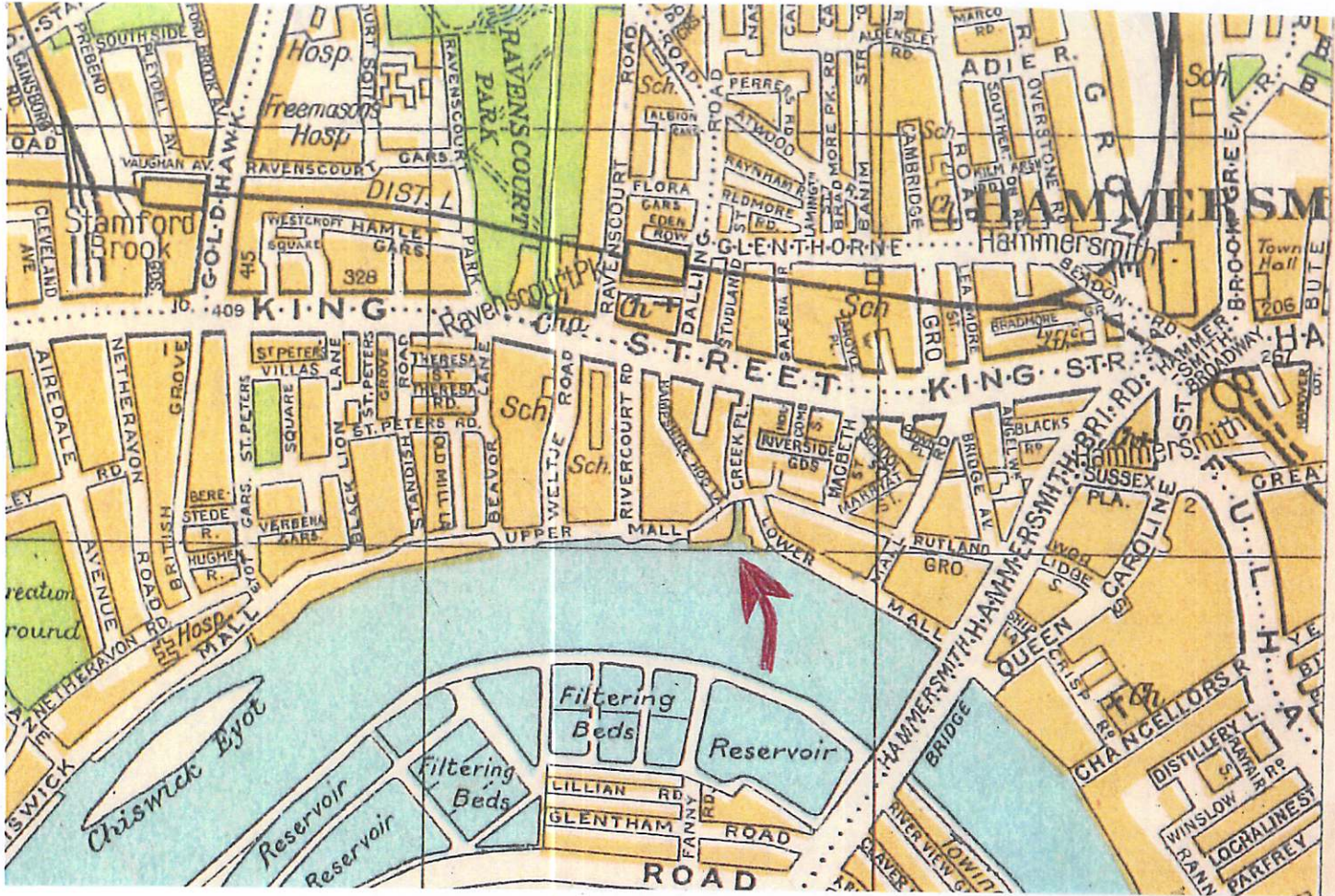


**An
History
of
Hammersmith
Hampshire House
Photographic Society**

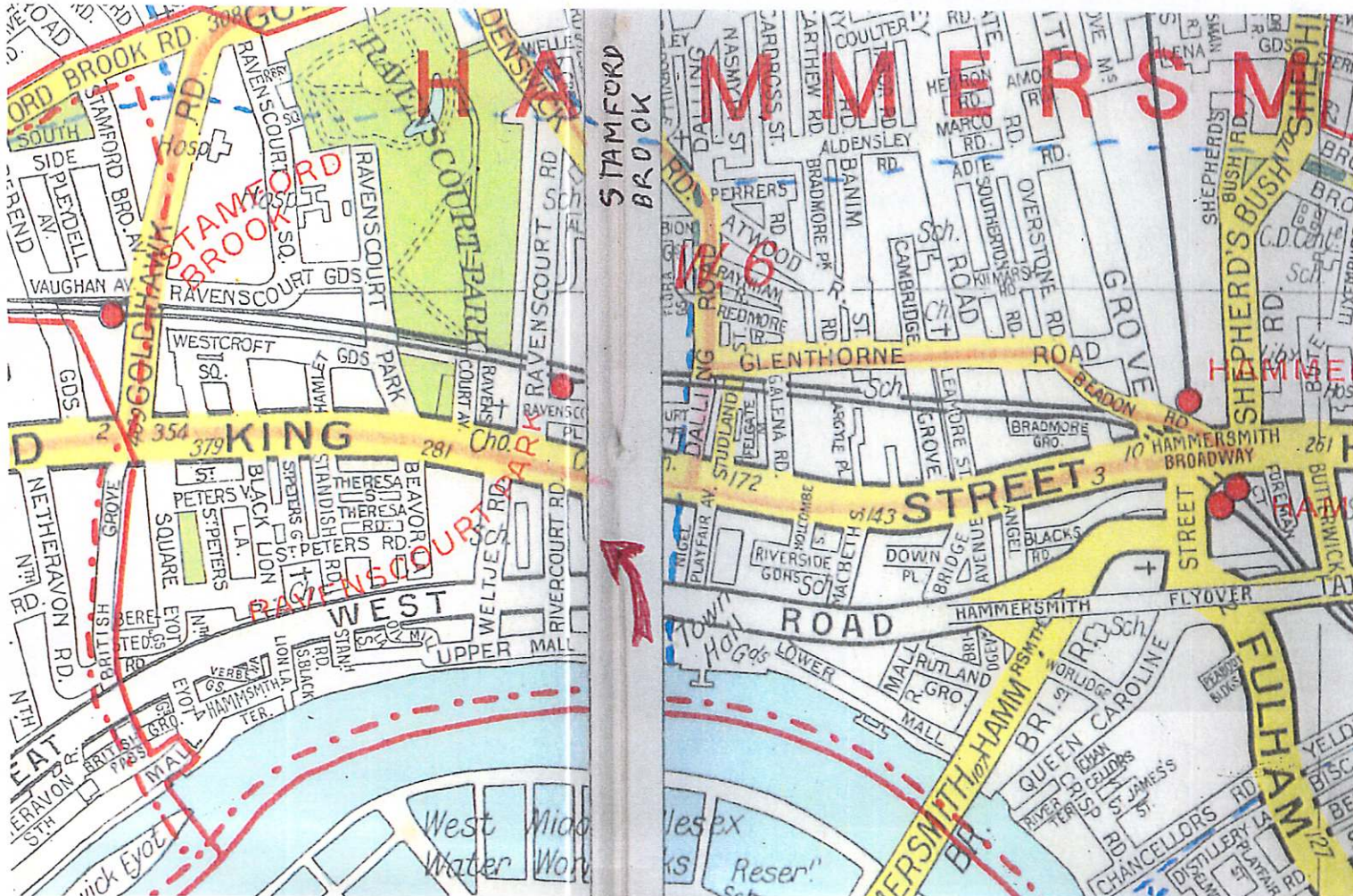
**And Some
Reminiscences**

LOCATION MAPS (ADDED 2017)



PRE-WAR ↗

↖ 1964



PART I

HAMMERSMITH
HAMPSHIRE HOUSE
PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

1911 - 1970

and, in brief the

HAMLET
OF
HAMMERSMITH

by

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HAMLET OF HAMMERSMITH

The name of Hammersmith is rather obscure - in 1924 Hammersmyth, Hammersmite or Hamen-Harbour (the Creek) mentioned in Domesday Book, being a part of Fulham. A journey from London, for the Noblemen and Merchants, to the health and refreshing winds of great waves of unspoiled air from Surrey, Wimbledon and Barnes commons.

Our borough's long river frontage has always been important, not only as a means of communication, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle records that in 879 A.D. a force of the dreaded Danish invaders landed and stayed for the winter.

1658 - The first meeting of the Society of Friends. They still have a Meeting House and their Burial Ground is now a flower garden.

In 1721 Richard Bradley had written, "the Gardens about Hammersmith are famous for strawberries, raspberries, currants, gooseberries and suchlike, being a very expensive and prosperous agricultural area. Women and girls came from Wales to pick and carry the fruit to London."

1827 - The first bridge at Hammersmith was opened as a toll bridge and the present bridge was built on the foundations of the old one, being re-opened in 1887 free of tolls. Boatyards have been in evidence along the foreshore for many, many years.

Through centuries of development, the area of the borough had matured to a point when some change in its religious and civil organisation was felt to be desirable. It became the parish of Hammersmith but the whole picture was essentially one of rural peace; the villages and hamlets had grown a little larger, rather more rich men could afford to live in this rich country area so convenient to London and agriculture was flourishing.

The Creek on Little Wapping into which ran Stamford Brook, being fed from Acton, was filled in 1936. In 1965 Fulham was incorporated into the Borough of Hammersmith.

In the middle of the Hamlet was Hampshire House, the earliest record being in 1776 when it was owned by Mr Samuel Naylor but it was built before this.

Now we are in London, so shall we go to see this Hamlet, yes? We go by stage coach or on horseback to Shepherds Bush, a small village, hoping we are not molested. If we are, our loss will be money, jewels and even clothes. From the Bush walking across fields to Brook Green, farms, market gardens, bleaching of calico and breeding of rabbits weighing up to 16 lbs. for the markets. Then we go across Butterwick Farm (now the Bus station) to the riverside, along the Mall (both Malls are very rich in history) over the Wooden Bridge. Now we can see Hampshire House. We know that Samuel Naylor owns the property, he

built many cottages around and it was owned by five generations, being formerly the estate of Mathew Portman.

