



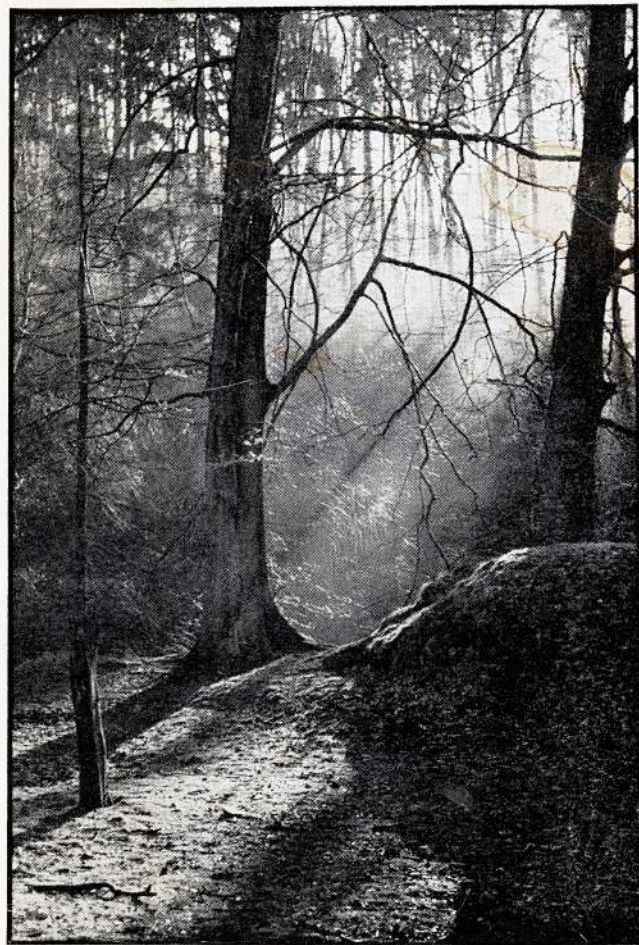
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AUTUMN, 1978

The Little Man

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THE
LITTLE
MAN

Number 69

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1976

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The official
Magazine of
The United
Photographic
Postfolios
of Great
Britain

EDITORIAL

Over the past few years, we have become accustomed to hearing about the gradual decline in membership figures that seem to accompany the (apparent) attempts by the GPO to destroy the parcel post system by its savage tariff increases. Indeed, one felt a very great sympathy for the various incumbents in the post of Publicity and Recruiting Secretary, who must have lost sleep over their largely fruitless efforts to get any great numbers to swell our membership. Then, quite suddenly, at this year's AGM, the clouds parted and the sun shone (metaphorically speaking) and we heard of a timely piece of intervention by Roland Jonas into the correspondence columns of the 'A.P.', which has resulted in well over twenty new members joining our ranks. WELCOME!

Your magazine will be slimmer this year than last, due largely to lack of material. Things look brighter for the next issue, whatever form it should take, as I already have material in hand and more promised, BUT please remember that my job is to edit; not write the whole thing unaided, therefore your contributions are *vital*.

The cover picture is once again the small print plaque winner, and once again from the camera of Brian Hirschfield, L.R.P.S. Better watch out Brian! One more time and you get to be made Editor, as of right!!!

FURTHER PERAMBULATIONS WITH A PENTAX

by Dr. Brian Most. A.R.P.S.

I had never driven in snow before and here I was confronted by a long steep hill covered with 6-8 inches of snow and I had to get to Christchurch that afternoon. Was it possible I wondered? Well, one car had got through before me, so if he could, so could I. To my surprise, although I slipped and slithered at times, getting up the hill was no worse than climbing muddy earth roads in Africa. I came over the top of the hill to find two snowploughs whose drivers had paused for a smoke. I stopped alongside one and asked the bloke, "How's the road to Christchurch, mate?" He looked down at my white mini dwarfed by his machine and almost invisible amongst the snow.

"Where the h... did you come from?" he said. Good question, I thought. How was it that I, a South African, at that time normally resident in Trinidad, was driving a mini through thick snow in the wilds of the South Island of New Zealand?

It so happened that I had been sent to Brisbane, Australia on an exchange of scientific staff. I spent eleven very pleasant months in Brisbane and amongst my strongest memories was the early summer sight of Jacarandas absolutely covered in mauve and silver oaks aflame with yellow. Brisbane provided me with some surprises. One of these occurred early on, when I had been in Brisbane for only a week, and was still adjusting to the Aussie way of life. One morning, I goggled at an insert in the 'agony' column of the staid Brisbane Courier Mail. It read, and I'm not fooling you, 'The blonde with whom I spoke after receiving admiring glances at the National Thursday night contact Box R86, Courier Mail.' 'Allo, Allo' I thought to myself this *is* an interesting city. What manner of man was this to attract admiring glances from a blonde and then, so overwhelmed by his success, forgot to ask her name and address and fix another date? Did she read it, would she answer, what then? Was it a 'Gentlemen prefer blondes', 'Diamonds are forever', and 'You can call it a day' situation? I have often wondered what happened but alas never found out.

Principally however, I recall Brisbane for the warmth of its people and especially its Camera Club - The Queensland Colour Group. At the time that I had come to Brisbane I had sunk to a low level in photography but these warm, friendly, cheerful and enthusiastic photographers soon encouraged me to try again. The club was at an all-time high and I was there at an exciting period for they were in the forefront of derivative slide making. One

evening a Dr Knight brought along a select group of dye-etched and/or dye-mordanted slides plus a few 'solars'. My eyes popped out of my head and that evening remains in my memory as one of the most exciting and stimulating that I have ever seen. But, ironically, and to my great regret, I never learned these techniques from the people who were actually using them.

The Brisbane International Colour Slide Exhibition took place whilst I was there. This was the first major Exhibition which I had seen outside London. I helped with the preliminaries and also acted as projectionist and watched my slides get near misses, C'est la vie and try again next year! It was at this exhibition that I saw the first of, and was stunned by, the beauty of William Millers' (from Dunedin) landscapes. He won the Gold Medal for the best traditional slide with a superb landscape and this was another lesson learnt. Contemporary slides may be very striking but a great landscape or traditional picture will always stand up for itself, so lets have the pleasure of seeing both.

Among other strong memories of Brisbane, but going from the sublime to the ridiculous, are those of Kookaburras! — great overgrown spotty kingfishers with an adolescent sense of humour and not overmuch respect for their elders and betters (and don't construe that to mean that I am an overgrown, spotty)

When I have time for it I enjoy my golf. There I was on the practice fairway at the local golfclub because I was plagued by that golfing horror 'shanking'. I was some 60 yds from the green and using my 9 iron. At right angles to me and roughly the same distance away on a lowish branch of a gum tree a pair of Kookaburras sat sardonically watching my efforts. Each time I shanked, and that occurred frequently, was greeted by shrieks and cackles of demonic laughter. "Shut up!" I snarled. Having no doubt heard many a fiercer Aussie oath they sat quite unmoved by me feeble expostulation. Back to golf — ah sweet success, straight into the heart of the green, and again, and again. Disbelieving glances and not only by the birds! And the next — not on your life for it was as perfect a shank as any that evening. The birds almost fell off the branch in a pandemonium of noisy amusement. A bright idea came to me. "O.K., watch it you two," I breathed to myself as I seized a 5 iron and set up a ball very carefully. Watched by four very suspicious eyes I drew a sharp iron and struck a real beaut. The ball thrashed through some leaves only inches away from the disbelieving birds who rocketed off in a gale of hysterical cackles. Honour was satisfied in THAT

direction and now for the 9 iron again. "Oh — blast it" I roared as the ball flew off once more at 90° to where I had intended.

