

CIRCLE SECRETARIES

1/5	R.Beaumont, 91 Cobden St., Waterhead, Oldham Lancs.	061633 6195
2/25	C.Naylor.LRPS., 72, Burman Road, Wath on Dene, Rotherham	0709 872734
3	R.Bennett ARPS., 60, Kingswood Road, Nottingham	0602 284751
4	H.Choretz, 1 Woodhouse Road, Hove, Sussex	
6	F.A.Challinor, 66A Bedford Street, Crewe, Cheshire.	0270 257142
7	A.Greenslade, 35 Patching Hall Lane, Chelmsford. Essex.	0245 354531
8	F.W.James, Frogmarsh Cottage, Elderfield, Gloucester.	
9	A.R.Trewsek, 30, Farr Avenue, Barking, Essex.	
10	L.Holman,14, Littlecoats Road, Grimsby, S.Humberside.	
11	J.DoEan, 17 Havers Lane, Bishop Stortford	
12	Mrs. J.Rooker LRPS., 4 Otley Close, Cramlington, Northumberland.	
14	R.E.A.Jones ARPS., 21, Maderia Road, Palmers Green, London N13	01 886 7071
16	C.Thompson, 30 Foxdale Avenue, Thorpe Willoughby, Nr. Selby	0757 705394
17	R.N.Almond, 49 Cleveland Avenue, Newby, Scarborough.	0723 74460
18	B.Sanderson ARPS., 11, Greenlands Close, Newport Ragnell.	
19	P.M.Antrobus, 40, Brookhurst Court, Beverley Road, Leamington Spa	0926 34228
20	H.Buck, 2 Linkside, Seascale, Cumbria.	0940 28630
21	B.Hirschfield ARPS., 13, Bishops Road, Eynesbury, St.Neots, Cambridge.	0480 73590
22	Mrs. I.Bainbridge, 158, Liverpool Road, South, Maghull, Merseyside.	
23	Miss J.Crosbie, 1 Glebe Place, Harwick, Roxburghshire.	
24	B.Harvey, 1 Zulu Cottages, Ashbury, Swindon, Wilts.	079 371 370
26	P.M.Antrobus. (see Circle 19)	
27	A.J.Williams, 54, High Street, Whittlebury, Towcester	0327 857420
28	E.Haycock, 5, Bosley Close, Christchurch, Dorset	0202 476593
29	B.Hirschfield. (see Circle 21)	
30	V.P.Davies ARPS., Blue Cedar, Love Lane, Petersfield.	0730 3436
31	G.C.Barnes, 2 Granville Road, Timperley, Altrincham, Cheshire	061 980 3308
32	P.Johnson, Flat 1, 54 Station Road, Acocks Green, Birmingham.	
33	J.Williamson, 1 Priory Crescent, off Priory Lane, Kentbank, Grange over Sands, Cumbria.	04484 2675
34	Dr. P.Wainwright, Four Winds, Springpool, Winstanley	0942 222554
35	A.Greenslade. (see Circle 7)	
36	R.O.Couchman A.FIAP., LRPS., 179 Wilson Avenue Rochester Kent	0634 45769
NHCC 1	D.K.Martin, Tram-y-Glyn, Llamblethian, Cowbridge, Glam.	04463 2425
NHCC 2	E.E.Emmett, Beck House, Hornby Road, Caton Lancs	0524 771013
A/Aus.	P.A.Blow, 39, Cogdeane Road, West Canford Heath, Poole, Dorset.	

The Little Man



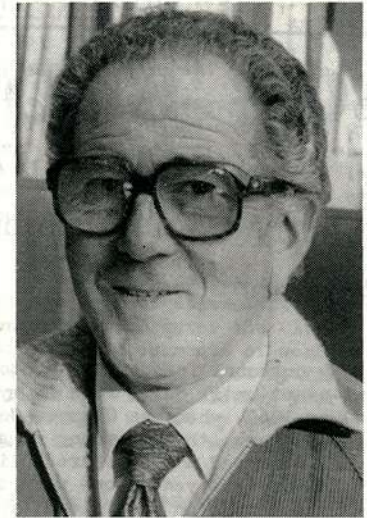
The Official Magazine of
**THE UNITED PHOTOGRAPHIC
POSTFOLIOS**
OF GREAT BRITAIN

SUMMER 1984

1983/84 COUNCIL MEMBERS

President:	S. Berg ARPS., 68 Mowbray Road, Edgware, Middlesex, HA8 8JH	01 958 9555
Vice Presidents:	I. Platt, FRPS., APSA., E.FAIP., 21, Gerald Road, Charminster, Bournemouth. BH3 7JZ	0202 296782
	R.O. Couchman, A.FIAP., LRPS., 179, Wilson Avenue, Rochester, Kent. MEL 2SL	0634 45769
Past President:	H.G. Robson, 23, Spring Terrace, North Shields, Northumberland.	0632 73047
Hon. Gen. Secretary:	Mrs. C.M. Jones, 21, Maderia Road, Palmers Green, London. N13.	01 886 7071
Hon. Treasurer:	G. St. J. Hawkes, 36, Quarry Park Road, Cheam, Surrey. SMI 2ND	01 642 4839
Membership and Folio Circulation Secretary:	A. Gunnew, 203, Lynton Road, Harrow, Middlesex. HA2 9NH	01 866 4693
Publicity Secretary:	R.C. Scott, A.FIAP., 12 Holliesfield, Cromer Street, London. WC 1	01 837 9432
Editor of Little Man Magazine:	R.O. Couchman A.FIAP., LRPS., 179, Wilson Avenue, Rochester, Kent. MEL 2SL	0634 45769
Competition Secretaries:	M.B. Williams, 27, Buckingham Way, Wallington, Surrey.	01 647 4671
Prints:		
Slides:	R.C. Scott A.FIAP., 12 Hollinsfield, Cromer Street London. WC1	01 837 9432
Representatives of Circle Secretaries:	E. Haycock, 5, Bosley Close, Christchurch, Dorset.	0202 476593
	R.A.E. Jones ARPS., 21, Maderia Road, Palmers Green. N13	01 886 7071
Representatives of Ordinary Members:	A. Holmes, 22, Wytherley Crescent, Barnet, Herts. EN5 1AR	01 440 3433
	A. Spier, 24, Merryfield Gardens, Marsh Lane, Stanmore, Middlesex.	01 954 6611

President's Viewpoint



What is it that makes U.P.P. so popular and successful as a Photographic Club? Possibly the necessity for every single member to participate fully that I referred to in the last issue of the L.M. has an influence on our "esprit de corp" and high regard for each other. Certainly the "Club" coming to "us" each month is a convenience much appreciated, particularly during the winter months, and even in the summer when we can deal with the box whilst lazing in the garden with a cool drink in one hand and the folio on the lawn beside us. There is also the companionship of having your own circle of friends around you, albeit in the form of the notebook, who hopefully you have met in person at the A.G.M. or perhaps at a circle rally, backed up with the thought that there are over 500 fellow members with similar aspirations as yourself, spread over the British Isles and beyond, all with the common objective of helping each other to get greater satisfaction from their hobby.

I think, however, perhaps the greatest attraction of U.P.P. membership is the extent of the benefits related to photographic learning. The advice to be gained is not restricted merely to the comments made on our own entries, we have something to learn from the criticisms made of every in the box. That is to say, a circle with 15 members will normally produce over 200 separate comments in every monthly voting round. Even allowing for the customary, "I agree with Bill", type of crits, that's a hell of a lot of advice being offered for consumption and consideration. The ordinary club monthly competition produces a quarter of that total, all of which is being proffered by one individual alone.

We also get the opportunity of patiently considering the advice being given, being able to look repeatedly at the picture concerned, studying the effect of the change suggested, as well as learning the technical details of camera, lenses film and development being used by others. Weigh it all up and the full benefits and advantages of our club membership become very apparent.

Come to think of it, I seem to have answered my own question!

