

THE COLOR PHOTOGRAPHIC GUILD

OF THE MARITIMES



YEAR BOOK

1947-48

CLUB OFFICERS

1947-1948

President Russell E. Hoffler

Secretary Peggy Wright

Treasurer Cyril Smith

YEAR BOOK EDITOR

Harold Davis

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

If I may be permitted to quote from an issue of the Color Photographic Association, "In the glorious fall days (November) of this 1947, history was made for C.P.A. in Halifax. Proud indeed are we to announce the birth of the first affiliated Camera Color Group organized under C.P.A. recommendations," Proud also was I to be

electd President of this history making group.

Now that another fall has rolled around it seems in order to look back and give thanks to the many who made our first year such a successful one.

First my personal thanks go to every member of the Color Photographic Guild for their wonderful support and assistance. No organization can over

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE
(Continued)

be successful without the co-operation of the members at large, and certainly there can be no question of the co-operation of this group.

I would like also to express my sincere appreciation to fellow members of the Executive Committee and particularly our most efficient secretary, "Peggy". I doubt if anyone with the possible exception of husband, "Cliff" realizes how much time and effort she spends on C.P.A. projects. Add to this the efficient way it is done, and you would then appreciate her value; and how "Cyril" has kept our accounts out of the red with all the extra expenses of our first year and still was able to buy a Leica, I'll never guess.

A great deal of thanks is due to our Honorary Members. We certainly appreciate the grand job our 'Public Relations Officer', "Bert Wetmore", and his staff at

The Halifax Herald and Mail have done. Bert has always been on the job and taken a great interest in the group. "Bob Turner" has given invaluable aid with his knowledge of color and art, and I'm sure we all derived much value from his constructive criticism. We appreciate, too, the assistance "Charles Allen" has given with our nature project, and look forward to even more when we get "bogged down" in our final selection.

We are very much indebted to our parent organization, The Color Photographic Association of Canada for the wonderful support and assistance they have given us. It gives a feeling of fellowship to be associated with a group such as this, who have the same interests and enjoy such a large following. Words alone cannot express the kind thoughts we have for C.P.A.C. and to the Color Division of the Photographic Society of America, with whom we are affiliated, we express our appreciation for their many services, including the

The President's Message
(Continued)

ideas for meetings which were discussed in the P.S.A. Journal.

Now, last but by no means least, I think a special vote of thanks is due our wives, or friends, (or both if such be the case) who, on the first Monday of every month, must sit it out alone. Remember, "they also serve who only sit and wait." We can only guess what they think when they see us knee deep in a bog photographing a lowly Orchid, or wading in a pond for that "one in a million" shot of a Water Lily. They don't always understand when we express the need of a few extra dollars for a new camera or some accessory but they are smart enough to remind us at the same time that they should have a new fur coat. In spite of it all we love 'em for the support they give us.

I look forward to many years continued activity in the Color Photographic Guild under the

leadership of successive Presidents and most particularly to the ensuing year with President, Cliff in office.

RUSS HEFFLER.

MEMBERSHIP LIST
1947-1948

Charter Members

Baird, Wayne
Bollinger, Ed
Crawley, Seymour
Davis, Harold
Heffler, Russ
Randall, Tim
Schwartz, Barbara
Smith, Cyril
Sylvester, George
Wright, Cliff
Wright, Peggy

Larger Unit

Doty, Hedley

Honorary Members

Turner, Robert
Wetmore, Bert

HISTORY OF THE COLOR PHOTOGRAPHIC GUILD OF THE MARITIMES

Introduction
by
Tim Randall

The Old Testament and books on Ancient History are often attacked by critics, who claim that they were written long years after the events chronicled; that the authors, who were guided merely by hearsay, recorded the folklore of their times and that no accurate accounts exist.

The members of C.P.G. in their wisdom, have decided to record the history of the Guild while it is in the making; so that the stirring events of our photographic adventures will be recorded in full, precise detail for our descendants, if any.

Chapter 1

The Secretary's Report.