Another vivid memory of Australia might be summed up by, 'Aussie loo's wot I 'ave 'eard, mate.' It was Easter and I decided to take off and explore a bit of the high plateau in the vicinity of Toowoomba and Warwick. Well I had difficulty on the Saturday night in getting accommodation. Finally in a small town I entered an hotel where a wedding reception was in full swing. "Any chance of a room," I asked. "Yes mate — just one," then he hesitated, "it's right next to the lavatories on the first floor and it's right over the lounge." "Anything will do for me friend" I replied. And he smiled.

After a beer or two or three I went to bed. First of all the pillows were as high and as hard as Ben Nevis, so I folded a towel as a pillow and settled down for a snooze. "What was that?" I asked myself as a thunderous noise rattled the door. "Good grief it's the loo!" They must have been the original Shanks!! Never have I heard such a noise. A rattle of a chain, a creak, a groan, a screech, a thunderous release of water, loud rushing noises, gurgles and thumps from the pipes, soft noises of water finally topping up the cistern. A thump of footsteps, a rattle of the chain. . . .!! And so it went on into the small hours. In between I was regaled by some magnificent snoring from the room opposite mine, and across the corridor. He'd start off with a deep snort, settle down to a steady gurgling inhalation varying in pitch and then pause before letting out his breath with a sound like Concorde warming up. But it was much more subtle than that for there was a loud whistling and several other sounds in higher and lower sub-harmonies and as they rose and fell it produced a strange Doppler-like effect. He was a maestro that man.

Anyhow I dozed a bit, swatted a mosquito or three and dozed and then about 3 am decided that I was too hot, walked over to the window and tugged at the curtains. Suddenly I was blinded and smothered, fell backwards and as I sat down hard was beaten on the head by a blunt instrument. "Good grief" I cried as I fought my way out. "What the h . . . I happened?" Simple enough, the curtain and rod (nay-pole) had come down on my head. Because it left my room very exposed and the windows were wide and I needed to wash in the morning I decided to put the curtain back. I discovered that the room was enormously tall, the windows very high and I, at 5' 9" plus a chair of 2ft. were too short. So what next I pondered, clutching my aching head? The wash basin was higher, so I put one foot on that and the other on

the window sill but I was nearly performing the splits. My feet were slippery with sweat and then I WAS doing the splits in mid-air long before Olga Korbut made them popular and the in (or outside) thing. Try again, but still an inch or two short. An irrelevant thought crossed my mind – was this where Sir Edmund Hillary had practised before climbing Mt Everest? Try again and put one foot on the wall and grip the wash basin ledge with tip-toes. *You* try that!!! Help – I'm too high – I'd looked down and I can get vertigo just by looking at my shoe laces. Try again, one foot on the wall, tip-toe again on the wash basin, close my eyes and feel. Horray it's on! Climb down and open my eyes and put on the light. "Oh blast – I've threaded one side of the curtain on back to front!" Well it will have to stay that way because no way am I climbing up that again.

My time in Brisbane came to an end and I took off for the South Island of New Zealand to spend a week touring that beautiful island. I spent my last night near Lake Pukaki and it was there that the snow fell. I had to get to Christchurch to catch my flight so that's how I met up with the snow-plough driver who seemed so surprised to see a little white Mini nestling in the snow next to his big protective snow-plough. It was a brave little Mini.

THE CENTRAL ASSOCIATION EXHIBITION – 1976

After our successes in the last two years, as winners of the Switch Shield in 1974 and 1975, this years exhibition saw UPP slip back to 4th place. Our slide workers once again did us proud with the highest marks from any Club, and indeed it is worth the mention that if the C.A. awarded separate Club Trophies for prints and slides, as do most other Federations, UPP would have won in slides four times out of the last five years. We scored 71 for slides and 101 for our prints; our total of 172 being only just behind the two runners-up who scored 177, with City of London & Cripplegate coming top with 185.

Our acceptances were as follows:

Pictorial Prints

Afro Girl Design	D.W. Hogg, ARPS	26
Summit View	R.P. Jonas, ARPS	12 & 29
The Long Trail	R.P. Jonas, ARPS	12 & 29
Luncheon Vulture	G. Miles	36
Mist Over Easney	H.B. Milsom	11
Farmstead	H.B. Milsom	11
Water Ballet	I.W. Platt, FRPS, APSA, EFIAP	24, 36 & A/A
Winter Wait	I.W. Platt, FRPS APSA, EFIAP	24, 36 & A/A

Record Prints – None accepted

Pictorial Slides

Nepalese Landscape (Cert)	N.A. Callow	NH2
Tam Serku	N.A. Callow	NH2
The Red Hood	R.O. Couchman	36
Greas Enchantment	D. Larkin, AFIAP	
Hurrying Home	I.W. Platt, FRPS, APSA, EFIAP	24, 36 & A/A
Tracks to the Sun (Cert)	I.W. Platt, FRPS, APSA, EFIAP	24, 36 & A/A
Flag Iris	D. Streeter	24
Morning Dew	D. Streeter	24
Profile No. 2	Dr. P.A.N. Wainwright, AFIAP	34

Record Slides

Head of Honey Bee X4	N.A. Callow	NH2
Wild Bee x 4/5 (Cert)	N.A. Callow	NG2
Lighthouse Lens, Cabo de Roca	E.V. Eves	36
Speckled Wood Butterfly	E.H. Ware	NH1

The following members had work accepted through other Clubs:
E.L. Appleton, FRPS, C.J. Spooner & C. Westgate, ARPS.

THE ULTIMATE CAMERA — A CAUTIONARY TALE!

'You have won First Prize: said the letter 'in the National Photographic Competition, and our representative will shortly contact you to arrange the presentation of your award.' The excitement became feverish as Len scabbled through his desk to find the copy of the entry form listing the various prizes. There it was; First prize — photographic equipment to the value of £1000! This was FANTASTIC and his mind boggled over what he could spend it on — at least two Wonderflex bodies; a whole range of lenses; and MILES of film! Then he gave a fond look at his trusty and battered old Box Greenie, with which he had taken the winning picture, as visions of all the super shining marvellous equipment he had drooled over in the shops filled his thoughts.

A knock at the door interrupted this reverie, and upon opening revealed a small oriental-looking gentleman who introduced himself as being from the competition organisers.

"Congratulations" he said, "on being honoured with first prize." And without further ceremony removed a very large package from within his briefcase. Len could hardly control his shaking fingers as the wrapping was undone to reveal quite the largest single lens reflex camera he had ever seen.