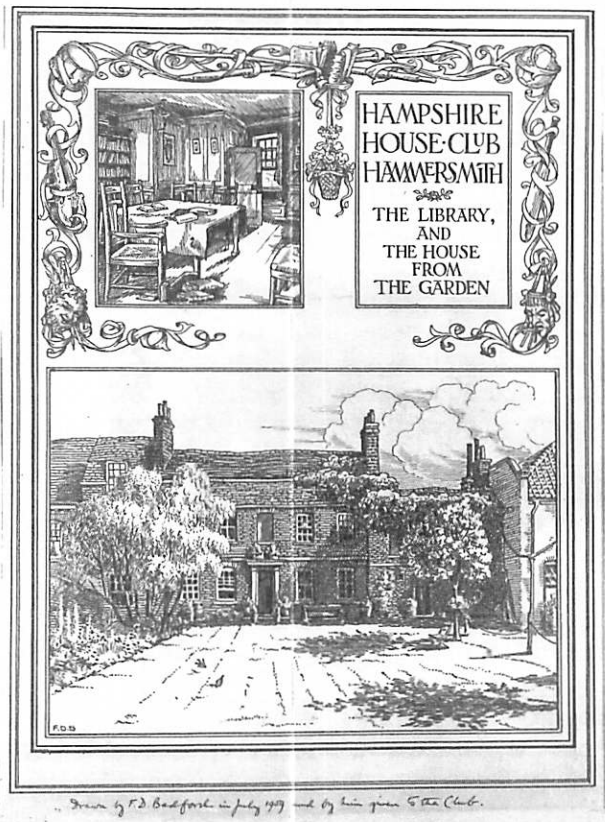
Hampshire House being a very delightful Georgian House (Survey of London, vol.6. P.57 - 1915). At the end of the lane running along the side of Hampshire House, we can hear the squeals from the piggeries and see the brickfield beyond. Walking along the Mall, one will see a house with a plaque, this was where the electric telegraph was invented in 1816. As late as 1861, the population was only 5,600, against 120,000 over a century later.

Fish being prolific, salmon, barbel, eels, large and fine roach and dace, even a sturgeon now and again. It has been recorded that 47 species of birds were seen or heard at Hammersmith Terrace during 1909 to 1913.

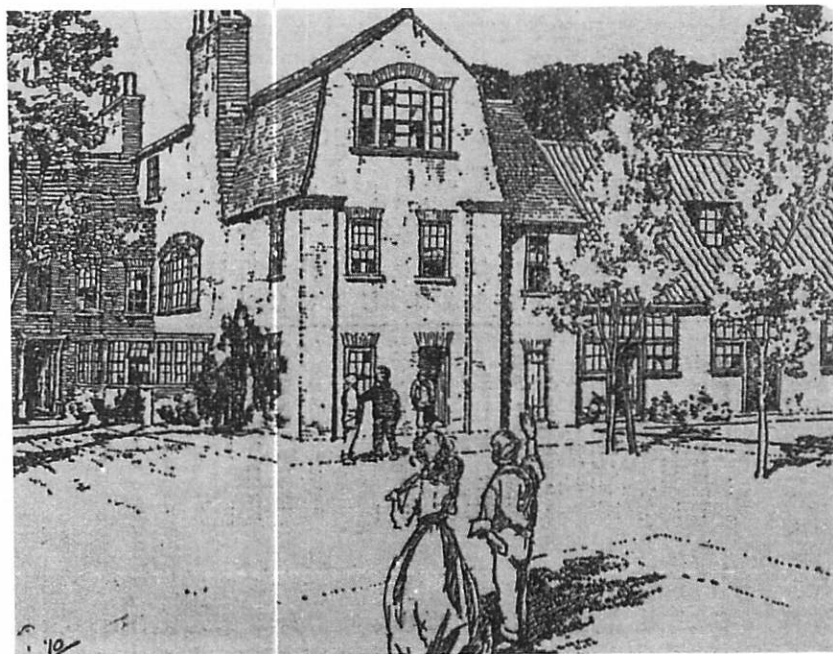
The Hampshire Hog Pub brewed it's own beer.

Around the Hamlet, the history is very interesting, especially the Malls and Hammersmith Terrace. William Morris, John Welje, Emery Walker, being just a few of the wellknown residents.

This is a very short description of the 'Hamlet'. If my reader is interested, there are several books in the libraries within the Borough which I know you will enjoy.



Drawn by
F.D. Bedford,
July 1909



Hampshire House Club.

Showing the original 18th century building on the left with the 20th century addition in the centre and on the right.

1904/5

The photographic history begins in 1905, the founders of The Club, Hampshire House, appealed for funds and help to form a 'social club on temperance lines where the working man could find useful, intellectual and physical recreation; the Club was to be open for religious and political discussions but not to be attached to any particular religious denomination or political party.' Hampshire House was available - it was a large house with a garden of three quarters of an acre - in Hampshire Hog Lane.

Mr M.O.Dell appears as a member of the first committee. In the next year's report, Dell appears as secretary of the Students' Club and by 1908 was appointed Organising Secretary. There were 200 members who paid 6d each per month.

In 1912, the Hampshire House Trust was formed with the wider object of improving social conditions in the neighbourhood.

FROM 1904 ONWARDS

Going back to 1904, one of the sections of the H.H.Club was making small grey prints. Mr A.G.Bucham came and lectured on enlarging, and they learned from him how good bromide prints were made, even if they did not make them; and Mr F.C.Boyes lectured two or three times on truth of tone.