Cherrio everyone,

Stanley Berg

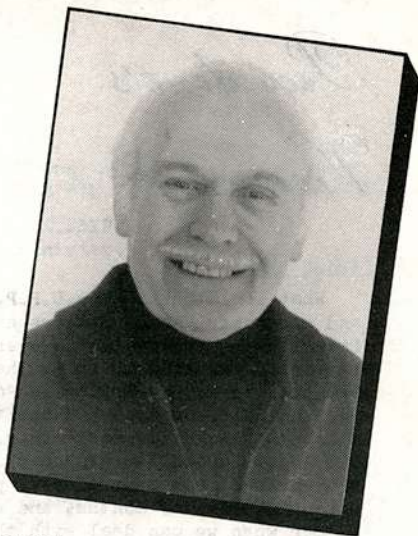
MEET THE UPPER CRUST

BOB SCOTT

A.FIAP

Publicity & Joint Exhibition

Secretary



My personal interest in photography did not start until quite late in my life. It was 1960, when the Olympic Games were held in Rome, that my young daughter and I had arranged a two centre holiday in August of that year - one week to be in Rome and the second on the Isle of Ischia. My daughter was anxious to have some 'snaps' of her visit to the 'Eternal City', so I was persuaded, indeed pressed, into buying some sort of camera with which to record our visit.

I was at the time employed as an Orchestral Librarian with a Theatrical Publishing house and one of my colleagues there was an enthusiastic amateur photographer. I approached him with my problem and he very kindly offered to accompany me to the local photographic shops one lunch time with a view to buying something suitable for my trip. I wanted something simple and inexpensive, but capable of taking both black and white and colour 'pictures'. My colleague explained my requirements to the assistant and after handling several formidable pieces of equipment, at prices I was not prepared to pay, we finally decided upon a secondhand folding 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ " sq. 'Dacora' camera with a mysterious sounding f3.5 lens and shutter speeds of 1/30th - 1/200th of a second plus 'B'. Somewhat bewildered I paid the £5 asked and we left the shop carrying this in a little leather case over my shoulder.

Back in the office my colleague explained to me, briefly, the fundamentals of exposure, the use of shutter speeds and lens apertures, and the need to, "Hold the camera still when pressing the button". He advised me to buy some FP-3 film and some Agfa colour film; this I did and he showed me how to load the camera and instructed me to follow closely the directions on the little piece of paper supplied with the films.

A week later we left Gatwick on the first stage of our journey. We landed at Pisa airport from whence we were to travel by train to Rome. We had an hour or two to spare so out of the case came the 'new toy' and having positioned my daughter by the lower steps of the Leaning Tower, I consulted my piece of paper then set the shutter to 1/100th of a sec. and the lens to f8. Trying not to appear completely inexperienced I peered through the viewfinder, moved a little to the left, another quick look, then a little move to the right, finally asking my daughter to stare at the camera but to look interested in the time-worn stonework of the tower. As she turned her head with a smile I depressed that little button, sighed, and wound on to the next 'number' with a sense of achievement.

We enjoyed a splendid week in Rome sightseeing, and attended an audience with Pope John 23rd at the summer residence at Castel Gandolfo. I had already used up three rolls of black and white film by the end of the first week. Time to load the colour film for our week in Ischia.

On returning home I took the films to the local chemist for developing and printing. At the end of the week, when my prints came to hand, I anxiously opened the packet to find that not only had all the prints come out, but they looked quite good - at any rate I was pleased with them.

I took them to the office to show my knowledgeable colleague. He was quite impressed and said that, "I had a good eye for a picture and should try my hand at more serious compositions." He went on to say that, "Of course, you'll never get really good results unless you develop and print the film yourself". Another short lecture and a list of requirements and I was off to make the necessary purchases. I processed my first film at home, made contact prints - and I was hooked.

In 1961 I joined my first Camera Club. By now I had purchased an enlarger and was making half plate and whole plate prints from negatives taken on a Rolleicord Va - my pride and joy. I was encouraged to enter the Club competitions and listened with great attention to the comments of members and the various Judges who visited us. The day came when I got my first placing in the beginners section - I was thrilled. The following year I was upgraded to the Intermediate Section and managed to get my name inscribed on the shield as winner of the Annual Award. Once again I was upgraded and submitted my work to the Advanced Section.

During my membership of the Club - the Kentish Town Camera Club - I enjoyed the close friendship of one, Fred Hearne, who was at that time Secretary of U.P.P. Colour Circle 32, of which he is a member to this day. He explained to me all about U.P.P. and persuaded me to join his Circle. For colour slides I was using my Rolleicord with a masking set to allow me to take 35 mm. slides. I paid my subscription and handed in my slides. Anxiously I awaited my first Box. When it arrived I spent several evenings viewing the slides, then set about commenting upon them and allotting them marks. It was some time before I gained my first Gold Label, but the thrill of receiving this accolade I remember to this day.

By now, due to accommodation problems, the club to which I belonged had been forced to disband. However, eight members continued to meet each week in a room above a local hostelry. We projected our slides, had discussions, criticised each other's work, and more important, gathered new friends with kindred interest. We soon outgrew our accommodation and had to move. We found a new home in the local Public Library. This was in 1964 and it was then that the Camden Colour Group was born, the only club in the London area to work exclusively in colour slides. For my sins I was elected Chairman, an office I hold to this day.

I had always enjoyed attending the A.G.Ms. of the U.P.P. when they were held at the old Royal Hotel in Woburn Place and through these attendances I made many friends. In addition to Circle 32 I was also a member of the now defunct Anglo/U.S.A. Circle, this brought me new friends on the other side of the "Pond", and resulted in my joining The Photographic Society of America, which, in turn, started me on entering International Salons, an activity I thoroughly enjoy.

Over the years many things have changed, one of which is my occupation. In 1962 I joined the Daily Mirror Group as a Librarian and after several years I was transferred to the Picture section of the Library which deals exclusively with the photographic requirements of the newspapers in the Group. I count myself fortunate in having a job so closely allied to my chosen hobby.

I enjoy my photography and my membership of U.P.P. Through it I have made many lasting and wonderful friendships, in many parts of the world. I hope that this pleasant situation will continue through the years ahead.

THE FINEST WALK IN THE WORLD

To visit New Zealand and not to walk the Milford Track would equate to a foreigner visiting London and missing out Buckingham Palace.

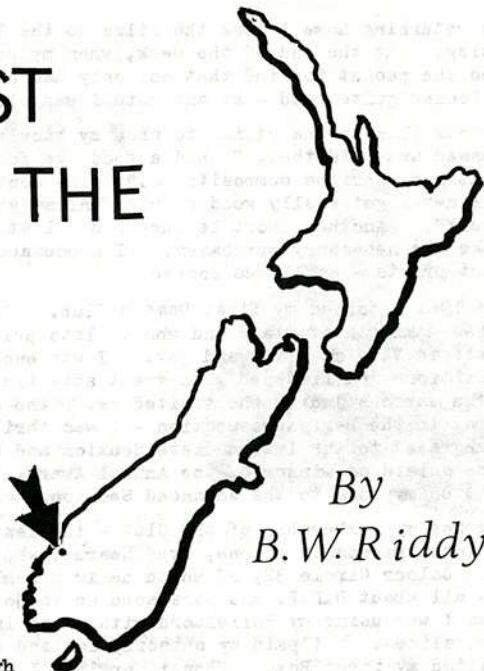
Mid the rugged splendour of the fiordland in the south-west corner of South Island it is New Zealand's largest National Park of 1,223,653 hectares. Although mapped from the air, parts have never trodden by man.

Milford Track cuts for 55 kilometers through the rugged and dense bush (Beech Forest) terrain. Birds sing in the foliage above and bounce around on twigs, so tame that they will fly and land very close to you if you stand still and whistle to them. Rain is the magician in this wild and exciting area. Borrowdale in the Lake District is the wettest place in England with an average rainfall of 100 inches. Milford is the wettest place in New Zealand with an annual rainfall of 400 inches, so if you don't get it one day you will the next! It is nothing to get two inches in one day.

Nevertheless, in an area which has one of the highest rainfalls in the world, we were resigned to be rained upon, we expected flash flooding but we certainly did not expect the experience which was to follow when the walk started.

