for the early arrivals to browse in comfort before the rush.

### Circle Secretaries' Meeting

This informal gathering which precedes the A.G.M. proper seemed to contain more of interest than usual. Roland Jonas advised Secretaries that their expenses allowance had risen to £2, and he also suggested the possible use of STD telephone calls to replace Warning Cards **if one was brief**. On behalf of the Folio Circulation Secretary, Roland asked Secretaries to list changes of address in addition to new and departed members, in order to keep records fully up to date. Also to only list fully paid up members in the 'Present Strength' column. Discussion on preference of slide box holders, Agfa type versus Kodak type followed, with the possibility of some of the former type being obtained from another source as these seemed to be the most popular. Finally it was agreed that colour prints in ordinary print Circles should be admitted at the discretion and agreement of each individual Circle.

## Annual General Meeting

Glen Robson in the chair soon had the Minutes of the last A.G.M. adopted, and then went on to report a steady but slow decline in membership. This had been raised at the Circle Secretaries' meeting, and it was generally agreed that by far the most effective recruiting came from the personal recommendation of an existing member. He also asked for more support for the Clubs' entry in the Central Association exhibition. Most members were aware, he said, that we had tied for first place in this years Switch Shield (full report elsewhere—Ed.), our first for twenty years. And he did not want another twenty to go by before the next! Stanley Berg's absence was due to a late holiday following an operation, and Sid Pollard was recuperating from hospitalisation too. Sid, we were reminded, only had a few months to go to complete an unbelievable 30 years as a Circle Secretary. Glen also paid tribute to Wilf Lawrence, standing down as a Vice-President.

The Hon. Gen. Secretary, Peter Fallowfield-Cooper, apologised for having to give up the post so soon, but explained that an earlier than expected place in the Open University had occurred, and he was finding that the two could not be managed together.

The Hon. Treasurer, Roland Jonas, reported the balance was down by £66 which had necessitated the recent increase in subscriptions, however he expected to be able to break even for the year with these.

## Election of Officers

Although many of the present holders of office were agreeable to stand again, this year saw one or two changes. Ian Platt had been nominated to fill the Junior Vice-President vacancy, and Bob Scott as a Representative of Ordinary Members. The President made an appeal for a volunteer replacement Hon. Gen. Secretary, which was subsequently answered in time for him to make the announcement at the Dinner. Mervyn Williams was happy to continue as print Exhibition Secretary provided he could get someone to look after the slides, and Bob Scott offered his services in this capacity.

## Any Other Business

Costs of producing the LITTLE MAN were once again

raised following the Hon. Treasurers report that this years' edition would be slimmer than last. Vigorous discussion followed, concluding that a lower standard of magazine was inevitable, and that Council would investigate all possible alternatives.

Roland Jonas announced that he was taking orders for the new U.P.P. tie, now to be seen around the necks of several Council members! Cost £1.30 inc. VAT and postage. He also mentioned that Bill Armstrong, past Editor of LITTLE MAN had been fostering links with the German photographic Association V.D.A.V., and wanted to know the likely response to an Anglo/German print Circle. A count of hands was made.

E. V. Eves announced that the mornings' Camera Club session had been supported by about 30 members, and another would be arranged for next year.

The venue for the next A.G.M. was raised. The Bloomsbury Hotel—especially designed with conference facilities and therefore better equipped for our needs—was available on the equivalent weekend of next year but would be approximately 15% more per person. A vote was held and was unanimous in favour of the move.

Finally the popular roll call; with Circle 14 carrying off top honours with 11 present, closely followed by Circle 36 with 10.

## The Dinner

There were fewer than usual this year, and we were unfortunate in not having with us our two judges, who were both on holiday. However our guest speaker John Dawkins and his wife enjoyed, with the remainder of us, quite the best meal since we moved to the Ivanhoe. Ironical in view of past tribulations and the proposed move elsewhere!

"Double Vision" was the general title under which our speaker, John Dawkins, A.R.P.S., a member of the Contemporary slide Circle, called his collection of enthralling slide sound sequences. In an amusing introduction, Mr. Dawkins pointed out that the individual slides were selected and taken for their dissolve qualities, and not as individual pictures. One critic recently had told him that the slides went through too fast and that there was insufficient time for them to be marked out of ten! We saw an immense

variety of work, from beautiful landscape to sensitive abstracts, and in sequences lasting from one minute to just under ten minutes. The stunning set of abstracts to Saint-Saens' music 'Danse Macabre', will remain in the memory indefinitely, and the gentle humour of the pictures to some thoughts of Chairman Mao ended a perfect show.

Finally came the Gold Label slide projection, showing its usual excellent standard over a wide variety of pictures, punctuated by numerous 'oohs' and 'aahs' from sections of the audience.