In 1909 our founder member gave a lantern lecture on Wild Birds in Autochrome. Prints were made in carbon platinotype, P.O.P. and gaslight.

Outings were often taken to various parts, especially along the picturesque river from Hammersmith to Richmond.

Competitions held, 3d per print, to help Club funds. One of the most notable ventures of the Club in its first year, was a Free Picture Exhibition. Many collectors and leading artists were persuaded to lend pictures for the occasion. It attracted wide attention, for it was the first important exhibition of its kind to be held in Hammersmith. This continued until 1909 when the 'set' subject was steam, river and sea, followed by Olde English Fair; in 1911 by a members' exhibition of Arts and Crafts, at which the notion of a Photographic Society was first mooted - our Society was founded on 13 October, 1911.

The Picture Exhibition was revived in 1912 but not on a theme. The makers of grey prints grew bolder and more numerous, the Society had its own enlarger bought by a loan at five shillings a share; a member had a print accepted by the Royal, greatly to his own surprise.

Mr George Hawkins, by his regular attendance and his presidential manner, soon made the Society into an organisation.

Mr Dell visited the Pyrenees first in 1911 and in each of the next two years before the Great War; he also started beginners' classes and under his training, this produced six or seven of our leading workers who were known internationally up to World War II.

The membership grew. They came from all over London and several from the Home Counties and even further afield. The pictorial history of Hampshire House was now heavy with sepia toned, chiffon printed pictures which followed the small grey prints and very full use was made of our enlarger.

If some of my readers see any prints of about fifty years ago, they must realise that was before the days of Panchromatic film. The materials and equipment used were Orthochromatic 100 to 200 H.& D. which was equal to Weston 5 or 6; the lens were F8 and F7,7 rapid rectilinear and Bee meter. Bromide paper had one contrast only and was nowhere the quality of the material available today.

In the very early 1920's when $\frac{1}{4}$ plates were 1/- and $\frac{1}{3}$ d per dozen and horses wore hats in the summer, I found an advert in the local newspaper, the West London Observer, for the Annual Exhibition. So, to Hog Lane I go, being by the side of Hampshire Hog Pub, going down about 150 yards or so, came to a cottage on my right with a sign saying "H.K.H.P.S.", laying back a little, a porch with swing doors, rather attractive, which led into the bar or cafe, whichever you like to call it. Going through, I met one of our wellknown members who is still with us, he sold me a catalogue for sixpence, quite a bit of money in those days. So in I went to the large hall, not having a clue as what to expect as I had never seen a decent small print, let along a large one. I was amazed and bewildered. 15" x 12", 20" x 16", some even larger and all under glass, each panel being set out with measurements to part of an inch and numbered consecutively with the catalogue. This presentation made it very easy to go around the show which contained 250 prints. The Open Class, from workers all over the British Isles and beyond, such as Swan Watson, Whitehead, Keighley, Job, etc. etc.

The panels were very carefully arranged. High Key on one panel, portraits together, other panels blended for subject matter or colour, there being several processes other than bromide and transfer. Can you readers imagine how I felt being in this hall? Could I even make a contact print up to this standard? No! Then I made my way upstairs to the large hall called the MacGregor Room. Here I found 150 prints by Advanced members, still on 20 x 16 and 15 x 12 mounts and very impressive. Yet, another floor upstairs was the library and studio where the walls were panelled for Intermediate and Beginners sections. On this floor were three darkrooms, each with an enlarger, dishes and lockers for members. I went along the passage to go down stairs by another way and noticed six or seven certificates which the Club had won. Now, coming to the staircase going down, one had to be very careful. Very steep stairs, with a sharp turn to the right and

was no criticism, thus enabling the visitor to enjoy the slides in silence. After all, they have already been judged as being the best. I must say this feeling lasted for years with all photographically-minded people. Perhaps I am old fashioned for I do not get that feeling out of 95% of today's colour slides.

The big question, now. Should I join? Subscription was 12/6d., the 'A.P.' being purchased each week cost 4d. Now one could see the A.P. (Amateur Photographer) in the Library and use the dark rooms (I didn't have one at home) and everything that went with it, so work that out for value!

Having joined, I went to my first Thursday night meeting. There was quite a crowd. On the walls of the MacGregor Room where the lectures were held, was a one-man show by a member of another Society, each picture being under glass. I was certainly made welcome and taken around. The President, complete with his buttonhole for which he was wellknown, then introduced the Lecturer and the talk started. To my surprise the hall lights were dimmed, the lantern being open arc carbons, and I had a very enjoyable evening. I felt at home very quickly because everyone was so friendly and I heard that a year ago a fire had destroyed two darkrooms, including the roof.

Having a cup of tea in the bar one evening, I heard Mrs Skipper (the lady who was serving refreshments) talk about the Ghost. Rubbish! I thought, but more about that later.

Before the days of television, dogs, bingo, etc., there were always plenty of voluntary workers available. Even without asking, one felt they wanted to join in, so there was no shortage of helpers when any job needed to be done.