We joined a party of 40 for the 4 day escorted trek and became part of the 72nd party of the season. People from all parts of the world undertake this demanding walk. The age limits are between 10 and 70 years and a cross-section of people from all walks of life joined our party. The party before us included the Bishop of Dunedin and the judge who presided over "The Great Train Robbery" trial. We met people who would be with us for the next four days, total strangers at the beginning, but friends at the end of the trek, through a shared experience, a common goal and a sense of achievement that was above the temporary discomfort and discouragement of the track.

The guide at the briefing told us that we were a task force about to make an assault on one of nature's most formidable strongholds. Not what we read in the guide books whilst at home. He said you must ignore the things beyond your control, the weather, the depths of the streams, the steepness of the track (up and down). Oh! How true his words were to be.



By
B. W. Riddy LRPS.

Day one was easy, we packed our rucksacks, donned our walking gear and at 3 p.m. joined a coach which transported us from the town of Te Anua to Te Anua Downs where we joined a launch which took us to the head of the lake. The weather was warm and it was a pleasant enjoyable two hour trip. We even helped ourselves to the proverbial cup of tea supplied on the launch.

Embarking at the jetty, we walked the short distance along a well worn track to Glade House. Dinner awaited us. The hut was very much "Youth Hostel" style, women and men in separate dormitories. We each introduced ourselves to the party when dinner was finished. A big cheer for the only two from the United Kingdom. A sing song ended the day. It had started to rain.

Day two was known as the initiation, a true statement. When we commenced, the rain was falling steadily. The first obstacle was a very long swing bridge, three planks of wood supported by wires. It was amusing watching members of the party crossing. The middle section was a bit tricky, it also threatened a long fall to the river below. After overcoming that problem we walked like hunchbacked monks until we arrived at "6 mile hut". Although wet and soggy a nice "cuppa" plus our packed lunch revived us and we set off again. The rain was heavier now, we picked our way across mountain streams, trying hard not to get our boots too wet. But alas! We soon found ourselves walking up to our ankles in water. Then suddenly in front of us was a high waterfall, it was terrifying as we approached closer, the noise and the wind was deafening. We both linked our hands and turned our backs to the waterfall in order to get through it, otherwise we would have been bowled over by the down draught. After a similar exercise a few minutes later we turned a corner on the track and a corridor of water 18 inches deep confronted us. The only way was forward, there was no way to deviate through the bush. Knees wet now! We continued on our way and after some time, others in the party were waiting for us. A human chain was formed by linking hands and eight or nine people eased themselves waist deep through a newly formed river. We overcame several of these crossings during the next hour or so and each time it was the determination and common aim of the party to conquer nature's challenge. The ultimate test came about one km. from Pompalona Hut where we were to spend the night.

Our guide spent over half an hour up to his waist in cold floodwater helping people across a torrential river. Apparently, within minutes of the leading members of the party crossing the creek, it was swollen by a wave of water into a torrential river. The leaders alerted the guide who organised the rescue of the remaining members. In order to cross the river each individual stepped into the water, grasped a rope, pulled it into a V shape and eased themselves through the water, feeling their way with their feet across the submerged boulders, until they reached the far bank. Some of the party were chest high whilst crossing. One slip would have been a disaster.

Strange as it may seem, accidents are few on the track, despite such treacherous spots.

The day concluded with hot showers and welcome food. The clothes drying-room was jammed full with the day's wet togs.

When we started on Day Three the guide said this was perspiration day, we would walk only 15km but we would climb 760 metres up the Mackinnon Pass and descend 866 metres to Quintin Huts. We were warned that this was a dangerous stretch of track. Earlier in the season a walker had suffered from exposure and lost the will to move on. An American dentist in our party was to experience this. The order of the day was to take gloves, a warm pullover and hat.

We set off at a great pace. After emerging from the high water mark on the trees, the track zig-zags gradually up a steep alpine rock garden, it winds through scrub, ribbonwood and fuchsia and upwards onto Mackinnon Pass. Named after Quintin Mackinnon, a colourful Scot who discovered the pass in

1888. It links the east to Milford Sound on the west coast.

After a while the constant pounding of the feet on the track, the knees began to ache ! Self inflicted wounds - can't expect sympathy ! When we reached Pass Hut, it was bitterly cold, the knees hurt like hell. A cup of tea and a rest helped, but there was still the journey down.

Pass Hut attracts one of New Zealand's amusing birds, the Kea. This bird is rather like a large parrot with deep green plumage and an orange/crimson breast. It is inquisitive and fearless, beware of leaving anything bright about, it will quickly disappear or be pecked to pieces by their strong beaks. The name comes from the sound of their cry.

Having photographed them we commenced the descent, alone now, we fell behind because the pace had to be slowed, those knees !! No sounds, you could hear the silence, only a few places like this on earth. There was a "crack", an almighty rumble - an avalanche. "Whereabouts ?" I asked my wife. No reply. We carried on. Then another avalanche, louder and more frightening this time. I spoke. "Keep very quiet", my wife said. But it was a beautiful wild area, the white river continued to flow out of the clouds, topping the mountains before us. It was incredible !

Raining hard again now, we caught up with the Editor of an Auckland newspaper and his wife, his knees were troublesome also. We could'nt help each other though. A sign post came into view which read 1 mile to Quintin. We shall never believe those signs again, that last mile was sheer agony, stepping from boulder to boulder we came at last to the swing bridge that led us to the Quintin Hut. Surely more than a mile ?

Weariness, tinged with elation, Oh ! The agony !

That evening, after dinner, the guide presented members of the party with a certificate which confirms that you have completed, "The finest walk in the world".

A days rest would have been appreciated because nearby is located the Sutherland Falls, a pilgrimage to the 5th highest falls in the world would have been worthwhile. The falls make three great leaps of 248, 229 and 103 metres. No doubt a wonderful spectacle.

Day Four was a long trek of 22km down the Arthur Valley, a break for lunch, on past Lake Ada. No time can be spared because a connection must be made with the launch at Sandfly Point to take one to Milford Sound. If you are too early the sandflies will eat you alive. This insect, ceaselessly active with much finnish skill will find holes in your clothes through which to feed on your blood. We can confirm that they have a good appetite for the English variety.

The climax of the walk is when the launch moves out across the water on the half hour trip to Milford.

Upon disembarking, a celebratory drink in the Milford Hotel. We were easily distinguished from the other visitors, who travel by coaches to view the famous Sound, by our "Shuffle".

One word from a 1961 book neatly sums up the experience of walking the wet and wonderful Milford Track - - - -"PHEW".

But we would do it all again !

DRY ROT

JOHN MURDOCH takes a quizzical look at the
Mad World of Photography

In normal circumstances, the couple crossing the local shopping precinct would scarcely attracted a second glance. The woman was large, self-assured and voluble, the man small and insignificant by comparison. Everything about him drooped; his mouth, his not-quite-bandit moustache, his narrow shoulders and even his Marks & Sparks trousers sagged dispiritedly combining to give an impression of total and permanent misery. It is a sight not unusual in these parts and possibly elsewhere. The thing which distinguished this particular tableau was however the fact the man was wearing a rather bedraggled tee-shirt with the words, 'OFFICIAL HOOLIGAN' printed in large letters on the front, a clear case if ever there was one of reality conflicting with advertising. Now, generally speaking, the advertising profession is not one which is deserving of much sympathy though occasionally it needs to be protected against itself. Only recently we have been extorted by the television advertisements: 'If you are thinking of going to Spain - think again', advice which, idiom being what it is, would have most of us hurriedly scanning the holiday brochures again in search of somewhere more appropriate. There was also the case some time ago of a mail order firm advertising with unusual and possibly unintentional candour: '- - - we are offering this radio at a price which bears no relation to its true value'. They went bankrupt of course.

When the publicity men really get into their stride, which they all too often do, it unfortunately means trouble for the unwary. One wonders, for instance, just how many thousands of pounds have been squandered on the acquisition of 'creative' filters. Leaving aside the quibble that the filters left to themselves wouldn't create anything, just how often can they be put to use without being boringly repetitive ?