'Good grief' he thought, 'this must take at least 5 x 4.' and his eyes travelled hastily over the camera's superbly engineered exterior, finally looking through the viewfinder. It was quite blank! 'Fool' he thought, 'forgot to take the lens cap off.' But no, it had no lens cap to take off. 'Must be the mirror up or something, perhaps it needs winding on.' But look where he might he could see no wind-on lever visible.

The inscrutable oriental-looking gentleman then said, "Pleased to put battely in first before working," and fishing in his pocket produced what looked, to all intents and purposes, like a miniature car battery, and he deftly slipped it into a compartment at the base of the camera body. Len looked astonished — no wonder it was so big, with a power-pack that size!

"Battely power evelyfling" twittered his visitor, "Rens, wind-on, shlutter and other flings." And true to his word, Len could now see through the viewfinder at the scene before the lens. The representative seemed to think that this was sufficient information and made as if to leave.

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pounds," said Len, feeling just a trifle disappointed, "Where is the rest?"

"Lest?" he indignantly replied, "No lest; is all. Camela worth over thousand pounds; in fact camela pliceress." Whilst mulling this over Len turned to find that the courier had silently departed.

'Oh well. Never look a gift horse in the mouth, so lets put it through its paces' thought Len. Hmmmmmm! 'Wonder how you open it up to put a film in?' He carefully scrutinised every minute part of its smooth svelt surface, but could detect no obvious sign of a device to open it up. There was no rewind knob to pull up, or for that matter an obvious hinge to show even where the back opened.

"Damn" he said out loud, "How the hell *does* it open?" and silently, on smoothly oiled runners, a small panel slid open to reveal the familiar cassette slot and take-up spool of a conventional 35mm camera! After a few moments the panel just as silently slid shut again!! This was madness. It couldn't possibly have worked on voice — could it? Looking round hastily to ensure he was not going to be overheard, "Camera back open." Len called out loud, feeling ridiculous. Once again the panel slid open, and then shut again! 'Phew! This is obviously *the* ultimate in automatic cameras, no wonder the courier said it was worth over a thousand quid,' thought Len. 'Wonder what else it does?'

Hastening down to his local dealer he purchased a 36 exposure colour film, to put his new acquisition through its paces. And, for fear of causing a commotion in the shop, went outside to load the film. Going through the same voice ritual, the camera back opened and no sooner had the cassette been placed in the appointed slot, an internal motor whirred and the film leader was wound on to the spool and the back slid shut again, all in one smooth action. Ready to go. He hurried round the corner into the High Street and started off by taking a few general shots to try out shutter and lens. Wondering what the aperture was, he took a good look at the sharp end for the first time. A normally shaped, if rather bulky objective was perched on the front, but with no stop numbers visible on the outside. However, round the inner rim was the legend, f/0.1, 50mm. Blimey! Either it was a mistake or its was the widest aperture he had ever heard of. Come to think of it the viewfinder image is bright; *very* bright in fact, because on this dull winters' day looking through it gave the appearance that everything was bathed in bright sunshine!

A TRIBUTE TO ANSEL ADAMS

Ever since I can remember taking an interest in photography, pictures by Ansel Adams have always had a special place in my own personal list of favourites. Until this year however, I, and no doubt many other devotees, have had to make do with the imperfect reproductions of his photographs in books and magazines.

But this Summer it has at last been possible to see at first hand, both the maestro himself and also his pictures. Firstly I was very fortunate to be able to attend one of the three lectures he gave during his visit to Britain, even though on that occasion I still had to be content with further reproductions of his prints in the form of the slides he had made of them. However, not long afterwards I was able to see a large number of the originals themselves at the show in the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, which was part of the American Bi-Centennial Exhibition.

To hear Ansel Adams talk about his pictures and his life, is an unforgettable experience, for here is a true philosopher about the art and beauty of (especially) the landscape. His devotion in particular to the beautiful scenery of the Yosemite National Park is epitomised by some of the most breathtaking photographs I have ever seen.

To those who think of this man solely as co-founder of the f/64 school, and inventor of the zone system of exposure measurement, there is a tendency to assess him as a technician. Whereas, in fact, such techniques are only a means to an end, and that end is the unique artistry he puts into his pictures. They have a timeless quality about them, and this impression is borne out by the wide disparity of dates that indicate, for example, that two of my favourites were taken over 25 years apart.

It has been a privilege to meet and hear this wonderful person, and a great joy to see the originals of so many famous pictures that I have only hitherto seen as reproductions. And, on his first visit to these shores, it is only fitting that the Royal Photographic Society has marked the occasion by electing him to an Honorary Fellowship of the Society.

FOR YOUR BOOKSHELF

CAMERA UNDERWATER (3rd Edition)
by H. E. Dobbs, Focal Press £3.50

The fascination of the submarine world has been popularised through some excellent television documentary work by, in particular, Han Hass and Jacques Cousteau, and this fully revised book on the subject should convince many photographers that they too can venture this way. It removed, for example, my own misconception that this was a branch for the ultra-specialist requiring expensive apparatus, for, it appears, not only is it comparatively simple to make a suitable housing for ones own existing camera—and this is described in detail—but for the non DIY types among us, most popular makes of reflex camera are already catered for in readily available custom-made items. Making an ideal reference book on the subject, it covers every possible aspect of underwater photography in both still and cine; colour and monochrome. Among the gems of information it gave was the (to me) astonishing fact that the first underwater photograph was taken in 1856! What a pity there were no colour illustrations to really drive home to the potential enthusiast the stunningly beautiful results that can be obtained in this field.

CAMERA BOOKS Focal Press £2.25

Available for Practica, Asahi Pentax, Minolta XE-1 and SR-T, as well as the Nikkormat range, these new Editions are provided in soft covers the right size to fit into quite a modest sized gadget bag. The two I had for review as examples of the series, impressed me for their clear and concise layout and comprehensive data. Intended as an extension of the (usually) very brief manufacturers handbooks (which of course are only available if you purchase a new camera) these books are an ideal purchase if the very best is to be got from ones equipment and accessories.

PHOTOGUIDES Focal Press

There are nine paperback booklets in this series of handy-sized references, priced at £1.95 except for the new Photoguide to 35 mm, which is £2.15. The three most recent issues, which includes the above-mentioned, are also Photoguide to Colour and Filters. Each one is packed with over 200 pages of pertinent information; pictures of examples; and with a clear front-index to ensure rapid location of data. Of pocketable size, these excellent publications provide a very useful addition to the comprehensive range of compact reference books issued by Focal Press.

Convinced in his own mind that he had the right answer, the following day saw Len out and about taking several films and barely curbing his impatience awaiting the results. His first film came back within three days and with bated breath he projected the slides. The first 20 or so were just snapshots, albeit perfectly exposed and bitingly sharp, but those taken with the TTLJ setting On were really very good; very good indeed. Now to put them to the acid test, for next week was the first of his Club's monthly slide competitions. On the evening in question he found himself more nervous than he could remember. Usually reliable only for regularly mediocre marks, he waited with bated breath when the distinguished judge came to his entry. He had put in the picture of the tramp, and chosen the best out of the several taken. "First-rate character study, with a splendid quality in the detail on the face" boomed the voice, "and I place this first with 9 marks." Len was jubilant. This was just fantastic – it had happened; it had *really* happened.