Since the end of World War I, five or six members of the Post Office Savings Bank joined the Club and became a great asset to the Society in many ways. Our rooms were available all day, everyday, including Sundays. There were activities every night, darkrooms always booked up. Pre-exhibition time you might have to wait three weeks, or have a morning off from work to get your turn. Number One darkroom was the favourite; on that enlarger an Aldis lens was slightly imperfect which, it was claimed, added to the prints a pictorial feeling. Number Three enlarger was won in a competition and being a vertical type with a diffused light, it was necessary to cut a hole in the ceiling to instal! Yet another enlarger was won in the early thirties and to this one we added an electrically controlled shutter with a high intense lamp. This was very suitable for slow Chloro-Bromide paper.

Our Lantern in those days was our pride and joy. It was considered to be the best of all the various clubs, including the Royal, because the colour slides of those days were rather dense. Colour lantern lectures were sometimes tried out at Hampshire House before going to the Royal. One I shall never forget was of a Mount Everest Expedition by two members of that party.

On another occasion when the 'Royal' visited us with colour slides, we lowered the resistance to give the carbons increased voltage. That evening I was the projectionist and all started well. Our visitors from the Royal were rather shaken to see their slides so brilliantly lit. But, after ten minutes, some two or three late-comers wondered why I was standing by the resistance fanning it with three copies of Amateur Photographer in each hand! It was very lucky they were handy, for without these the resistance was like an electric fire! At all lectures, the first slide shown was 'No Smoking' and if anyone started coughing, a box of Melloids would be passed along. After the lantern lectures members could put a few trial slides of their own through the projector before entering them into competitions.

Competitions were a strong feature of the Society. Portraiture, Intermediate and Beginners sections in prints were well supported. Slides were popular and a new member soon felt it was a great sin not to enter. Displays of prints under glass were exhibited for three weeks in all our rooms. Judging was by members' ballot, printed papers being provided. On the last Saturday evening the entries were criticised by one of our own members and the result of the ballot was announced. This was a very satisfactory procedure but unfortunately, is not acceptable today.

To beginners, I would like to say: Save all your negatives. With the knowledge you will gain, other ideas will come. Don't worry if your prints get low marks, I have seen some which have got into other exhibitions.

In the early days, paper was available in only one grade but demands from amateurs persuaded manufacturers to produce grades of contrast and various textures, some of which were very beautiful and included the chloro-bromides. I regret that they are gradually going.

OUTINGS

From my first days of joining H.H., outings were very popular. From April to the end of September they took place every other Sunday and on Saturday afternoons every three weeks. Additionally, there were two or three weekends, usually spent in Sussex. Up to thirty members generally turned up, meeting at a London station and carrying rucksac, camera, tripod and 4 to 6 plates and certainly not forgetting the mid-day meal.

The leader usually had someone with him to be at the rear, as members who had camera and tripod set up would take their time, whilst others would go on but you can bet that all would arrive in time for tea. This cost was usually 1/- or 1/3d with cakes, jam, bread, butter and celery ad lib. You could have a good day out for 5/-. I remember hearing that two members had twenty cups of tea between them but I was not there on that occasion. I do remember, though, seeing a cake 24 inches across, 8 to 10 inches deep. Some cake ! and to see a pile of twenty to thirty rucksacs, plus cameras and tripods.

In the early days and up to World War II, either $3\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{1}{4}$ plates Orthochromatic types were used (Panchromatic came into use about 1930). When one made an exposure, a note of contrast was also taken because development was carried out by inspection, the water bath often being used to bring out the clouds. This was necessary because there was only one grade of paper. Wellington Anti screen plates were very popular and cameras were mostly reflex. One expected to get a perfect negative and print from each exposure, thus the Annual Outing Competition was well supported.

There was another reason for outings. It helped to keep one's eyes open and visualise subjects to be photographed at other times of the day or different times of the year. I well remember one of our wellknown pictorial workers making nine visits over a period of two or three years and in reward for his efforts, captured a picture which became wellknown in International exhibitions.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION

The International Exhibition at Hampshire House was a very important occasion in the photographic world. Work started seven or eight months beforehand, with the printing of entry forms and advertisements, especially those for overseas circulation. Judging always took place on a Saturday and as soon as one class was finished by the Judges, a band of twenty to thirty workers were waiting for the accepted prints. Whilst waiting the workers had been doing other things such as glass cleaning, putting up screens, polishing woodwork, etc.

When a worker went to H.H. and reported to, shall we say, the Staff Office, then according to his capabilities, he was sent to join a suitable job group.

If I remember rightly, about 250 prints and 150 slides were usually exhibited. Do you remember what I said of my first visit? Well, they were all measured out, special tools being made for the job and great care taken over the hanging. Panels were classified and composed, some prints being moved six or more times before being finally covered with glass. By Sunday night everything was finished and the catalogue put in the post to the printers. Every print was numbered consecutively with the catalogue. I think this is essential, it makes viewing easy for visitors. The title and author was quoted and all work cross-indexed at the back. It took three typists working flat out to produce. One happy moment of this work was when we all sat down to Mrs Skipper's shilling-a-head tea, ad lib., everything one could think of. On the big night there would be a full house, sometimes there was an orchestra and it was always opened by a wellknown personality. In 1932 we held an exhibition to celebrate our past 21 years. Prints and slides were collected from among those which had been previously shown during that period and came from wellknown workers and members.