It gives me great pleasure to give this first secretarial report of The Color Photographic

Guild of the Maritimes. We have had a most successful season beginning with our first meeting, on November 1, 1947. Our Club was the brain child of Russ Heffler who organized the group and whom we elected President at this meeting. Russ has served the club very ably in this capacity. We were also fortunate in our choice of Treasurer, Cyril Smith, who somehow managed to keep the club solvent. As a matter of record, I shall mention that Peggy Wright was elected Secretary.

It was decided to affiliate our club with the Color Photographic Association of Canada, an organization with headquarters in Toronto, whose purpose is to further the interests of color photography throughout the Dominion. They have taken an active interest in our club and have been most helpful and I think all our members have benefited from their endeavours. We also joined the Photographic Society of America, Color Division.

The first Monday of each month was selected for

The Secretary's Report (Continued)

our meeting night and we accepted the invitation of Ed Bollinger to use the studio of the Camera Shop for our meetings.

Each member has had the opportunity of taking part in the club proceedings as chairman of a meeting.

During the next few meetings policies and club rules were formed and finalized in the drawing up of the by-laws. Provision was made for these to be mimeographed and this will be carried out this season.

Although our club had originally planned to confine its activities for a while to 2 x 2 slides, we opened our doors in December to those who work with larger transparencies and Dudley Doty was appointed chairman of this "Larger unit."

The greater part of our programs were devoted to the slides of our mem-

bers and a monthly competition was held with assignments and points awarded. Everyone participated and the competition was keen. When results were tabulated, Cyril Smith came out the winner, closely followed by Ed Bollinger and Russ Heffler.

Meetings were highlighted by such events as a P.S.A. Exhibition, lectures by Ed Bollinger, Phil Backman, and Charles Allen. Canadian Kodak contributed a prepared lecture and Donald Mackay presided as judge of our "trial", a novel meeting when members were prosecuted by Robert Turner, defended by Ed Bollinger and kept in order by Tim Randall as Bailiff. This was one of the liveliest meetings of the year and everyone benefited by the helpful criticisms of the prosecutor and the decisions of the judge. Due to his leniency, no one spent the night in jail.

The Halifax Herald and Mail sponsored a contest in which members were asked to photograph the Cornwallis Monument, the winning

The Secretary's Report (Continued)

picture to be used on their Bi-Centenary Christmas card. The happy winner was Russ Heffler to the tune of \$25.

In January we had the pleasure of seeing a slide lecture on the Maritime Provinces presented by Mr. John Humphrey, of Vancouver. Besides enjoying the slides, we were all impressed with his systematic and smooth presentation.

Early in 1948 we received our letterhead from the printers. These were designed and the art work done by our versatile Treasurer, Cyril Smith, and we were all pleased with the results.

The end of April brought an event to which the C.P.G. had been looking forward--Andy MacDougall, of C.P.A. arrived in town with his slide collection and an exhibition was held in All Saints Cathedral Hall where a large group gathered for the show.

No formal meetings were held during the Summer. Hedley Doty, Harold Davis, and Barbara Schwartz formed a committee to arrange summer outings. The first was held Sunday, June 5, when we travelled to the Annapolis Valley to photograph apple blossoms. Sunday, July 18, under the chairmanship of Cliff Wright, we had a picnic, joined by families and friends, and motored around the Blandford Peninsula. [See Chapters 2 & 3]

During the summer months members have been working on a club project to supply nature slides to the Department of Education for use in the schools.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank our Honorary Members, Robert Turner and Bert Wetmore for their valuable assistance and encouragement. Mr. Turner has been on hand on several occasions to give us his advice on the artistic merits of our work. Bert has done a notable job in the Public Relations department as anyone who reads The Halifax Herald & Mail would see.

The Secretary's Report (Continued)

On glancing through the Press Clippings, I see that Cyril had a successful year in the salons and Ed Bollinger also received acceptances. It was nice to see these two members listed in P.S.A.'s "Who's Who in Color Photography."

During March, Apple Blossom Stationery appeared on the market. This was of special interest to us as the photographs used were the work of Cyril, Russ and Ed.

In the correspondence department, I have been kept busy with letters to and from C.P.A. and have on file many friendly letters from Secretary, Mary Owens and Alice Stark who pinch hit for her during her absence from Toronto. As a result of a notice in Popular Photography, we received several interesting letters from the U.S. and overseas.