The 'fantastic' soon became almost commonplace as far as Len was concerned, for, as he continued to dominate all the Club's slide competitions in the Novice Section, each one of his entries received EXACTLY the mark that had been indicated in the viewfinder at the time of taking. And, it should be remembered, that these marks awarded were each time by a different judge for every competition! When the final competition of the year came along, all he needed was a miserable 3 marks to ensure success over his nearest rival for the Cup. However, unable to take a picture worth less than 7 anyway, it was a mere formality, and when the evening arrived he walked tall into the Clubroom, secure in the knowledge that at last he was going to realise the first step in the ladder of his ambitions.

When his slide appeared – Len had entered another of the excellent character studies that he had regularly been taking recently – the judge said "Personally I feel that these sort of pictures are becoming too hackneyed and overdone, and that the face looking directly into the camera is just too bland to give any feeling of character." There was a short pause as he consulted his notes, "accordingly I shall give this 2 marks." Len was stunned! In a daze he vaguely heard this same judge simper over his nearest rivals' snap of a waterlily and award it maximum points, and with it the Novice Trophy! Only vaguely did he hear the commiserations of his fellow Club-members, many of whom had felt that the judge had been far too severe on his picture. He still had not returned to normal by the time he got home – wondering all the time WHAT HAD GONE WRONG?

He stumbled into the Living Room and picked up the camera. It felt much lighter than the last time he had handled it, and then suddenly he noticed on the carpet a large rectangular object slightly bigger than a cigarette packet. Len picked it up and recognised it for the battery that he had seen the courier install when the camera had been presented to him. Comprehension began to dawn!! That *must* be it. The battery must have been rejected by the camera because it was exhausted! And now he came to think of it that last competition entry had been taken right at the end of his last roll of film through the camera! So the answer *must* be that the TTLJ reading had been faulty due to insufficient power. Cursing himself for not having given battery-life any previous thought, the next day Len went to his dealer to get a replacement.

"Never seen one like this before" said the man behind the counter. And neither, it appeared, had anyone else in town. By now close to panic he telephoned the Competition organisers and asked to speak to the man who brought his prize. 'Mr. Wong' he was told, had recently left the company and they did not know of his whereabouts. Furthermore, the camera had been a prototype he had developed personally, so the company could offer Len no help at all.

Curiously, during the following days, Len found by experiment that the camera would accept four torch batteries, and that with these, everything worked except the TTLJ system, which, so it seemed, needed extra power that was just not available.

As the weeks passed it became obvious that his latest pictures were just snapshots – none of them worth entering in a competition, and that despite the marvellous technology of his super-automatic camera, without TTLJ he could only turn out the sort of mediocre pictures he had produced before his prize came along. Gradually his interest in photography dwindled. He took fewer and fewer pictures; finally giving up going to the Club altogether.

MEET THE PLAQUE WINNERS

DAVID ARUNDEL of Circle 10, winner of the Large Print Plaque, is a comparative newcomer to photography, having been active only for three years, and been a member of UPP for two of these. He farms in Lincolnshire on the coast between Grimsby and Skegness. Exclusively using the 35mm format, he favours Nikon equipment and FP4 film. His winning print 'Karate Class' was taken at an evening school in Grimsby. David is a true 'little man' in that he does not belong to a local photographic society, although has attended some meetings of the Nikon Club. Two of his ambitions are to build his own darkroom, and win the Leighton Herdson Trophy.

RALPH COUCHMAN, of Circle 36, winner of the Colour slide Plaque and Leighton Herdson Trophy, is an Industrial Radiologist by profession. Although first introduced to photography in 1923, Marriage, raising a family and over-work during the war years caused it to take a back-seat until a revival of interest in 1963 as a result of a visit to a slide 'battle'. Joined one of the competing Clubs – Kent Alloys, and five years later had first slide selected for the same event. After being made redundant, joined Bexleyheath P.S., as they were the Club who had made him most welcome as a visitor. Joined UPP in 1971 and was 'placed' in Circle 36. He regards this as an important event in his hobby as it changed his style from taking photographs to making pictures. Exhibits his slides at home and abroad with some success. Won the Kent Colour Championship in 1972, and twice been a member of UPP's Switch Shield winning panel at the C.A. exhibition. Currently uses a Leica for general work, a Canon by mistake, a Retina Reflex for flash and an Exakta for copying and creative work as it was the only camera he could find that would cock the shutter without moving the film!

BRIAN HIRSCHFIELD L.R.P.S. once again won the Plaque for the best Small Print. A quick look at Page 22 of last year's LITTLE MAN will give you an authoritative biography. Also as last year, we have the pleasure of putting Brians print on the front cover of this issue.



D. ARUNDEL

CIRCLE 10



W. T. HARRISON

CIRCLE 20



J. FARLEY, ARPS

CIRCLE 12



H. HOBBS

20

CIRCLE 30



C. WESTGATE, FRPS

CIRCLE 11

21

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"Lest?" he indignantly replied, "No lest; is all. Camela worth over thousand pounds; in fact camela pliceress." Whilst mulling this over Len turned to find that the courier had silently departed.

'Oh well. Never look a gift horse in the mouth, so lets put it through its paces' thought Len. Hmmmmmm! 'Wonder how you open it up to put a film in?' He carefully scrutinised every minute part of its smooth svelt surface, but could detect no obvious sign of a device to open it up. There was no rewind knob to pull up, or for that matter an obvious hinge to show even where the back opened.

"Damn" he said out loud, "How the hell *does* it open?" and silently, on smoothly oiled runners, a small panel slid open to reveal the familiar cassette slot and take-up spool of a conventional 35mm camera! After a few moments the panel just as silently slid shut again!! This was madness. It couldn't possibly have worked on voice — could it? Looking round hastily to ensure he was not going to be overheard, "Camera back open." Len called out loud, feeling ridiculous. Once again the panel slid open, and then shut again! 'Phew! This is obviously *the* ultimate in automatic cameras, no wonder the courier said it was worth over a thousand quid,' thought Len. 'Wonder what else it does?'

Hastening down to his local dealer he purchased a 36 exposure colour film, to put his new acquisition through its paces. And, for fear of causing a commotion in the shop, went outside to load the film. Going through the same voice ritual, the camera back opened and no sooner had the cassette been placed in the appointed slot, an internal motor whirred and the film leader was wound on to the spool and the back slid shut again, all in one smooth action. Ready to go. He hurried round the corner into the High Street and started off by taking a few general shots to try out shutter and lens. Wondering what the aperture was, he took a good look at the sharp end for the first time. A normally shaped, if rather bulky objective was perched on the front, but with no stop numbers visible on the outside. However, round the inner rim was the legend, f/0.1, 50mm. Blimey! Either it was a mistake or its was the widest aperture he had ever heard of. Come to think of it the viewfinder image is bright; *very* bright in fact, because on this dull winters' day looking through it gave the appearance that everything was bathed in bright sunshine!