Quite a number of years ago, a (then) prestigious international transparency exhibition was taken by its perpetrators on a tour of the northern part of the country. After a few trendy slides of doubtful artistic merit there was quite an arresting picture of a backlit glass jug, decanter and wine glass, which was awarded a certificate of merit, if memory serves correctly. Three slides further on there was a virtually identical set and after another five slides yet another glassware motif in no way different to the other two. As time went on, it became evident that it had been a vintage year for the jug and bottle department and what was initially appealing to the senses became less so after about the fifteenth similar offering. Mark Twain met similar trouble in Switzerland when he and his companion were approached by a yodelling native to whom they gave a franc for his trouble. A few yards (meters ?) further on they were confronted by a second yodeller whom they awarded with half a franc. The third they greeted with nothing but a lifting of the hat while the fourth they tipped with half a franc to stop yodelling.

The point is that once a thing ceases to be a novelty it becomes a nuisance and one cannot help wondering whether the proliferation of these filters has done more damage to the art of photography or to the pockets of the gullible.

In the same vein, an even sillier piece of publicity has been the extension of the already doubtful ' - - - - of the year' series to 'Camera of the Year'. Inconceivable as it may be, there are undoubtedly those who will dash out and buy a so-called 'Camera of the Year' chosen by a self-appointed committee of

alleged experts irrespective of whether it suits their needs or not. Still, there are those who think that the winner of the Miss World Contest is the most attractive girl on the face of the earth or even that Barry Manilow is a singer. But to what extent does the Camera of the Year (1983) lose its artificial desirability when Camera of the Year (1984) is designated?

Apart from the now customary mutilation of the English language, to say nothing of grammar, there is another distasteful aspect of contemporary advertising which has been gaining ground in recent years and that is the 'knocking' advertisement. This first surfaced in the car industry where, instead of the merits of the particular model being prompted, the copy sets out the alleged defects of the competitors. Some years ago, one of the international food companies ran a competition part of which was to complete the sentence; 'I like ****'s soups because'. Being very much concerned with accuracy, I added, '...all the others taste even worse and was duly awarded a consolation prize. This may have unwittingly set a pattern which spreading to the photographic world in which things are sold not on their merits but on the short-comings of the opposition. It doesn't seem to have spread to the Circle voting system ... yet.

This column does not wish to give the impression that it is against progress and indeed is a strong supporter of it so long as the progress is real and not pseudo and that in the making of it some of the old wisdom is not lost. For instance, it emerged in a recent discussion on fixing bath life, that no-one had heard of the simple way of assessing whether or not a hypo bath is still usable or not, something surely worth knowing these days. You make up a solution of potassium iodide; the actual strength is unimportant but say about 10%. Take some of the suspect hypo solution in a test tube, hold it at an angle and let a couple of drops of the iodine solution trickle down the side (inside, that is). If you can make Irish coffee you won't have any problems. If you can't make Irish coffee, potassium iodide solution is cheaper than Irish Whisky, taste much the same and is good to practice on. If, when the iodide solution meets the hypo the solution remains clear it is safe to go on using the fixer. If a yellow precipitate forms which dissolves on shaking, the fixer is nearing the end of its useful life. If the precipitate doesn't dissolve, the bath is exhausted. (Look out in our next issue for a simple, positive test to distinguish potassium cyanide from health salts).

Finally, a story about the great Lancelot Vining, ex-Fleet Street Photographer and regular contributor to the Amateur Photographer when it used to be a photographic journal. Some of the older readers of this magazine will remember him as a very good photographer but who never lost that humility and reticence which is associated with newspaper staff. In later years he went round the country giving illustrated talks on various photographic matters and he was very much 'Sir Oracle and when I open my lips let no dog bark'. Now at this particular time he developed a pet hate, not without good reason, towards the bonk, bonk, bonk map-pole on the floor technique of signalling to the projectionist to change the slide. He therefore through the columns of the A.P. warned that he would note in his Black Book any club which in future failed to provide a discreet signalling system consisting of a length of cable, a battery and light at one end operated by a bell push at the other. All went well until one week when his column started in a very pained manner; "I do not know if the — club was trying to pull my leg or whether they simply didn't grasp the idea ..." but the unfortunate club had carried out the instructions to the letter - with one exception. Instead of a lamp they had fixed a whacking great bell at the other end

-- -oOo- --

To Photograph a Virgin — Blushing

By Ralph Couchman



To photograph a blushing virgin. A difficult assignment, surely. But that was our intention. So let us start at the beginning. We had read the delightful article by Ron Wilkinson in the winter 1982 edition of the "Little Man" and we felt sure that Switzerland was the ideal place for a holiday. After some correspondence with Ron we settled on Wilderswil in the Bernese Oberland as the ideal spot. "Do not forget to photograph the Jungfrau, especially at sunset when it turns pink", warned Ron.

We flew to Switzerland on one of the inaugural flights of a new service to Berne. On landing we were surprised to hear our name called over the loud speakers. On enquiry we discovered it was our neighbour's daughter - who we had known all her life - married to a Swiss, calling to welcome us to her adopted country. She finished by saying, "Don't forget to take a picture of the virgin blushing". I asked for an explanation. "Easy", she said, "Jung means 'White' and/or 'Virgin' and Frau, 'Maiden'. When the sun sets and the conditions are right the mountain turns pink! Hence the expression, 'the virgin blushes'." I promised to try.

The first morning I regarded as number one priority the finding of a suitable view-point for my masterpiece. But that proved impossible at the time as the Jungfrau was completely hidden in the clouds. However, in the evening, on returning from our day's excursion we took a short cut from the Railway Station to the Post Office in the village. Half way along the narrow road, through a cleft in the nearer ranges the 'maiden' loomed large and crystal white against a delightful blue sky. A perfect viewpoint. I immediately ran off a few shots, hackneyed, but no less pleasing for that.

At the same time I noted that some kind local had built the brick gateposts each side of his garage-drive about five feet high with flat tops; perfect monopods! After dinner - about 8.30 p.m. - we strolled down the lane, camera in hand. Much to our surprise so had about thirty others! All with cameras at the ready. But the Jungfrau was covered with a light mist and the west was full of cloud, no sunset to-night. We beat a dignified retreat back to the village for coffee. Night after night the procedure was repeated and either there was no sunset or the mountain was covered in cloud. Or, more generally, both!

Two evenings before our return home, however, conditions were more promising. There was a sunset - rather yellow, but definitely a sunset and the Jungfrau assumed a dirty yellow tinge. The crowd was twice as large and the clicking of shutters deadened even the clanking of the cow-bells.

I was interested to note whatever the focal length of the lens in use; from 35 mm to 200 mm plus zooms and in one case even more; no-one considered using a tripod or a stand of any sort. In practice I found 90 mm my ideal focal length.

The urge was on me to start shooting, unfortunately I had only three shots left in the camera. I was so dispirited by my former futile visits I had not troubled to carry a spare film. So I waited, other photographers were taking their shots and leaving. Even my wife, my staunch ally, felt cold and left for coffee. I hung on. I was sure it was getting pinker or my eyes were becoming bloodshot. Nearly everyone had packed up and gone.

Then it happened. Suddenly the maid was PINK.

Up with the camera onto my firm stand, 1/5 sec. @ F2.8, - click I had captured the scene. A second shot to make sure. It is a fact of life one never gets Kodachrome Blue Spots on either frame if one takes two identical shots of the same subject. Lets move down the road for a different view on my last frame, but no chance the colour has gone already.

I looked round, just one other photographer remained, an English lady, also putting her camera away. "Wasn't it wonderful", I said, "Well worth the wait". "I agree", she replied, "What a pity you missed it". My heart sank, hastily I examined my camera, had I left the lens cap on? Impossible I had viewed the scene through the view-finder on my S.L.R. Had the strap fallen over the lens? No, it had remained round my neck. I looked up, "I don't think I missed it", I said. "Oh yes you did", she chortled, "You had not got your flash!" I swallowed hard. "The mountain is too far away for flash", I told her. She gave me a withering look, "You don't understand, my camera has a red light inside and when that comes on you have to use flash." "But", I remonstrated, "The Jungfrau is at least 15 miles distant and no flash could reach that far." Her look was all the more sorrowful for my ignorance. "You just don't understand", she countered and added her final thrust, "When the red light in the camera comes on you must use Flash - It says so in the book." I nodded dismally, "I must buy a book!" I said and blushed, pinker even than the Jungfrau.