After Mr Dell's visit to the Pyrenees in 1911, holidays were taken there by members every year until 1914 and then again from 1920 until 1939. It was said by other clubs that H.H.H.P.S. did not do any photographic work north of the Pyrenees. But this is not true - we even had night outings in the City. There was one leader in charge of the whole party. This was divided into small groups, each with a sub-leader. Leaders and groups changed around every hour, so everyone went round the complete course, several going back on their own for subjects they had previously had no time to take.

On two occasions we were invited to hold an exhibition at the Olympia, for the Sports and Hobby Exhibition.

After H.H.Ltd was formed about 1932, our Thursday night meetings were held in the large hall on the ground floor. The ceiling lights were

improved and a proper projection room built, complete with microphone for the lecturer and headphones for the lanternist. It was all very professional and was something of which to be very proud.

Our Society now had use of the garden and about five elderly retired senior members, all aged about eighty (we called them 'the boys'), took a great interest in it. We had several orchestral evenings. The garden was let to Olive Grant for the orchestra formed by her, I believe, for professional musicians out of a job, and it was only incidental that one of our members was sometimes the conductor. I remember that on one occasion, a glorious evening, they played Hiawatha's Wedding March.

I must not forget to mention that Mulberry tree - those pies I had !!

If, during the week, you had a whole day to spare, you could go out with the Boys who would take you on a leisurely fifteen mile trip and you would see them expose on stereo and in colour. Some outing!

GROUPS

A very strong feature in the Society were the various Groups. First the Portrait meeting every two weeks, with several wellknown workers taking classes in lighting, exposure, re-touching, making prints and mounting, finishing with a Portrait Group Exhibition. At one time there were five wellknown professional portrait workers in London who were trained under this group.

Another successful group led by two international workers was the Bromoil and Transfer, Gum Bichromate and Oil Prints. One of the two leaders thought nothing of combining bits of six or seven negatives into one bromoil transfer - a wondrous achievement for one who had but one arm and one eye!

With the coming of the miniature camera, one was introduced by a member and was looked down upon as just a toy until he started to show prints. Then a few members bought and used them, so an enlarger was installed and a Group formed but I regret to say that it was never very strong. That was about the middle thirties.

We did have miniature cameras in the early days, one in particular, being very popular. It was the Baby Sibyl and used $1\frac{3}{4}$ " x $2\frac{3}{8}$ " plates. It was usually in a hide case containing six double slides, a telephoto lens, lens hood, magnifying hood for focusing, cable release and its own tripod top. It was almost silent but it had one thing modern cameras do not have - a rising and cross front. The camera measured $2\frac{3}{4}$ x $3\frac{1}{2}$ x $1\frac{1}{4}$.

New members to the Society made for the Beginners Classes. Some years there were two classes meeting every week during the winter with two instructors throughout the course. A lot of thought and encouragement was put into this section which always finished with an exhibition.

Even in the early twenties there were colour slides by three or four workers. I believe it was about 1928 while on an outing that I suggested a Colour Group be formed and our Council gave its permission. Membership grew to about thirty members (there was no trade processing then). This was the first club in the country to have a Group. In 1929 one member gave a one-man show of 100 slides.

Many an indoor 'outing' we had, using flash powder which necessitated us walking out of the studio after each flash because of the smoke and powder. On giving up being Secretary, I was made Freeman of all future Colour Groups but I regret there is now no other member to verify this. Three colour carbos was also being done by a few members of the Society as was stereoscopic photography.

SOCIALS

One night a year only, the social started with tea in the large hall. There were puzzle pictures on the walls, games, dancing and a real stage. Some of the members belonged to Dramatic Societies and what shows they put on! Rehearsals went on for weeks and there were short plays, comedies and drama. On one occasion the stage was changed nine times in 45 minutes, music being supplied by members who had done research in what we now call 'Hi-Fi'. It was always a highly successful evening. The following Sunday we had a Record Recital. To celebrate the attainment of a membership of 250, a 'do' was held. Members, however, were disappointed not to see the 250th member displayed! This took place on 11 December 1936.

The H.H.H.P.S. Record, a bi-monthly book, reporting all meetings, competition results, articles and general information was introduced in January 1926. I believe we were the first club to do this. A copy was always sent to the Royal and to the British Museum.

Over the past years, it has been said many times that the Society was over-driven. Perhaps 'well organised' is a better phrase, so one felt it their duty to support all activities. Parcels of prints were sent to all major exhibitions in the British Isles and throughout the world. In the Record I have just read again, I see that 32 prints by this Society was accepted at the Portsmouth Camera Club, 15 prints exhibited by nine members at the Canadian Pacific Exhibition in Vancouver. Just in one month we gained a first, second and third certificates. This was in July 1929. Our slides were also sent around with similar success.

For nearly forty years we have had a member hold an executive office at the Central Association.

THE LIBRARY

A good selection of photographic books which could be borrowed, together with the usual periodicals to read, such as Amateur Photographer and the British Journal of Photography. There were 'Jottings Books' and the notes from members who gave details of their own holidays abroad for the benefit of fellow members.

THE PERMANENT COLLECTION

Among the wise and far-seeing things that have been done, one of the most commendable has been the formation of a Permanent Collection of members' work.

Whenever a member had a print accepted at one of the premier exhibitions, he was asked to contribute a copy to the Society's collection and, on being received, it was mounted to a standard size and framed en passe partout.