As he looked another faint whirring noise could be heard, and taking the camera away from his eye, Len just caught sight of the end of the lens changing focus and coming to a stop. An inner sleeve, superbly machined so that at (presumably) the infinity setting it was not even evident, was just showing and yet when grasped refused to obey all attempts to move it manually. YE GODS, Auto-focussing as well??? 'Try it out on that wall over there' he thought. 'Yes, there it is again, that whirring noise.' And, whilst keeping the lens pointing at the wall, he carefully lowered the camera from his eye to observe the action. Smoothly the inner lens barrel slid out, and then stopped. 'How close does it focus' he wondered, and rashly stuck the lens up to within two inches of the wall. The lens barrel continued its smooth outward motion until less than one millimetre away from the wall. Macro focussing with a vengeance it would seem!!!

The one part of the camera which did seem to need his assistance was the shutter-release, which was plainly orthodox and responded to normal gentle finger pressure. Happily he wandered around snapping away at various subjects, listening with amusement to the motors winding the film on automatically, and focussing the lens at whatever it was pointed. After using up half his film he took a short break and sat down on a park bench. Looking at his new acquisition with considerable awe, he once again inspected it in a proprietary manner. It really was a magnificent piece of engineering – surely the most advanced in the world – in fact Len had never seen anything like it on sale anywhere. Ah! There was something he had not noticed before. A tiny recessed lever marked TTLJ On/Off. Now what on earth was TTLJ? TTL he could deduce, but J? Perhaps it had something to do with the TTL metering system, and curious to see what happened he switched it on and raised the camera to his eye once again.

As it happened he was looking at another brick wall nearby, but what caught his eye was a small insistently-flashing number visible in the viewfinder – '0' – what did it mean? He swung the camera round and pointed it down the path – '3' – the number had changed. A pedestrian walked into the scene and after passing part of the way the number suddenly changed to '6', and then this went down to '5', and then through 4, 3 and 2 as he walked across and out the other side; finally returning to '3' when the path was empty again! Baffled he lowered the camera and sat still to try and figure it out. Inspirationless, his eyes rested upon some children playing over by the swings in a nearby playground,

and on impulse he went across and started to 'frame' them up in the viewfinder – '5'. He moved closer – '6' – that looked a nice picture so instinctively he pressed the shutter release but nothing happened. It was stuck! He was just about to investigate when the number changed to 7 as one of the children shifted her position, and then a faint whirring noise denoted that the exposure had been made and the film wound on!! Most peculiar!!

By dint of considerable practice he found that it required a 7 to actuate the shutter, and that the number visible in the viewfinder varied constantly as the scene altered, especially as people moved across, and on one dizzy moment the numbers flickered up to 8 and then 9 as an old tramp appeared; oblivious to everyone, and the superb lens picked out every wrinkle on his weathered face. During that moment the whirring was continuous and Len supposed that several exposures were being run off in rapid succession. Finally, another picture taking sequence was interrupted by an even longer whirring than before, and the back hatch of the camera opened to reveal the film rewound into its cassette and presumably finished! Len hastened to get the film away for processing, but not wishing to expose another until the first could be evaluated, he returned home.

Not surprisingly after the excitement of such a momentous day, Len found that he needed to retire early that night. It was not easy to get to sleep however, because his mind still could not solve the problem of the viewfinder numbering, or for that matter what TTLJ stood for, but finally he drifted off.

It is said that after sleeping on it, many a problem is solved by next morning. Well, Len went one better because, suddenly, in the middle of the night, he jerked awake. THAT WAS IT! TTLJ *must* mean THROUGH THE LENS JUDGING!!! All those numbers had been MARKS, probably out of ten, and that accounted for them changing rapidly as figures moved across the scene. AND, he recalled, the highest marks had always been when the dominant figure was ON AN INTERSECTION OF THIRDS!!!!

'My God,' he thought, 'what a fantastic camera – it must be completely unique. And with it, well it was IMPOSSIBLE to take a bad shot! No more stuck in the Novice Section for years, with just that one fluke competition-winning picture. He could run off with all the trophies at the Club.....' and visions of Associateships and Fellowships being showered upon him all proved too much and he fell back into bed emotionally exhausted, and promptly fell asleep again.

Best Small Print Panel: Circle 21
 Best Large Print Panel: Circle 14, Runners-Up Circle 11
 Best Print Panel: Circle 21, Runners-Up Circle 14
 Best Colour Slide Circle: Circle 28, Runners-Up Circle 36

Certificates

Circle	Title	Author	Award
1	Dovedale	J.W. Vincent	Certificate
2/25	Hill Country	H. Tudge	Certificate
3	Cedarwood	D. Aldrich	Certificate
4	Beached Dispersal	J. Cannam, A.R.P.S. J. Cannam, A.R.P.S.	Certificate Hon. Mention
5	'Clan Macleannan' enters dock	R. Williamson	Certificate
6	Pointers of Devotion	J. Nicholson, F.R.P.S.	Certificate
7	Drake and reflections	R. Farrand, F.R.P.S.	Certificate
8/26	Miss Pensive	D. Maslen	Certificate
9	The Wayfarers	B. Baker	Certificate
	Barry Mausoleum	J. Stanforth	Hon. Mention
10	Karate Class Self-portrait	D. Arundel R. Soden	Certificate Hon. Mention
	Cat and Spouse	R. Soden	Hon. Mention
11	Downland Winter Pete	C. Westgate, F.R.P.S. R.J. Norris	Certificate Hon. Mention
12	Edward II, Gloucester	J. Farley, A.R.P.S.	Certificate
14	Cornet Player	T. Bentley	Certificate
17	Watendlath Weatherbound	E.G. Hargreaves E.R. Welford	Certificate Hon. Mention
18	SS Peter & Paul	P. Antrobus	Certificate
20	Herring Gull	W.T. Harrison	Certificate
21	Morning in the Forest F. Heddington, Esq.	B. Hirschfield, L.R.P.S. G.J. Hopkins	Certificate Hon. Mention
22	Morrison Orpheus Choir	D. Williams	Certificate
23	Whoops Hill Farm	W. Watson Mrs. C. Tudge	Certificate Hon. Mention
27	Winter Sport	Mona Chedzoy	Certificate
28	Lovelorn Clean Air	Jean Willacy H. Hobbs	Certificate Hon. Mention
29	Ol' ear 'ole	J.C. Hinman	Certificate
30	Reflected Light	H. Hobbs	Certificate
31	Lines of Time	W.T. Harrison	Certificate
32	Swarf Lunch Break	N. Humphries R.C. Scott	Certificate Hon. Mention
33	Weeping Willow Scotch Thistle Seeds	E.J. Wilkins A.E. B. Read	Certificate Hon. Mention
34	Windmills of La Manche	E. Edwards	Certificate
35	Adam	A. Greenslade	Certificate
36	Slinky Emerging	R.O. Couchman I.W. Platt, F.R.P.S.	Certificate Hon. Mention

NHCC 1	Whitethroat Curlew Hoverfly	H. Brigg J.L. Otley, A.R.P.S. D.K.H. Martin, A.R.P.S.	Certificate Hon. Mention Hon. Mention
NHCC 2	Lacewing Egg Eyes of Common Cleg	I. Bowen, A.R.P.S. D.K.H. Martin, A.R.P.S.	Certificate Hon. Mention
Anglo/USA	Amish Edler	D.W. Hart, A.P.S.A.	Certificate
A/A/NZ	Cooden Crossing Clydesdale Landscape	C. Westgate, F.R.P.S. A. Hartup	Certificate Hon. Mention

STUDIO SESSION AT THE CAMERA CLUB by E.V. Eves, O.B.E.