—oOo—

Details of U.P.P. Circles

Compiled by Arthur Cunnew

	Circle Nos.
SMALL PRINTS	
Up to 12 sq. ins on 72 x 5" Mounts	29
Up to 7" x 5" General Interest	7 21
Up to 7" x 5" General Interest - Monochrome only	9 17
Up to 7" x 5" General Interest - Non voting	30
LARGE PRINTS	
Up to 10" x 8" Sports and/or Action	16
Up to 10" x 8" General Interest	3 11
Up to 12" x 10" General Interest	2/25
Up to 15" x 12" General Interest	6 8 12 14 18 20 22
Up to 15" x 12" General Interest - Monochrome only	10
Up to 15" x 12" General Interest - Colour only - Bi-Monthly	4
Up to 15" x 12" General Interest - Colour only	19 26
Up to 15" x 12" General Interest - Unmounted - Quarterly	A/Australian
COLOUR SLIDES	
35 mm. General Interest	23 28 31 32 33 34 35
35 mm Contemporary, Non-voting, Quarterly	36
35 mm Natural History only	24
Up to 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ " General Interest	NHCC 2
Up to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ " Natural History only	27
	NHCC 1

Week-end in West Wales



On April 6th 1984 some two dozen members and friends of Circle 20 gathered in the shadow of Cadair Idris to spend a week-end in friendship and photography at the Dol-goch Hotel, Abergynolwyn, near the coast of Mid-Wales. The essentials of a happy Circle 'Get-together' were there in ample supply. Good Hotel, fine food, dry bright weather, magnificent scenery and above all good friendship.

The genius who selected this particular hotel deserves a special vote of thanks; and the appreciation of all were extended to Terry and Pauline Hale for making the stay so enjoyable at their Hotel.

On Saturday the whole party set out for a tour round the area. The first objective was the ruins of Castell-y-Bere. It proved rather difficult to locate and a postman collecting mail from a rural post-box viewed with open mouth the antics of six or seven cars in convoy passing him from three different directions during the time it took him to complete his task. The next objective proved even more complex. During manoeuvres the party got split and while one party savoured the delight of soggy chips in Dolgellau the other did a spot of mountain rallying with several engines a-boil. On arriving at the destination, Llyn Gwernan - some passengers finishing the journey on foot - we found a notice saying, "Road unfit for Motor Vehicles"!

On Saturday evening members were expected to give a slide-display. Unfortunately the majority proved bashful, and apart from a few taken during the outing to Buxton, no-one had anything to show. After all it is a Print Circle. By lucky chance among the friends with us was Ralph Couchman who saved the evening by showing us a few of his excellent slides, and entertaining us with an amusing commentary.

On Sunday morning one party explored the ravaged slate quarries at Corris while another, more mechanically minded, tested the delights of the Talyllyn Steam Railway.

The success of the week-end was proved by the unanimous decision to book the accommodation for next year as a repeat performance.



Above: "Going Through"
By Paul E. Damen AIIP. FRPS.

Left: "The Milford Track"
By B.W.Riddy LRPS.

Right: "The Stoney Shore"
By Peter Greenwood FRPS.
From his Fellowship Panel.



Sidelights on Composition

by John J. Brady

It is possible to play tunes upon a musical instrument and even to compose and improvise music without any knowledge of musical notation or the laws of Harmony. The combination of a good ear, a retentive memory and a fertile mind can produce remarkable results.

Similarly it is possible to produce a satisfactory picture without any knowledge of the Principles of Pictorial Composition. Some sense of arrangement is inherent in everyone. Given a modern automatic camera the average person, without pictorial knowledge is likely to do so about 1% of the time. Others, more gifted, may do better.

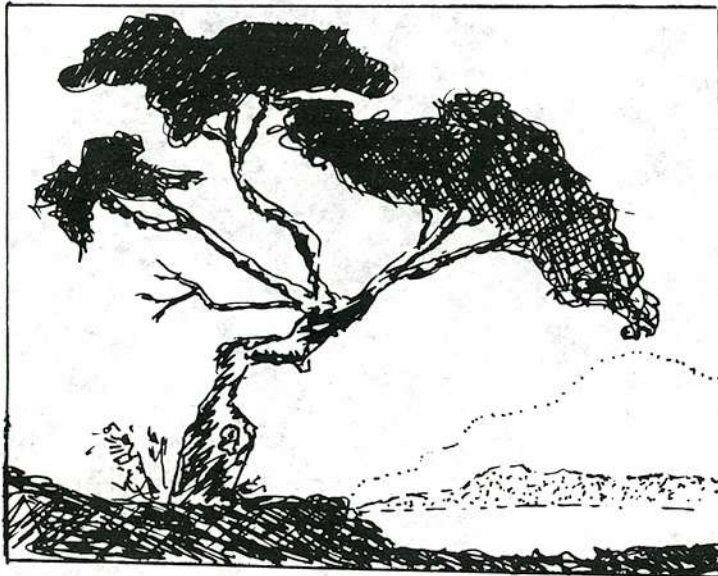
Samuel Butler wrote "Composition is the one word common to, painting, sculpture, architecture, music and literature. This shows that the main merit in each case depends on the arrangement, in relation to one another, of the objects and incidents that are dealt with."

In composing a picture some ways have, historically, proved more successful than others. The artists discoveries of these ways have been preserved as the Principles of Composition, composition is to picture making what grammar is to writing or to speech. It is possible to get along with very little knowledge of it but the more you know the better your words will convey exactly what you mean. The less chance there will be of muddle and misunderstanding.

The first Principle of Composition is simply to avoid muddle by showing one main object clearly. If you photograph a child at play do not include the entire playground or a welter of toys. Restrict the picture to the child and the toy which it is actually handling or using. Fill the frame, but take care not to overfill it. Let the child have room enough to move.

This is the Pictorial Principle of Unity. It is not a law laid down by some governing body any more than are the Laws of Nature. It is, as they are, simply a statement of the way things work.

Composition therefore is something which it is impossible to avoid. Lack of composition is simply bad composition because lack of conscious arrangement often leads to confusion and confusion is bad composition.



*Dominance
by size*

SIDELIGHTS ON COMPOSITION continued....

By John J. Prady

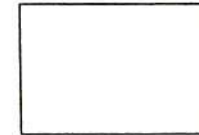
Unity implies not only that a picture should have one dominant interest but also that the picture should form one united whole, that is all other items in the picture should support the main item, never conflict with it, or vie with it for interest.

A story is told of the late Donald Wolfitt the celebrated Shakespearean actor and manager, that he took a young actor severely to task for making the most of a minor part. Wolfitt explained in no uncertain terms that such action destroyed the balance of the scene. Furthermore he, Wolfitt, was the star whose performance the audience had paid to witness. The unfortunate young man was informed that he was engaged as a "supporting" actor and that Wolfitt would expect him to play a supportive part. That is exactly how a picture is organised. The star is there to dominate the scene and everything else is there to help him to do it.

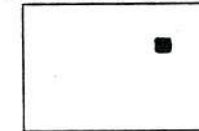
How then are we to make the main item dominant? The simplest, most obvious way is to make it large, so large that it crowds everything else out of the picture. The objection to this is simply that if overdone it is so obvious that it looks crude, vulgar and over emphatic. Viewing such a picture we feel, as Queen Victoria did about Mr. Gladstone: "He addresses us as if we were a public meeting." The loudest voice may dominate a debate but the higher the quality of the listeners the more likely it is that the restrained and logical statement of the better arguments will carry conviction.

The second objection to excessive size is that it leaves no room for Variety, of which more later. How then are we to seek a more subtle gambit?

Consider an empty rectangle:



It contains nothing of interest. Place a small spot anywhere within it and at once our attention is focussed upon that spot.