And so it all came to an end. Tidying up operations were carrying on alongside last-minute handshakes or visits to the bar for the final noggin, and we heard the oft repeated phrase 'See you again next year'. Newcomers to these festivities expressed their enjoyment, which only goes to prove what has been said many times before—make it a date for next year, and enjoy a splendid days' photography and a convivial meeting among friends.

#### **SOME THOUGHTS FROM THE 'LITTLE WOMAN' LAUREATE**

Listen my dears and I will tell  
Tales of those you know so well  
Sept. 22nd as you will see  
Meet many members of U.P.P.

How they come from far and wide,  
Some by train, or car ride.  
Tall ones, short ones, fat ones, thin.  
Congregate for the U.P.P. Din.

At the hour of half-past three  
Starts the A.G.M. of U.P.P.  
President Robson rose to tell  
Of members absent and those unwell.

Sid Pollard got the pip  
When finding fault with his hip.  
New skin neatly sewn in place  
(We hope not taken from his face!!)

Our Stan Berg when up in town  
Did a 'knee's up Mother Brown'.  
We hope that now his sore patella  
Is feeling very much wella.

Then we hears of our friend Wilf  
Who as you know is small and sylph,  
Retires alas from Council now  
Many thanks . . . Take a bow.

Then this year we know we can  
Have a new Ed. for Little Man.  
You may wonder 'who is that'  
Why of course—its Ian Platt.

Also I know he thinks its nice  
To be a Junior President of 'Vice'  
So '75 looks to be  
A GREAT new year for U.P.P.

IRIS

#### FOOD FOR THOUGHT

For the price we amateurs have to pay for some of todays' (N)ever-ready camera cases, you can get quite a good quality suitcase!!!

## OBITUARIES

### MISS BARBARA WAGSTAFF, A.R.P.S.

COUNCIL learned with deep regret of the death, just before Christmas 1973, of Miss Barbara Wagstaff. She joined P.M.P.P. in its early days and was the Founder-Secretary of Circle 8 which was started in September 1937. After a short-shut-down towards the end of 1939, Circle 8 merged with Circle 7 under the late "Pilot" Keable until Miss Wagstaff took over again in September 1944. When U.P.P. was formed in 1945 her Circle became U.P.P. Circle 13 and later 29 and she continued as Secretary until June 1960. She was a member of Council for many years and also a Vice-President, and in recognition of her long and devoted service she was made an Honorary Life Member of U.P.P. in 1960.

Miss Wagstaff led an extremely active life, her job being connected with physical education, and she was a county hockey player for some twenty years, finishing up on the Selection Board for International Referees. One can judge from this what a blow it was for her to be struck down almost overnight some twenty-five years ago, by a form of arthritis which confined her for the rest of her days to a small flat and eventually a single room in a convent nursing home.

It is the enthusiasm and dedication of people like Barbara Wagstaff that helped to make U.P.P. what it is today.

### MRS. DORIS BURTON

DORIS herself would not mind if she were described as "one of the old school"—she couldn't really because she was nearly into her 90's when she died. However, the reference is meant really for her photographic work, because she was famous for her "little gems". As a member of Circle 15 she continued to submit prints of 12 square inches when all other members were making up to half-plate entries. Of impeccable quality, all had a feeling of peace and calm which was greatly admired—she really did manage to get a quart into a pint pot.

She and her husband Reg were a good team, I think he was the technician really, but Doris was the "seeing eye". Reg's death led to a great diminution of Doris's photographic output, and it was not long afterwards that her eyesight got so that she had to give up photography altogether.

I did keep in touch with her after she left U.P.P., and her mind remained remarkably active and alert up to the time of her death. She lived alone and was found unconscious by her neighbour one morning last December, and mercifully she lingered unconscious in hospital for only about 24 hours.

We miss her "little Gems" in Circle 15. A print therein really wins an accolade if a criticism from one of the older members is "reminiscent of one of Doris' prints".

M.R.

### R. W. DONNELLY

IT is with great regret that we announce the death of Bob Donnelly on August 25th after a long and painful illness, and we offer our deep sympathy to his widow and children in their sad loss.

Bob was a typical example of a great U.P.P. member, charming, unassuming, kindly humorous, and prepared to do anything. His photographic interests were wide, ranging from the traditional to the current and beyond, both in monochrome and colour. His work was good, his criticisms brief and sound, his notes were models of information and commonsense.

While circumstances permitted he was a regular contributor to our C.A. entries, wrote an occasional article for Little Man, was Secretary of Circle 27 for a spell, followed by another steering Circle 9, and was a member of Anglo/USA circle.

Over some 25 years he has been a regular at the A.G.M. and at Circle rallies, and played his full part in the business in hand—and in subsequent "extra mural" activities.

But it is as a person that he will best be remembered by those fortunate enough to have known him, and the usual obituary cliches, applicable as they are, would be quite out of place in marking the passing of an exemplary U.P.P.'ite and lovable friend.

J.R.S.

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President: **H. G. Robson**

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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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(Slides) R. C. SCOTT

*Magazine Editor:*

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