The session at The Camera Club was again very successful and this year, more comfortable because the numbers were smaller due, no doubt, to the counter attractions of the RPS Exhibition at the Guildhall and the London Salon at Croydon which were running at the same time. Twenty five members attended the studio session and this number split very nicely into two groups.

One group went to the nearby colourful market under the guidance of Derek Garnier. The other group stayed in the studio where Charles Chambers, FRPS, was the demonstrator. At half time the groups changed over so that everybody had the opportunity to take indoor and outdoor shots of three charming models, Heather, Marilyn and Julia, in different settings and poses. If one can judge from the various comments and the rapidity of the shutter clicking, everyone had a worth while photographic exercise.

The whole organisation, including the lunch which followed, was under the direction of Bill Paul, FRPS, the Club's acting secretary, and once again the UPP is indebted to The Camera Club not only for the use of its first class studios, models, etc., but also for enabling the judging of the exhibition to be done on its premises.

THE A.G.M.

After a lapse of some years, the 1976 AGM proved possible to arrange to coincide with the two major London International photographic exhibitions; the RPS and London Salon, and this added attraction hopefully prompted members to attend our yearly get-together in person. Once again we met in the premises of City University.

CIRCLE SECRETARIES MEETING

Due to a revised schedule aimed at showing the Gold Label transparencies before, instead of after Dinner, the business side of things was kept to the point and matters dealt with speedily. Two points of interest arose from the informal gathering of Circle Secretaries; the first concerned an apparent lack of AGM notices being received in certain quarters, and from this arose a request from the President that all Secretaries should ensure that Christine Jones had a fully up-to-date list of members no later than mid-June *each year* to ensure nobody was omitted in future. We were reminded that this requirement, which had apparently fallen into disuse recently, was in addition to the regular report cards to George Bowley. The second point concerned the ever-present problem of keeping postage costs down, and resulted in Warwick Arbon (C.9) telling us of his Circles use of large tough plastic lunch boxes, that were being used in place of the ubiquitous fibre ones that have served UPP for so long. Warwick assured us that, so far, after about one year's usage, the plastic boxes showed no sign of failing to do the job properly, and had the extremely pertinent advantage of permitting him to post all his Folios out at less than 1 Kg. weight. This matter may well be worth following up for other small print Circles, although it was pointed out that in most slide Circles, the contents alone weighed over 1 Kg., and that most managed to keep within 2 Kg with the fibre boxes in use.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Glen Robson opened the meeting by having last years minutes adopted. In his own report he mentioned the most welcome publicity that UPP had recently had in the Amateur Photographer magazine, which had resulted in no less than 22 new members joining, with several other in the 'pipeline'. This now meant that there were no vacancies in the colour slide Circles, but still some in the print Circles. He offered his congratulations to Gordon

Lycett and Colin Westgate on their Fellowships of the R.P.S., and then putting on a fair imitation of a scowl proceeded to castigate us for failing to win the Switch Shield at this years C.A. Exhibition! "We won it two years running, but only came fourth this year – and its just not good enough" he said. After the laughter subsided, he urged all members to give support to our ventures in this field. Then followed the ever-popular roll call of members, and the top Circle turned out to be 14 with a substantial 10 members present. Circles 6, 21, 23 and 36 all had 6 present, with others trailing behind them. Sincere thanks were offered to E. Eves, for once again arranging the Camera Club session. Mr Eves spoke later, and said that numbers were around 25, which proved about ideal and not too crowded.

Roland Jonas, reporting on the state of our finances, said that the theoretical 'profit' of £27 for the year, was really only a reflection on the fact that much of the stationery had been ordered and paid for the previous year, and we were still using this stock. He reported that Little Man badges had run out, and that since it was not economical to order less than 100 at a time, they would be 35p each if demand required a re-order.

The election of Officers was performed with all existing office holders standing for re-election without opposition. We still had no official Publicity and Recruiting Secretary, and in view of his immense recent success as the (inevitable) stand-in, Roland expounded what was needed in this capacity, and appealed for a volunteer.

Glen Robson led off the A.O.B., by stating that Council had been giving a great deal of consideration to the future of the LITTLE MAN magazine. We were faced with the inevitable rising costs of production leading to a situation that would probably mean an annual rise in Membership Fee if the present format was maintained. Ralph Couchman expressed an opinion from the floor that he would regret the demise of the magazine as he knew it now and would be prepared to pay for it. This was countered by two voices who felt that things cost enough as it was, and since content mattered more than cosmetics, a cheaper production was to be encouraged.

Advance news of the 1977 C.A. Exhibition was read out by Roland, and he informed us that Battersea no longer regarded this event as 'artistic' enough to support and consequently it would be shown in a different venue in future. Present indications are that it will be held for two weeks in Basingstoke and a further two weeks at Harrow in Kodak's establishment, and these

GOING ROUND IN CIRCLES

CIRCLE 4

We have now reached the staggering total of twenty-two members! And that means a waiting list for any further applications. The Sec., is pleased to say that quite a number of the original founder-members are still in the Circle since its reconstitution five years ago. Even one noted colour worker re-joined for the third time! We are a bi-monthly Circle that allows seven days retention of the Folio and has a very simple 1, 2, 3 only voting system. Any-body want to go top of the waiting list?

CIRCLE 11

The high cost of postage has been a subject of much discussion in our notebooks and by shedding as much weight as possible we have now managed to get the box weight below the critical 3 Kg bracket, thus resulting in a useful saving. Most of the excess weight has been eliminated by giving each member his own supply of stationery and by leaving off the notebook covers – even the light plastic type weigh about 4 oz. There was a proposition to convert to unmounted prints but it was felt by a majority that the loss of the aesthetic value of good and varied presentation was too great a sacrifice.

A system of postage sharing has also been adopted, and no member has to pay more than 50p per box. This is made possible as we have three main “centres” of membership, where boxes can be passed by hand. Each and every member puts in a specified amount of postage stamps each month, usually about 45p worth, and those members that have to post the box remove sufficient stamps to cover the postage. The system does of course depend on mutual trust and co-operation, but so far is working well.

Our “circle year” has just finished, and the two main awards, the C.11 Cup for highest average, and Thomas Smith Shield for highest scoring print were both won by Hugh Milsom, with the Progress Award for the greatest improvement in average going to Robert Norris. It has, in fact, been Hugh’s year, as coupled with his Circle successes, he has just recently been awarded the Associateship of the Royal Photographic Society, a splendid achievement for which we give our hearty congratulations.

On the membership side, there has been only one resignation during the year, that of Rob Smith, who’s work we shall of course miss. However, Robert Filtness and Philip Keates have joined us and we now have only one vacancy – an enthusiastic worker for prints up to 10” x 8” would be welcomed!