I think all will agree that we have concluded an interesting and

successful year and I trust we shall go on to an even better season.

Respectfully submitted,

PEGGY WRIGHT.

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Chapter 2

THE ANNAPOLIS VALLEY FIELD TRIP

by
Tim Randall

The first field trip projected was a weekend visit to the famed Annapolis Valley to record the beauty of the apple blossoms in color.

This land of song and story has not been moved by such strange human activity since the expulsion of the Acadians in 1755. The fact that the apple crop was a total failure is wholly irrelevant and immaterial. The shortage of fruit must have been due to the bad weather.

I shall not trouble posterity with a list of the pilgrims who comprised

The Annapolis Valley Field Trip (Continued)

that strange procession which slowly streamed across the distant hills and valleys, moving ever further from their homeland. Such a list may be compiled from the books and epistles emanating from the pen of Peggy Wright, Keeper of the Vital Statistics for the Guild.

As the advance scout, Hedley Doty was resting in his tent at the Cornwallis in Kentville when he was surprised by sweet feminine voices saying from out of the night, "Did you send for a couple of women?"

Hastily drawing back into his tent, he grabbed his pyjama coat and a towel and, having made himself more presentable, once more peered into the darkness and found that his midnight visitors were merely Peggy Wright and Charlotte Smith, who with their husbands and other members of the caravan, had come to wish him a good night's rest. That

the shock to his nerves was not unduly severe, was proved by the evening of the following day when the hollows under his eyes had disappeared.

Having arisen early the morning, I was admiring the sun rising higher in the sky and keeping watch while the Smiths and the Bollingers rested after the hazardous journey of the day before. Suddenly a Jeep Station Wagon screeched to a stop at 10:29 a.m. arousing the slumbering inhabitants of the wigwam who thought that they should have been allowed to sleep until ten-thirty at least.

Opening the door of the jeep to say "Hello", I jumped back in alarm as a gust of dense smoke belched forth and a dull fire glowed dimly in the murk. I had no cause to be nervous, however, as it was only Hedley and his passengers, Russ, Cyril and Wayne. What I had taken to be machine guns were only their cameras with pot covers, resembling gun muzzle caps, fastened over the lenses and mounted on tripods held in position between their

The Annapolis Valley Field Trip (Continued)

their knees. The smoke and flame were real however as Wayne was smoking one of his favourite cigars. I believe at that time Wayne carried a fire extinguisher in his gadget bag in case the fire spread when the burning end got close to his face.

With a valedictory toot of its horn, the jeep, navigated by Hedley, got under way for the Gaspercaux Valley. What occurred there should not, but did in one actual case, happen to a dog.

A farmer of the region, driving his horse and wagon came around a curve of the road and in amazement stopped his steed and chariot by Russ Heffler, who was sitting by the side of the road computing his speed, aperture, filter factor, color temperature, etc. prior to taking a photograph. After watching the group for half an hour or so without comprehension

he turned to Russ, who had so far failed to notice his presence.

"What's going on here?" asked the son of the soil.

"Here?" said Russ startled by the unexpected presence. "Why these are members of the Color Photographic Guild photographing wild flowers in color."

Looking as wise as before he asked the question, the farmer pointing to Hedley said, "Is he a Mohammedan bowing towards Mecca?"

"Of course not", replied Russ, "He is the Government Photographer focusing his camera on that clump of violets. His head is under that black cloth." With a puzzled expression, the old chap remarked, "I must have got my directions twisted."

Just as Russ was hoping the old buzzard would move along, Cyril Smith happened to make a motion where he was working in the ditch. With his

The Annapolis Valley Field
Trip (Continued)

elevator tripod straddling the ditch and the camera suspended upside down on the shaft, he was focusing on a group of small flowers, and owing to the low position of the viewfinder, had to stand back on to the tripod, bend forward, and look between his legs. As the man had not seen any sign of life before, he had thought Cyril and his equipment were some new kind of fence post. Fortunately he had left his dog at home.

What actually sent the ancient country gentleman and his nag galloping madly towards home, was the sight of Wayne Baird, in his Navy Uniform focusing his camera with its big telephoto lens in his direction.