Here it is a dark spot on a light ground. A light spot on a dark ground is even more effective and most pictures employ this method. It works because we perceive shapes by reason of the contrasts of lighting and colour between them. The opposite effect is camouflage. This may happen unintentionally when coloured objects are photographed in monochrome. A brown cow in a green field may be much less obvious on a monochrome print than a colour one because some shades of brown and green may have the same monochromatic value, so that contrast is lost. Oddly enough these values are of considerable importance to painters who may use the correct hue with the wrong monochromatic value thereby introducing an undesirably discordant note into their colour scheme. Colour photographers are more fortunate as to-day's colour film is reasonably accurate in this respect.

Before considering what to put inside the frame let us look at the outside of it. The shape is important. It carries overtones of which we may not be conscious but which are very real. A church spire carries our gaze upwards. It was designed to do so and, it was hoped, to carry our thoughts towards higher things. The vertical, or upright, rectangle has a similar effect,



so the "Mood" of the picture has its beginning the moment we select the shape of its frame. The long rising sides carry our gaze upwards, giving our picture a sense of aspiration or dignity. The early religious painters knew this well enough and used it to create the effect of saints ascending to heaven, or cherubs suspended in mid-air. Small objects of interest placed near the sides share in their upward movement and, near the top, seem to hover in space.

Whatever goes in the frame is necessarily confined by it and shares its general tendency so this shape is often used for tall buildings, cathedral columns, trees etc.

It is particularly useful for portraits and once the effect is understood explains the rule of thumb that the sitter's eyes should be placed in the upper half of the frame.

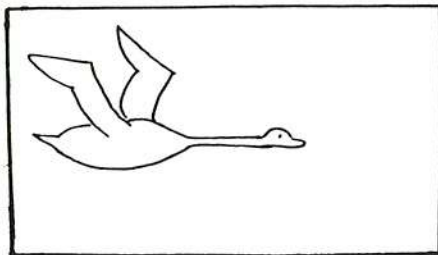
Items touching the top of the frame appear to hang from it. Contrariwise the bottom of the frame suggest the ground on which trees and buildings stand. Hence the use of dark base or foreground tones to increase stability. Dark tones at the base and lighter ones above conform to the natural arrangement of earth and sky which makes them recognisable, normal and satisfying.

It is possible by a suitable arrangement of tone and line to reverse this movement as in the "Descent from the Cross". A hawk swooping upon its prey, or a plunging pelican might well be most effective in an upright frame.

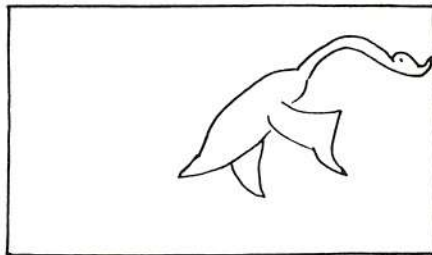
The horizontal frame is the frame for a great many Landscape pictures:



It will comfortably accommodate the rolling, rhythmic, lines of hills and clouds which convey the restful peace or quiet of the countryside. It is the frame for the reclining figure but since it gives room for things to move in it, it is also the frame for movement, but if you show anything in motion give it room to move into. For people used to writing and



Room to Fly



Ouch!

reading from left to right the flow moves most easily in that direction, but the introduction of movement in the opposite sense can give rise to a feeling of dynamic tension which may be useful. It is important that movement, in either direction should not be allowed to run out at the ends of the frame, so long straight lines running right across the frame are undesirable. Such lines also tend to create an ice-cream sandwich or layer cake division which is unsatisfactory. The only straight line in Nature is the horizon or water level and this can give rise to compositional difficulties, unless it can be stopped, interrupted or rendered less conspicuous by mist or haze.

The fact that miniature cameras are generally easier to hold horizontally rather than vertically leads to the use of this frame for subjects which require an upright one unless care is taken before pressing the button.

The unconscious choice of religious symbols and architecture is not without compositional significance. The keynote of the Mohammedan religion is submission to the will of Allah. It calls its devotees to prayer five times each day. It surrounds and embraces them. The mosque is the centre of communal life. It is not only a place of worship. It is also banker, welfare worker and meeting place and banqueting hall. It is not by chance that there rises above it not the aspiring steeple but the containing and enveloping dome, nor by chance that the Ka'ba is a black solid, enclosing cube.

The square frame has this same feeling of containment, solidity and strength. Obviously it confines movement more than does the long rectangle and has less variety in its proportions. It is the most difficult rectangular shape in which to compose well, which is why it is relatively little used.

Roland Percy Jonas ARPS

It is with regret we record the death of Roland Jonas. Roland was, without doubt, for many years the lynchpin of the U.P.P.

Born in Harrow in 1908 he was educated at Dulwich College. He entered commerce with the Unilever Concern, eventually becoming Area Manager in Nigeria. He travelled extensively both for his Company and in later life, after his marriage, privately. During the war he served with the R.A.F.

Roland's first camera, bought in Nigeria in 1937 was a Leica III, an instrument he was still using in 1983. Principally a Mountain and "Weather" photographer, Roland produced many stunning monochromes and was awarded his Associateship in 1949.

Roland, a member of the St. Brides Camera Club was introduced to U.P.P. by his friend, the late R.C. Leighton Herdson and here he found a Club that suited his métier. For some 45 years he served U.P.P. with a devoted dedication in many capacities. In fact he was known to many as 'Mr. U.P.P.'

His passing so soon after the loss of his wife, Margaret will leave a void in the ranks of the U.P.P. that will be felt for many years. But the memory will remain with the Annual Award of the 'Roland Jonas' Trophy for landscapes at the A.G.N.

At the funeral service at Guildford Crematorium the U.P.P. was represented by the President, Stanley Berg and a Vice-President, Ralph Couchman.



Going Round in Circles

Circle 2/25.

While other Circles were celebrating their 400th and 500th Folios, we had the misfortune to lose our 100th Box and to add to that folio 101 went missing also. Although this was a disaster the Circle needs more than that to put it out of action. Replacement Boxes were sent out and the Circle was back in vigorous routine again.

We were sad to have a couple of members resign Eric Collins had been with the U.P.P. for many years and John Read was becoming one of our strong backbone. We are pleased to welcome back Ken Tyler who had to stand down for a while. Also welcome to Alf. Hampson a new entrant into the joys of folio work.

Circle 3.

We were all very pleased that Frank Seale (our longest serving member - he has been in right from the beginning), collected the Circle Certificate in September; and we also congratulate our new Secretary - Ralph Bennett ARPS., on obtaining High Commendation. Some of us have been hard put to submitting any sort of print, let alone one worthy of high marks. Indeed, a comment on the mediocre general standard of work submitted was not very well received, due to the fact that the term when used today is regarded by some as being equivalent with 'poor'. The culprit certainly did mean that interpretation of the word, but meant that the work was 'middle of the road', neither good nor bad.

One would think that finding 12 prints worthy of inclusion in the boxes in one year would be 'child's play' - but not so! As we get older time flies apace, and week follows week alarmingly.

Good intentions are not enough! Everyone thinks that those of us who have retired from active employment - have all the time in the world, and consequently expect us to 'produce the goods' - but they do not realise that (apart from being given jobs to do by those who believe we have vast amounts of time), the fact is that the spirit may be willing, but the flesh is weak. The sight isn't what it was; all kinds of odd pains suddenly attack one; and bad weather puts paid to any excursions into the countryside. However, there is always still-life; although those who find it of interest, and a challenge are few, either in UPP or in Camera Clubs - or so it appears. I wonder why this is? With so much photography being done today, it is difficult to produce work which is fresh and exciting.

Membership of the Circle has been fairly steady of late, with few changes. One member, Bryn Evans was elevated to the position of President of the Welsh Photographic Federation, and will serve for two years in that capacity.

We congratulate Circle 6 on achieving Folio 500, and wish them well.

Circle 4.

In six months time folio No. 100 will be on its way. And nearly half of the original twelve members are still with the present total of sixteen. So that speaks for itself.

Also resignations are few and far between which makes me believe our folios are an addiction. If anyone would care to see one, who knows, they may come to the same opinion!