CIRCLE 12

Another quiet year with membership creeping up to fifteen – only one short of the comfortable maximum with weekly posting and four boxes in circulation. The system mentioned in last year’s report of putting in each folio the rota, with approximate dates, for the next folio is working well in spite of some inevitable last minute changes due to new members, holidays, illness etc. This success is due to our having a really good, conscientious band who never hold up folios more than a day or so, making the Secretary’s job a pleasure. It is hard to realise that the present incumbent stepped into the circle as stop gap Secretary to save it from collapse as long as seventeen years ago and is now the oldest inhabitant. This is typical of U.P.P. – it gets into the blood!

CIRCLE 22

In January of this year, David Williams ended his term as temporary Sec., when he handed over to Allan C. Wood. The Circle extend their thanks to David for holding the fort during the past two years. The Circle is down to half strength at the present. Although we have five new members, we have unfortunately suffered from resignations – three of them long-standing members – George White, Mac Clarke, John Gibbs, and the latest resignation Tony Thompson. They will all be missed. We need at least 6 or 7 more to regain the membership strength we enjoyed 3 or 4 years ago.

CIRCLE 23

Due to family illness and bereavement, the Former Circle Secretary, John Marshall, felt obliged to resign his duties last November, but thankfully has decided to continue as a much valued member of Circle 23 which now has a full membership of fifteen.

I despatched my first Folio (No. 212) at the end of December, the five boxes are circulating quite well, the first Folio arrived back in Guernsey on May 24th.

Apart from Anglo/Aust./N.Z., and Anglo/U.S. Folios. I think we must surely hold the “long distance” record, the route being as follows: on leaving Guernsey (two members) it crosses the Channel to Portsmouth (two) Essex (one) Herts (two) Northants (one) Derby (one) Wigan (two) Hawick, Scotland (one) Bangor, Northern Ireland (one) North Wales (two) then back to Guernsey. The success of a regular flow of boxes, apart from each member “Playing the Game” is the fact that out of our total of fifteen members we have five ‘Doubles’ which means only ten postal

photographer from his own locality to the Circle who quickly produced his photographic credentials by submitting the second highest scoring slide of the year. A gratifying feature has been the way in which newer members generally persisting in their varying styles of photography, have been making their photographic presence felt more and more. To keep matters in perspective, however, it should be said that the Circle continues to be much indebted to the "Old Guard" who continue to impress their personalities in their various, and even inimitable, ways.

CIRCLE 34

The highlight of C.34's 14th year was the 'get-together' organised by John Rundle at Ilkley. Cyril Allday, Jim Duerden and his wife, Ted and Jean Edwards and John Rundle met on the Friday evening and were welcomed to a meeting of the Ilkley Camera Club. Saturday morning, joined by the Sec., and his two younger daughters, we were led by John on a tour of Wharfedale. Slightly misty at the beginning, by the time we reached Kilnsey the sun had come out and the Autumn colours were at their most magnificent. Back in Ilkley Ted Edwards was presented with the Circle shield. During the year following we issued the 150th box. Sadly we have said goodbye to some old friends but happily we have welcomed Tony Baisler, Tony Nicholas and Katie Platt who has already made her mark by winning two Gold Labels.

ANGLO-US CIRCLE

Blooming! Almost at full strength, though we still have the odd vacancy. Just about all we need is a more regular (and cheaper!) mail service. Irregularity of this resulted in our AGM entry being ten slides last year and only six this time. Mental blackouts on posting dates do sometimes occur (Watch it, blokes!) but it is the US/UK and UK/US trip that really mucks things up.

It is odd that, in these days in particular, while the proportion of lasses to lads on the US side is one to two, on the UK side it is one to fifteen, and that only just. Come on, fellahs! Can't you pick up a wench?

We have extended our scope to include the larger slides, though to date there is only one entrant with these. Still, it is worth giving it a run.

After some fifteen years, (and those traumatic first two should count treble), the UK Sec reckons that he deserves a break, and John Daniels bravely moves into the hot seat. By and large, he has no need to worry as to the support he will get if the past is

anything to go by. Good luck, John. But the outgoing Sec still stays in – you lucky people!

OBITUARY

Harold (Mick) Smithson

With the sad death on Christmas Day of Harold Smithson, the Kent County Photographic Association lost one of its leading members. Photographers everywhere and Kent in particular have lost an outstanding and much respected judge and friend. Harold was born in 1908, joined Local Government and served Woolwich faithfully for some 43 years.

He was a talented man with many interests – philately, gardening, fish keeping, greenhouse culture, wood carving, marquetry and enamel work. But his greatest and most beloved hobby was photography. Beginning – as all Old Hands did – in Black and White, he retained a love and appreciation for this medium as his many judging stints proved. He was a pioneer of the 35mm format, concentrating on colour during his later years.

First and foremost, Harold was a Clubman. His membership of Bexleyheath goes back further than Club records, but he was one of the 20 members in 1937. Under his Chairmanship and later Presidency, the membership grew to 100. He took part in all Club activities particularly encouraging beginners. The Club always came first for Harold and although his photography suffered for this reason he achieved among many of his ambitions the Bexleyheath Championship, 1972, and Certificate of Merit in the C.A. 1975.

Although far from well, he introduced the Speaker with his usual flair at the last pre-Christmas Club Meeting. A few days later he was in hospital.

Harold was a K.C.P.A. Committee member from 1964: Publicity Officer 1964-67: Vice-President 1967-72 and President 1972-75. During the last three years Harold visited as many of the County Clubs as possible. As a member of the United Photographic Postfolios, Circle 36, he won several Gold Labels and he was a member of the Photographic Society of America.

Harold Smithson will be remembered with love by his family and all who knew him for it can be truly said "Harold was one who loved his fellowmen".

R.C.

revised arrangements would probably lead to an increase in the numbers of entries per person; per class to THREE instead of two as in the past.

There being no further business, the meeting concluded in the lecture theatre by the presentation of awards to the many deserving recipients, followed by the showing of the Gold Label slides after a short tea break.

THE DINNER AND AFTER

For once, I heard only compliments being passed about the meal. In recent years more brickbats than bouquets have been received by members of Council (either by direct word of mouth or letter, or most often by 'grapevine') concerning the choice of menu and/or degree of heat contained therein etc.. This year's choice seemed to please most of the members most of the time, and actually delighted many. We were very pleased to have with us three guests and their wives, in the persons of Mr. J. Hayzen, F.R.P.S., and Mr. W. Barry Evans, F.R.P.S., our two judges, and also Mr. B.L. Sage, our after-Dinner lecturer.

And what a superb lecture it was Mr. Saye began disarmingly by telling us that he was not a photographer!!! I doubt if he can have had the slightest idea of the thoughts that *must* have passed through the minds of the majority of us photographers as he spoke those words. Visions of all the dreadful talks that we have all, at one time or another, been forced to sit through, flashed through our minds – soon however to be replaced with interest as he got under way in his preamble about his life as an ecologist with BP, and his travels in arctic Alaska. He must be about the only non-photographer to tote FOUR Pentaxes around; but by golly he put them to good use, and we saw a really magnificent collection of slides showing not only the majestic and awe-inspiring landscape, but also many really outstanding Natural History pictures; some of great rarity. One admired his pleasant and informative narrative; and mentally shuddered at the image of eyelashes stuck to metal camera parts due to the extreme cold. We laughed with him over his amusing anecdotes, and boggled at the thought of changing a cassette over with heavily mittened hands. His obvious affection for the area and its wildlife, came over most strongly, and one can only echo Glen's vote of thanks by agreeing that it was a talk that would be remembered by us all for many years to come.