Thus there grew a collection. Every picture in it has received imprimatur of the most eminent judges. Some of these were always on show in the passage on the top floor. Early in 1928 at the request of the Royal Photographic Society, we had a show at their premises and the following appeared in the Photographic Journal:

"The large gallery has seldom presented a more attractive appearance than it did last month when the Hammersmith Hampshire House Photographic Society lent the prints forming their Permanent Collection for exhibition on our walls".

There were two reproductions in the Journal and postcard copies were sold at 6d each at exhibitions.

PORTFOLIOS

There were a number of these; for beginners, intermediate and advanced workers. They were always going strong and in some years there were two rounds in each class. A member would add a print, criticise others and pass the folio on to the next on the list. Marks were scored and, to help beginners, advanced workers would add their criticisms.

JUMBLE SALES

Jumbles sales were very popular and always brought a full house. Except one year, when a member brought a bottle containing 30 ozs of stock sodium sulphide, dropped it and the bottle smashed. If you don't know what that means? Well, it is just like being in a small room with around a thousand broken rotten eggs! Enough said!

H. H. Ltd

(Hampshire House Limited)

The Working Man's Club which owned Hampshire House got into financial difficulties twice during 1930-31 which looked grave for our Society. It came up at a Council meeting when it was decided to help them out from members' own pockets. Notes of promise (I.O.U's) were passed to the President. This was done so as not to embarrass young members. In 1932 on the third occasion H.H.Ltd found itself in difficulties, the Society decided to form a Company to buy the premises and about sixty members took shares. The Company was called H.H.Ltd.

The closing down of the Working Man's Club gave the Directors of the new Company a lot of work dealing with the letting of the downstairs rooms for various activities during several days of the week and giving the bar a new look and acquiring a very good cook. Members of the Society could come straight from work, have a light meal and order cakes for the following week. It was excellent and all this was done to keep the rent of H.H.H.P.S. very low.

The Company was wound up in 1954 when the new road was to be built.

Perhaps one reason for the failure of the Working Man's Club was that the Creek area (known as the Wooden Bridge), was a very poor and dilapidated area which was flooded by the very high tides and gradually demolished.

Hampshire House underwent great improvements. Full central heating was installed, the garden made respectable and a putting green made.

I had the sad and unpleasant task of signing away the House and grounds to the London County Council because, at that time, I was Secretary of the Company.

THE WAR (1939-45)

At the outbreak of the war, we had a membership of about 250. Within a few weeks members were scattered all over the country, leaving about 30 but we carried on. The House was damaged several times both by blast and by fire and part of it was lost.

The car park by the Town Hall was a Cinema at the rear of our garden. This went with a direct hit - that is how near we were to losing the whole house. Using a wellknown saying: "We Never Closed". Two meetings were held at the Camera Club, another in a large room owned by a local builder. One or two meetings got rather nasty but with determination we carried on.

The only ones who enjoyed all this were my two sons who, with three other members, plus shovels and builders' baskets, shovelled up plaster and, with a big hammer and nails, put back floorboards, etc.

After the war, with notice to treat, we were not able to do repairs under War Damage. We all owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr Dell for his financial help to keep the house going.

F I R E

On a Saturday afternoon in mid December 1950, my family were out and I was alone enjoying the peace and quiet for a time when the front door opened with a bang. My eldest son rushed in. 'Dad! Dad! H.H. is on fire. Come quick to see the last of it!' What a shock! I hurried along to the fire to see all the top floor well alight. Readers can imagine my feelings. I was not allowed in until late at night and then only with a fireman who had a torch and at my own risk. The top floor was gutted, the roof gone. A lot of damage - even lenses melted. Water damage was evident right through the rest of the building. A sad, touching sight met my eyes when I went into the large hall. Small children's ballet frocks hanging round the wall in preparation for a children's party. But, we received wonderful help from the Salvage Department of the Fire Brigade and the children's party went on two days later.

Now about the club. We had no home. In the MacGregor Room a member of the Royal had a One-Man Show ruined. Being Secretary to H.H.Ltd and having notice to treat two years ago because of the coming of the new road, what could I do? Apply to the L.C.C. for permission to rebuild, get agreement with Fire Insurance? But to get a Licence, what a hope! Yet, I was lucky and all in ten days. Re-building started about the end of January but no inside decorations were allowed, just the roof, walls and doors.

The club meetings were held in a Church Hall at the corner of Rivercourt Road and the various Groups met at members' homes.

OUR OLD FRIEND, THE GHOST

The last the builders had to do after rebuilding was a new fire curb in the MacGregor Room which looked over the Creek (Sankey's Wharf) where the Town Hall is now situated. The bricky started to lay bricks early in the morning but the tools and cement seemed to delight in transporting themselves in a manner calculated to incur the maximum consternation. Several times the room became very cool and odd. The bricky got frightened and left the job and when the Boss enquired why the work had not been finished, Bill, the bricky, refused to go back. A second man who was sent also said: "the place is haunted."

In recent weeks the Ghost has been referred to in the West London Observer - 100 years ago (see H.H.H. Recorder No 2, 1967 for a longer story).

After rebuilding we had to get the club back to the house. The Society's Council had volunteers to work and help but it was not a question of talking but of getting going. The Council asked me to take charge, leaving everything to me. I would like to thank all those members who worked under me, putting in so much time and skill, painting, woodwork, even making curtains (we never had any before) and getting rid of all the black paint. We even had new lighting in the MacGregor Room.