Circle 6

The P.O.T.Y. was won this year by Bill Wilding. Bill had passed away long before the voting took place, but it was not a sympathy vote, no-one knew who had won until the last voting card arrived; he was a worthy winner.

So far this year nine Gold Labels are shared by eight members, with some fresh names on the list. Joan Warren has noted that four members have accumulated eighty years membership of the Circle between them. Fred Horne has recently built his own darkroom, after sharing a friend's, and has won two G.Ls already.

The President, Stanley Berg, has joined us as guest for one box, and will be seeing our efforts in our 500th folio, we will be interested to read his comments.

This year's set subject, chosen by Fred Buddle, "The Unconventional Image" should prove very interesting, I for one am looking forward to July when we shall start to see the prints.

Circle 10

The whole of Circle 10 was saddened by the death of Bob. Mountain's wife Brenda. Although not an active member, Brenda was always with Bob. on our rallies and loved by us all. Her warm and friendly personality will be sadly missed.

Dave Arundel has resigned to spend more time with his children and their hobbies, but hopes to rejoin us in the future. At the same time our ranks have been swelled by the addition of Hans Hoyer - a U.P.P. Member of 20 years standing; also by Ralph Bennett, a warm welcome to both.

Our 500th anniversary was marked by a charming letter from Brian Hirschfield. He brought home the fact we are all part of an old and very great organisation. Thank you, Brian.

Circle 11.

Circle 11 made a concerted effort on the 24th Essex International Salon of Photography this year. The following seven authors had 19 exhibits accepted. Peter Clarke, Paul Damen ABIPP., ARPS., Brian Gibbs, John Heath, Hugh Milson FRPS., John Stanlet and Colin Westgate FRPS.

The Circle's Rally will be held on the May Day Holiday weekend at the home of Paul Damen at Ware Hertfordshire.

Circle 12.

The past six months have not been a happy time for this Circle. We were especially sorry to hear that Margaret Jonas had died after a long and distressing illness, and Roland, our longest standing member, decided to resign and concentrate on small prints for Circle 29. He had been Secretary of Circle 12 for 20 years, and a member for much longer.

Roy Middleton's wife also died after a long illness, and he had to drop out for a few rounds; however we are very pleased that he is now back with us again.

Frank Thomas has been ill for some months and is, at present, unable to deal with the folios; we hope he will soon be restored to good health and able to enjoy the boxes once more.

Finally in this tale of woe the Secretary, Jack Farley, has decided to abandon U.P.P., at least for the time being, finding so much pressure on his time in recent years that he has done little photography.

He is grateful to Joan Rooker for agreeing to take on the Secretaryship of the Circle, and hopes it will go on from strength to strength

Circle 18

We are carrying on steadily with a hardcore of eleven members. Ill health forced John Huxtable to resign during the year. No doubt many members will recall his entertaining stories in the "Little Man". His humour will be sorely missed in our Notebook.

Our "Get-together" in early summer is being held in Yorkshire, organised by Brian Asquith, Lawrence Sheard and their good ladies. An event not to be missed; I have fond memories of past meetings when Circle members have travelled long distances just to join their friends for a few hours.

Folio 400 has just gone out, I am sure we all look forward to No. 500 with the same enthusiasm.

Circle 19

No activities to report as the Circle has not indulged in any activities, so far !

In fact Circle 19 is U.P.'s. newest Circle and is just in the process of being launched. Because Circle 26 was full and had some further applicants and the Recuting Secretary also had potential recruits the Council gave approval for the formation of a further, "Colour Print only Circle". By the time these notes are published Circle 19 will have boxes in circulation.

If you have recently taken up colour printing or are unhappy in a mixed Circle, why not join us ? At the moment there are a few vacancies but judging how quickly recruits have come in that may not last.

Circle 21

A radical change in Circle membership, with six members of Circle 1/5 joining and rapidly becoming an integral part of the Circle and family that is "21" - such is their friendship that we feel we have together a long time. Of necessity we have had to drop our '35 mm only' tag, but in all fairness, it is the end result that matters, not the equipment used. It is nice to see new notes, prints, styles and techniques; and for the integration to have gone so smoothly. With a membership of 15 the Circle is now back to the same position as when the Sec. joined - a waiting list only.

Planning ahead we hope to run a Mini-Rally in East Anglia during the year, and well ahead, a major rally abroad to celebrate the 500th box.

A fuller than ever Notebook, delightful prints and excellent criticism makes for a happy Circle - even the set-subject was supported 100% - it all keeps the Secretary smiling.

Circle 26

A less successful year than previously in that we did not win any cups or medals at the Annual Exhibition. On the other hand we have a full compliment of 17 members. All the boxes circulated on time and with one exception every member included a print in every box. The standard seems to be improving all the time so it is becoming more and more difficult to win a "gold". At the moment eight different members will have 'Golds' exhibited at the next A.G.M. - a healthy state of affairs.

A number of us met at "Art in Action" at Waterperry. This outing does not seem to have produced many photographs for the folio in spite of all the opportunities. Perhaps it was because of the excellence of lunch enjoyed on the lawns outside Water Perry House. Never the less we resolved to go again this year.

Circle 27

With the arrival of two new members, Cliff Tolputt and Ron Wilkinson our Circle now numbers 15. Ten are users of 35 mm film and the other five produce pictures from 120 film.

Our Annual Competition for the Bill Boyce Trophy has been won by Marlies Kiworra. By request this was a set subject this year - 'Reflections' - but unfortunately only six members entered. So we will revert to the use of Gold Label slides, plus submitted slides from other members, which we hope will prove more popular.

Our Notebook Of late has been very lively and interesting, among the topics discussed are several ideas for a different of voting, and how to obtain the best twelve slides for the A.G.M. Competition.

Circle 29

I am pleased to say there is very little to say, which is how it should be - a good indication that there is nothing wrong with the Circle and the members are happy. No changes in the membership, or rather the happy family, and we still enjoy the uniqueness of twelve square inches of photographic paper for the production of our 'masterpieces'.

The Circle Magazine, the "29'er", is now in its 4th year and going strong, complete with a photograph of the AGM Panel. It brings the news to all members (and some past members) at the same time.

Plans are on the Drawing Board of some 'free' gifts during the coming year, and hopefully guest judges and one or two other items to bring interest to the box, including the circulation of a very cheap camera and film for a 'one shot per member' exercise - there may be gold in them there shots !

A very quiet period for the Circle - nothing untoward but with such a fine group of members, friendship, print quality and variety and an extensive use of the notebook, makes life easy for the Secretary - for which he is very grateful !

Circle 30

We are now full strength thanks to the publicity given to the U.P.P. by a Photographic Magazine.

Following the example of the R.P.S. Distinctions Committee, we are also accepting trade processed prints in colour or monochrome. Whilst some of us believe this is a retrograde step by the R.P.S. and reduces the value of the distinctions, we trust this will make it easier for a beginner to join a Circle. Hopefully we may induce him to launch into the deeper water of home processing.

This step of accepting Trade Processed work is comparatively easy in a non-voting circle like ours, but would, we imagine, pose problems in Gold Label Circles. It would be interesting to know how other Circles have dealt with this problem.

Circle 32

1984 will be a significant year in the history of Circle 32: The end of March should see the launching of Box 250. A milestone in fact. The Secretary has decided to find and photograph an actual milestone in order that the top line of the first page of the notebook might read, "MILESTONE".

The year has seen a steady improvement in the quality of the work submitted. Unfortunately, we still have a few members who enjoy the box so much they can't bear to part with it. Circle 32 boxes are starting to behave like Birmingham buses; they leave at regular intervals, but pair off on route. As usual the people who suffer are those at the end of the rota.

A recent innovation is the 'computerising' of the circle records. The Secretary wonders whether it will soon be possible to program an electronic camera to go out and take a picture for inclusion in the next folio.

Circle 31

Sadly we have lost Brian Reid, at least for the time being, at the same time we welcome a new member, Fred Hayton. Fred has the good fortune at the very edge of that photographic paradise, the Lake District. Those of us who journey to that lovely stretch of country as often as we are able, may feel we ought to place some sort of handicap on Fred for this advantage.