Shouting, "Look Out! The Russian Artillery is preparing to shoot!" he disappeared in a cloud of dust. Since then Wayne has not worn a beard.

About this time a near tragedy was averted.

After this series of events, Cyril wound up the film on his camera and discovered that the end had come loose in the cassette. Panic stricken at the thought of losing his precious pictures, in desperation he turned to Russ for help.

Seeing a large barn in the distance, that worthy said, "Let's see if there is a dark place in the building and I shall rewind your film safely."

As they walked towards the barn, a small dog sensing their approach, dashed towards them barking ferociously. Getting a better look at them as he came closer, discretion became the better course of valour, and with a fearful howl raced for the safety of a straw pile in the barn, where he remained quivering until his nose told him that the menace was gone.

With the disappearance of the dog the boys looked around for help but found none; they were alone and left to their own devices.

Upon inspection all that could be found dark enough was a large oat bin.





The Annapolis Valley Field Trip (Continued)

Russ took the camera, jumped in among the oats and prepared to do his stuff while Cyril sat on the lid to make sure that it was light tight. The owner of the place walked in just as Russ was finishing the job and his amazement at seeing his feed bin used as a dark-room was a wonder to behold.

At the time all this was occurring, the rear-guard of the expedition was also having its adventures. The transports, having converged upon a beautiful orchard in full bloom, discharged their cargoes of throbbing humanity and photographic equipment which was duly assembled for use.

Cliff Wright, seeing the bees gathering nectar from the flowers, thought that they should not be working on a Sunday as his wife might get wrong ideas if she noticed them so busy and would find something for him to do on weekdays too. Enraged at

the thoughts of his shattered happiness, he jabbed the legs of his tripod firmly in the ground.

As the cruelly spiked logs slid through the long grass, Cliff was startled by a cry of anguish. "Ooh! My eye," cried Harold Davis. Do you have to blind a man when he's trying to get a worm's eye view of an apple blossom.

Moving his equipment as he peered among the tangled masses of wind-blown grasses, Cliff apologized, "I'm sorry, Harold I did not see you lying there. I'll move along."

Leaving "Horizontal Harold" to his own devices, "Industrious Wright" drew his wife's attention to a pile of photogenic rocks in the middle of the orchard. The birds and the bees and the flowers did not appeal to him.

Mrs. Davis, following her husband's activities with justifiable pride, later pointed him out to Charlotte Smith as he perched himself on the topmost branch of an apple tree.

The Annapolis Valley Field Trip (Continued)

"Look", she said, "He is now getting a bird's eye view as a companion shot for his other picture of the apple bloom. Isn't he smart?"

Fortunately no bones were broken!

As an example of the heart breaking disappointments which were experienced, let me quote the case of Eddie Bollinger. He took the most gorgeous view of a spray of blossom--a shot really to be proud of; when it came back from processing, what should he find in one corner but an excellent portrait of Hedley Doty photographing the same flowers with his Speed Graphic. Surely Gremlins can get into a five hundred dollar Leica outfit!

Mention must be made also of the broad minded tolerance of color photographers. Our guest of honour, Sid Smith, from the U.S.A. divided his time between taking a few color shots and taking

record shots in of all things, BLACK AND WHITE.

Being a guest, no one remonstrated, although coming from the larger American cities where gangsterism and black-mail are prevalent, the members of the Guild would probably feel more comfortable if they knew for sure that he had shown them all the shots that he took.

In closing this chronicle may I add that, this being an undistorted, unprejudiced and unbiased record of events, the only good pictures of the trip were taken by myself!

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SUMMER OUTINGS

by
Harold Davis

Introduction

Since entertainment may be deemed an essential part of any club, The Color Photographic Guild of the Maritimes very early in its history elected a committee composed of Hedley Doty as Chairman and with Harold Davis and Barbara Schwartz

Summer Outings (Continued)

as members, to look after the details of providing such functions.

It had been hoped that a number of outings and field trips might be had but unfortunately due to varying circumstances it was possible during this, the first year of our being, to provide for only two such events. The one took the form of a field trip to the Annapolis Valley the Sunday following Apple Blossom Festival in which all members took part and as a result of which there are in existence today a number of fine shots portraying far better than words the historic events of this occasion.