So ended one of the best and most successful A.G.M's it has been my pleasure to attend. You really missed something if you didn't come this time. Don't make the same mistake again.

V.I.P. NEWS

We would like to extend our congratulations to the following members who have distinguished themselves during the last year:

R.P.S. Honours

Fellowship : Colin Westgate, Circle 11 & A/A
Baron Woods, Circle 4

Associateship : H. B. Milsom, Circle 11
John Parkholm, Circle 24
Les Yallup, Circle 36

Licentiatehip : Trevor Harrison, Circle 31
J. C. Hinman, Circle 29

Acceptances at R.P.S.

International Exhibition: A. Krick, N. A. Callow,
A. J. McDade, ARPS, EFIAP, E. R. Ball

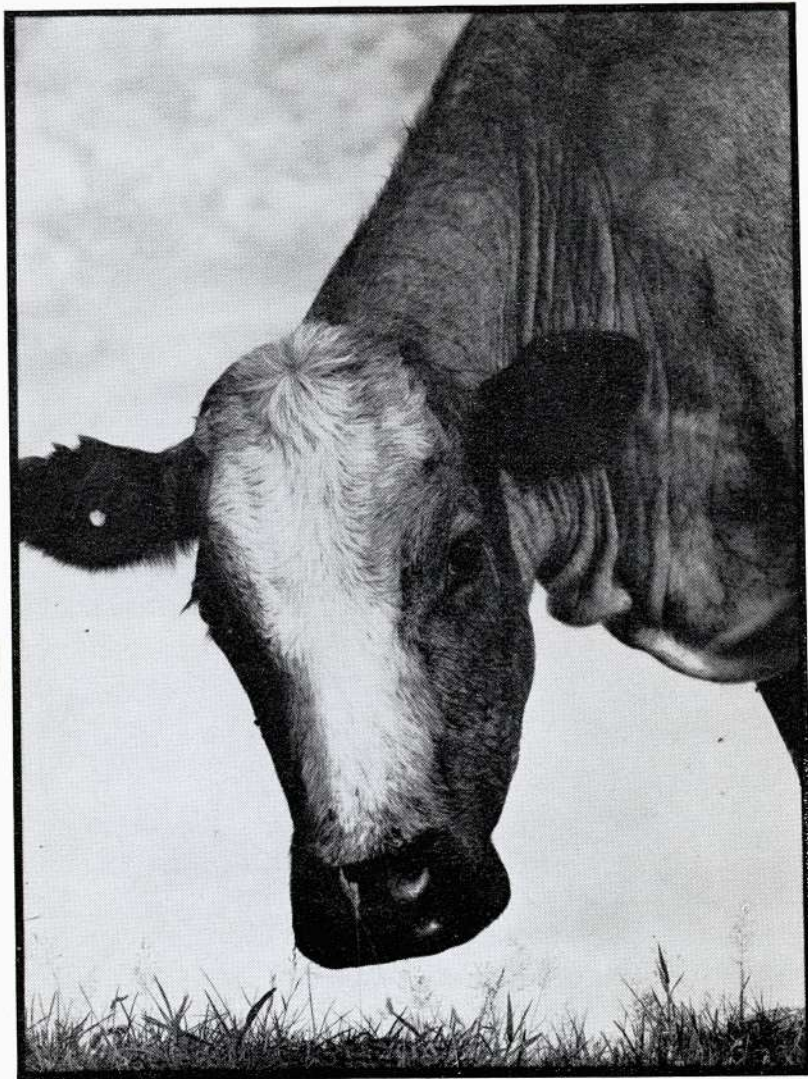
Acceptances at London

Salon: W. A. Armstrong, D. Hogg, ARPS,
E. Appleton, FRPS,
Sir George F. Pollock, Bt.FRPS,
B. V. Woods, FRPS

Apologies if anyone has been missed out, but this is the only information available.

CLUB TIES AND BADGES

Roland Jonas has a small stock of the Club Tie available at £1.75, which includes post and package, and also the Little Man Badge, at 35 pence, which also includes postage.



J. HINMAN, LRPS

CIRCLE 29

THE GOLD LABEL JUDGING

On this occasion, we were back in the excellent premises of The Camera Club, in London, and out two distinguished judges, W. Barry Evans, F.R.P.S. — a Past President of the Central Association, — and J.C. Hayzen, F.R.P.S. were soon under way in their task of selecting their preferences from among all the Gold Label prints and slides.

Mervyn Williams and Bob Scott have a very smooth machinery for ensuring that matters get done in time, and although our selectors were painstaking in their fairness to give every entry a fair crack of the whip, no sooner was one Circle finished than the next was placed in front of them. Compromise choices were made with equanimity on the rare occasions that they were not in complete agreement, and it was only right at the end of the print selection that a possible impasse was averted by taking a refreshment break before returning to the matter, and to a satisfactory conclusion.

Similarly the slides were soon sorted out, and only the final choice of plaque winner causing any great heartsearchings. The final task, picking the Leighton Herdson Trophy winner, proved easier than had been anticipated, as it was only after a brief discussion that both were unanimous in favour of the slide. Once again, U.P.P., is greatly indebted to two very fine photographers for giving their time so generously and for the pleasant and harmonious way in which the whole judging was carried out, and also to The Camera Club for the use of their premises.

Leighton Herdson Trophy & Plaque for best Transparency: 'Slinky'	Ralph Couchman	Circle 36
Plaque for Best Small Print: 'Morning in the Forest'	B. Hirschfield, L.R.P.S.	21
Runner Up 'The Wayfarers'	B. Baker	9
Plaque for Best Large Print: 'Karate Class'	D. Arundel	10
Runner Up 'Downland Winter:	C. Westgate, F.R.P.S.	11
Glen Vase for best Natural History slide: 'Lacewing Egg'	I. Bowen, A.R.P.S.	NHCC 2
Runner-Up to best Transparency: 'Windmills of La Manche'	E. Edwards	34

UNITED PHOTOGRAPHIC POSTFOLIOS

President: H. G. Robson

23 Spring Terrace, North Shields, Northumberland
North Shields 73047

THE COUNCIL, 1976-77

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.

In addition to the President the Council consists of the following members:

Vice-Presidents: S. BERG, A.R.P.S., 68 Mowbray Road, Edgware, Middlesex. 01-958 9555.

I. W. PLATT, F.R.P.S., A.P.S.A., E.F.I.A.P., 199 Bilford Road, Worcester WR3 8HL. Worcester 51687

Past President:

R. FARRAND, F.I.L.P., F.R.P.S.

Hon. Gen. Secretary: Mrs. C. JONES, 21 Madeira Road, Palmers Green, London N13. 01-886 7071.

Hon. Treasurer: R. P. JONAS, A.R.P.S., Cranworth, Summerhouse Road, Godalming, Surrey, GU7 1PY. Godalming 22377.

Publicity and Recruiting Secretary:

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Editorial contributions – articles, letters, suggestions, tips, details of home-made gadgets, talking points – 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.