In the Winter Edition of the "L.M." I noted one Circle Secretary bemoaning the shortage of ladies in his Circle, which prompted me to reflect how fortunate we are in our Circle in having a trio (sometimes a quartet) of first class lady members; Ada, Betty, Marie and sometimes Margaret. Margaret will, when the occasion arises, take over the duties of husband Ivor should he happen to be working away from home. This husband/wife cooperation not only brings a new point of view to the notebook, but eliminates a delay in the circulation which would otherwise occur, which is good news for any Secretary.

Circle 34

1982/83 was a disastrous period for Circle 34. First Gordon Cooke's wife died suddenly. As a result Gordon has had to drop out of the Circle.

In May we learnt of the serious illness of Barbara Rumble, after long weeks in hospital she returned home with little use in her left arm. But she has rejoined the Circle and we are all delighted to see her comments again in the notebook.

Two of our popular Cumbrian contingent; Jean Swann and Eddie Wren had spells different hospitals.

Finally Cyril Alltray, now in his late 80s decided to hang up his camera and resign from active participation in the Circle. Cyril - a true gentleman of the old school - was unsurpassed in his ability to capture the atmospheric beauty of the Lake District. His examples laid down the standards by which Circle 34 judged Landscape Photography.

We wish Cyril and his wife, Jean a happy retirement.

Shaken by the ravages of fate the Circle staggered on. Boxes still came round every month and, happily, the standard of slides is rising again.

Circle 35

After getting low in numbers last year, we are happy to have had an influx of new members recently. Four additions in a couple of folios upset the regular arrival of the boxes for some members, but we welcome new friends and hope there will be a quickening of interest as fresh photographic ideas permeate through.

Circle 36

Ian Platt FRPS., E.FIAP., ARPS., a founder member of Circle 36 has been appointed to serve on the Associate and Fellowship Selection Panels of the R.P.S. Our congratulations to Ian for this great, but well deserved, honour.

It is always interesting to receive the Catalogues of the various International Exhibitions and note how many members of the Circle have had Entries accepted. During the past six months no less than twelve of the 17 members have featured in the accepted lists. In addition many have received Honour Awards as well.

Circle NHCC 2

Ralph has delicately nudged the conscience of us all and no doubt in common with other Circle Secretaries, " I had intended to do a piece anyway, - - - - Sir !"

I have always felt that the 'Going Round in Circles' paragraphs were mainly of interest to the Circle Members who from their notebooks will know all their news anyway and the whole concept seems a bit dull. Perhaps an 'Items from our Notebook' section might elicit more interest.

One topic much in evidence this year in NHCC 2, has been the very nature of the work we are entering. Idris Bowen, one of our Founder Members and well known Glen Vase winner, expressed the view that very many Natural History competitions seem to be won by non-Natural History specialists. He wonders if we have got into something of a rut which has led to a rather stereotyped Gold Label slide; e.g. close-up crisp detail of a single organism, rarely doing anything interesting. As is often the case, not many members have expressed more than a casual view on the subject; 'experimental' slides inserted into folios and usually treated to a fairly thumbs down response in the marking, even if encouraging comments appear on the slide sheet. There is thus a distinct disincentive to the faint hearted to stray from the accepted norm; needless to say not all are faint hearted !

Other circles have this problem too, if Circle 11 is anything to go by. There was a certain formula there which once exploited paid handsomely if Gold Labels were what you wanted; admittedly it was a rather fine formula but it did tend to lead to the same trend mentioned above.

Natural History is a problem to judge and this is why it is poorly judged by non-specialists. Some of the problems are comparing shots which are relatively easy to obtain, such as plant portraits, to others which are rarer because they are much more difficult to achieve and so are of more intrinsic interest from a Natural History point of view. A dilemma arises when these rarer shots are not as sharp as hoped or have deficient composition. Thus wild free mammal shots, birds in flight and to quote a recent example, shots taken under water at considerable depth, have to be considered alongside the sharp close-ups mentioned above.

In some cases it is only possible to get shots of certain types under "controlled" conditions, e.g. using bait or temporary capture in vivarium or aquarium. Habitat shots run the risk of being regarded as Landscapes; pictorial quality is sometimes seen as inappropriate even when it might be thought to enhance the subject without it losing its Natural History value. The list is daunting. Perhaps this is why "safe" shots win the day, so promoting more "safe" exposures.

Well, this is one item from our notebook last year as I remember it, no doubt revealing my prejudice but I hope not conveying a disenchantment, which would be quite untrue. I am trying to report some of our proceedings of which I am glad to be part. It would be interesting to read of the experiences in other circles of this phenomenon, of what strong topics have lit their pages.

Stop Press ! Circle 7

Members have been complaining of lack of inspiration recently but there are plenty of good prints being submitted. The folios are not as well filled as they should be with fourteen members on the rota. But I hope the coming of spring will encourage the laggards to get cracking.

Although we get a few colour prints, we are still principally a black/white Circle. It is interesting to see that sepia tones are re-appearing. Perhaps we shall be getting some bromoils or gum bichromates soon !

Circle 14.

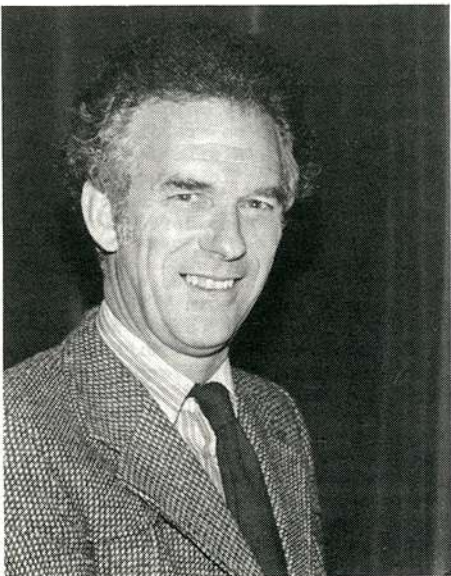
We have enjoyed viewing some really first class prints in recent times and the progress of our newly joined members has been encouraging to watch.

Over the last year or so there has been a majority feeling that marking out of ten points was somewhat restrictive and we have recently changed to 20. This, it is considered, allows a better gradation of results.

The notebook remains extremely lively and interesting with subjects ranging from choice of tripod, comparison of art and photography (the latter emerging the winner), home-brew and, even, plans for constructing Studio Electronic Flash!

Members being widespread, produce work in great variety of subject with some good colour prints, but the majority are in monochrome. The overriding factor in Circle 14 is the good atmosphere and friendliness, which evidence proves, has enabled many strong friendships to be bonded.

Congratulations



Peter R Greenwood FRPS

Congratulations to Peter Greenwood of of Circle 11 on being awarded his Fellowship. U.P.P. recognized Peter's talents back in 1979 when he won the Leighton Herdson Trophy with a print, 'Abstract Viewpoint', a shot of London taken from his Office window.

Peter joined the Tonbridge Camera Club in 1969 and has served the Club in many capacities including the office of Chairman for two years. Managing the Branch of a London Bank interferes somewhat with his photography, but he gained his Associateship in 1977.

His Fellowship Panel consisted of a series of Landscapes all taken with a wide-angle lens and enlarged to 16" x 12". One of the pictures is reproduced on our centre pages.

Congratulations are also due to the following both of whom were awarded with their Associateship by the Royal Photographic Society this year.

Brian A. Hirschfield ARPS.

Jonathon E. Durham ARPS.

NOTES

CLUB TIES

In view of many requests it has been decided to go ahead with the supply of these for members.

Attached is a reproduction of the design, about $\frac{3}{4}$ actual size.

At the moment they can be supplied in Dark Blue with a Gold Design and Maroon with a Silver Design.

EDITORIAL

The Editor's ardent plea for material for the next issue is made here. Although this request is made in every issue it is always a plea from the heart. This includes Circle Notes and items culled from the Notebooks, as well as original work.

Please forward all copy by the 30 September to;

R.O.Couchman,
179, Wilson Avenue,
ROCHESTER,
Kent. ME1 2SL.