These, coupled with the number of fine color shots achieved by various members makes the occasion a memorable one.

Around the Blandford Peninsula.

Of a much more social nature was a trip made around the Blandford Penin-

sula. Strangely enough at the early hour of 8:30 a.m. of a Sunday morning in July club members in a convoy of cars converged, much to the amazement of staid Heligonians to a point five miles without the City limits known as Johnston's Cabins. Here some members realizing with a shock that they were actually out of bed at such an unearthly hour rushed to the bar and downed a quick Java; prominent among such people being Sid & Charlie Smith. It was quite amusing for others to stand around with their early morning dazed appearance and watch Bruin (Bruin being a small tame bear held in captivity for just such an occasion).

From here in true convoy style, led by the Flying Standard, piloted by Horizontal Harold, all wended their way to Mill Cove Beach where once more all became most youthful in spirit, dancing and cavorting rather scantily clad after a round object which was filled with the same thing inside as of that which it was surrounded outside. To make a long story short

Around the Blandford Peninsula (Continued)

everybody had a whale of a time playing beach ball. A qualification might well be added here, however, to the effect that one member of the Club, by name Cyril Smith, seemed to think it an occasion to indulge with glee in taking a shot of some beach weeds which he vehemently declared were flowers.

Following a short stopover at North West Cove for the purpose of indulging in color photography by members in general and a swamping expedition in which Russ Heffler, Wayne Baird and Cyril Smith engaged, the real event of the day, long awaited, in particular by Howard & David Heffler, was proceeded with at Bayswater Beach.

Not many minutes after a mass arrival which included even Ed Bollinger his good spouse and Wynn, other people present at the beach were soon to hastily arise, stuff their children in their baskets, and disappear with great speed. It seems that one of these people, after-

wards recounting the event to friends seemed under the impression that from the ferocious sounds of people gorging themselves the vicinity was deemed unsafe.

Reverting once more to a serious mood, it may be said that although there were only two such occasions, they were most thoroughly enjoyed by all and we look forward to any future such committee to carry on and develop this worthwhile function of the club.

To Be Continued (Next Year)

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SLIDE COMPETITION	
1947-1948	
<u>Name</u>	<u>Points</u>
Cyril Smith	88
Ed Bollinger	77
Russ Heffler	69
Peggy Wright	47
Wayne Baird	39
Cliff Wright	38
Harold Davis	37
Tim Randall	36
Barbara Schwartz	34
George Sylvester	10
Seymour Crawley	6
=====	

WHO'S WHO?

"FAR AWAY WAYNE" BAIRD was the man with the beard both in name and whiskers until the Navy made him shave. Wayne was far away on the "Maggie" but left a nice collection of slides for us to remember him by. Loves to see the world through a porthole or a telephoto lens.

Said Chief Petty Officer,
Wayne,

"I've shaved off my whiskers again,
The result is amusing,
'Though highly confusing,
I'm afraid that I shaved them in vain."

"ED, RISE AND SHINE" BOL-LINGER, President of The Camera Shop. Usually arises at six--is it a.m. or p.m.? Gave Cyril a run for his money and the trophy. Ed's a Leica man.

Said a certain young fellow named Ed,

"I just love to recline in my bed,
I quake and quiver and shake and shiver
If the blankets too early I shed."

"SEE LITTLE SEYMOUR" CRAWLEY. Too bad those Drug-gist hours drugged out too long for him to get to the meetings.

"HORIZONTAL HAROLD" DAVIS, was it love of Apple Blossoms or a hip pocket flask --well we have the proof of Harold's innocence--see photo section. A miniature camera and car to match.

"AND SOME 'EDLEY" DOTY, Provincial Government photographer and chairman of our Larger Unit got his name "because he takes such a nice picture". Hedley spends the summer travelling around to all the nice Summer Resorts, gets paid for it too--what a life!

"LEICA RUSS" HEFFLER--we sure do. Russ, who is Vice President of The Camera Shop, and among other things plays doctor to scores of ailing cameras, was "Mr. President" for the season and a mighty fine job he did. Among his many accessories is a car--watch the Fords roll by.

Who's Who? (Continued)

"CANDY TIM" RANDALL

Besides supplying candy for
meeting nights, Tim
sings in All Saints
Cathedral Choir, or the
back seat of anybody's car.
Also specializes in funny
jokes and limericks. Some
of the more printable
examples of his work are
used in this article.

A certain male alto named
Tim,
Sang out with much vigor
and vim,
'Till at last with a shout
He drowned the choir out
Then found he had sung the
wrong hymn.

.....

"LADY BARBARA" SCHWARTZ--
our loss is Ottawa's gain.

Our only bachelor girl,
A fair and lustrous pearl
She put on her hat
Left us all flat
She fell for the big city
whirl.

.....

"NATURE BOY" GEORGE SYLVES-
TER--

He wanders far o'er land &
sea,
His camera in his hand,
His pictures are of field
and loe
And the beauty of the land.
At meeting nights they're
shown with pride
Most justifiable too,
Until the critics reach
their stride
And then poor George feels
blue.

.....

"CLOSE-UP CYRIL" SMITH--
patience personified--first
he waits for the sun, then
for the wind to stop blow-
ing--ahhh stillness--what
no sun? Never mind Cyril
will wait. Our first
Treasurer, bless his little
pocket--he even kept us out
of the red. Cyril is an
ardent naturalist who
delights in picturing the
small things of field life
with his close up attach-
ment.

"Ah! puir wee cowering timid
little beastie,
What a panics in ye're
heavin' breastie,

Who's Who? (Continued)

Ye do well to shiver, by
with,
When ye're photographed by
Cyril Smith!
(with apologies to Robert
Burns' "Ode to a Field
Mouse.")

.....

"THE LATE CLIFF WRIGHT"

Here lies in silent clay
Clifford Frederick Wright
When asked to work instead
of play
He passed away from fright.

.....

TO "MADAME SECRETARY" (PEGGY
WRIGHT)

A right-handed woman named
Wright
In writing "write" always
wrote "rite"
Where she meant to write
right
If she'd written "write"
right,
Wright would not have
wrought rot writing
"rite".

.....

"ARTIST BOB" TURNER, an
excellent judge of color.
His authority on color
and composition is always
a welcome asset in our
club.

.....

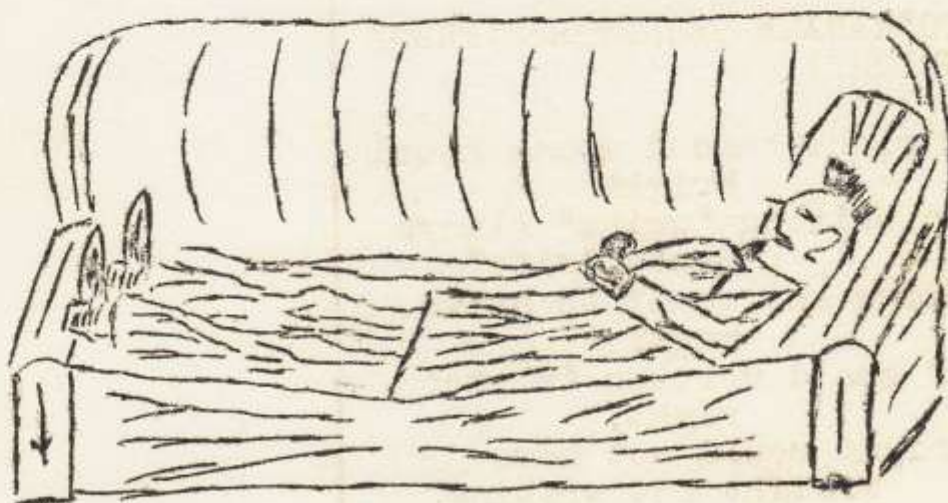
"NEWSHOUND BERT" WETHORE,
our Public Relations
Officer; in his spare
time he's a reporter for
the Herald & Mail. Synchro
shutters cause Bert to
flutter.

.....

With the sound and fury diminished,
I declare that this booklet is finished,
Should anyone grouch
Just come to my coach,
I'll see that your feelings are--

zzzzzzzzzzzz

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SATIS VERBORUM