My two sons screened 500 postcards which were sent to members old and present and to Societies all over the country, announcing the new opening. Whichever way one approached Hampshire House on the Great Night, there were signs pointing the way. An exhibition of prints from 1911 onwards was on display.

There were about 250 visitors and I was worried about the weight of so many on the floor. It wasn't made for that number!

One of our members gave a very large iced cake which was cut by Mr Newcombe, who re-opened the House, and every visitor had a piece of cake and a cup of tea. This night of fulfilment, satisfaction and success remains a highlight of my life.

After that wonderful night, getting back to normal with everything going well for about twelve months. Then it went sluggish. Why? I don't know!

The Mayor of Hammersmith entertained the Lord Mayor of London and we were asked to put on a show which was very successful. The next year we were invited to put on a show for all the London Mayors.

Outings gradually petered out but the Club was showing a great improvement. About March 1954 we had two big Jumble Sales, selling off everything which would be unable to go into store. Notice to treat was put into operation. So we were out. The outlook was

very bad owing to general housing conditions. For a time we had our meetings on Thursdays at a church in Shepherds Bush Road; Group meetings were again held at members' homes. Then the Borough of Hammersmith offered Westcott Lodge for our Thursday meetings and we obtained a basement flat (condemned) as our headquarters. When Westcott Lodge became a cafe, the Borough offered us a room in the Town Hall. This was very good. Later, we had to vacate our basement flat in Batoum Gardens and then moved to our present premises at 132 Shepherds Bush Road.

Our Annual Exhibitions for some years have been and still are held at the Town Hall.

THE STONE

"Not Stephens - Not Montgomery, But Stephens and Montgomery."

This stone was inset over the large fireplace in the bar (the chimney of which was, in the early days, swept by boys, one of whom was still around in 1938), to commemorate two men who did a lot in the days of the Hampshire House Trust.

Two days before we moved out of Hampshire House, this stone was marked for preservation by the Hammersmith Borough Council, but it was 'stolen'! There were many telephone calls to me, where was it? To cut the story short, months afterwards my late wife informed me that it was taken by my eldest son and his brother, and was now given to me.

This stone was handed back to the Society on 'loan'. On that night Mr Dell had tears in his eyes.

EARLY DAYS

On looking through the first Minute Book of H.H.H.P.S., I found records of all meetings which made interesting reading, especially the 'Jottings Books' for the first few years. Here is a very brief review of some meetings:

Meetings were held once a fortnight:

11 October 1911	Officers and Committee elected
13 October 1911	First meeting - 17 members (6 new ones)
27 October 1911	Demonstration - "How to make a picture"
13 December 1911	Demonstration - Spotting, trimming and mounting
19 January 1912	Demonstration - Gaslight Paper Printing
2 February 1912	Demonstration - "The Pyrenees" by M.O.Dell
1 March 1912	Demonstration - Bromoil
15 March 1912	Demonstration - "Ways and Means in Photography" by Boroughs & Welcome
29 March 1912	Demonstration - Opening of the Exhibition. Report in the West London Observer
12 October 1913	Became affiliated to the Royal Photographic Society
29 October 1913	That ladies be admitted - 3/6d per annum
20 November 1913	New darkroom declared open
4 December 1913	A bonus of 1/- to be paid to any Chemist introducing a new member.
11 December 1913	Christmas card competition and flashlight portraiture
24 September 1914	Exhibition entries total 120. The darkroom was used 439 times during the year

Mr S. J. SWITCH

At the end of August 1929, the club had a great loss in the death of Mr Switch which occurred on Sunday 25th. He was on holiday at the time at Baveno and had been swimming in Lake Maggiore. He then sunbathed and on returning for another swim, immediately collapsed and was found to be dead when brought out.

It is no exaggeration to say that Mr Switch was one of the most valuable members of H.H.H.P.S. He joined the Society on 20th October 1920 together with other members of the Post Office Savings Bank staff. In 1928 he became secretary and in his first year of office won the admiration of all the Society. He had exceptional gifts as an 'handyman', in many other ways than his secretarial duties; there was never a cross word from him. He had sound judgment and inexhaustible patience. Every member could call him a personal loss and while writing this I have many memories.

The Switch Shield

This was presented to the Central Association by the Society for an annual contest by the members of the C.A. One of the early clubs to win was Southampton where Mr W.R.Kay, FRPS was in charge of their efforts. H.H.H.P.S. also managed to win it and 'bring it home'. It would be nice to see it grace our club premises once again.

The Switch Memorial Cup

This beautiful cup was presented by Miss C.J.Livingston (his fiancée) in his memory. According to the rule, it shall be awarded annually for services rendered to the Hammersmith Hampshire House Photographic Society. Such service may be either of a photographic or non-photographic character, and special regard shall be paid to work which is done independently of any office-holding capacity.

The name of the recipient is decided by the five previous holders of the cup and the result announced at the Annual General Meeting. Any member of the Society is eligible provided that no member shall hold the cup for more than one year in any period of five years.

If there is no suitable nomination, the cup goes back to the Society's care until the next year.

Mr AUGUST HANSON

August Hanson joined this Society about 1918 and became a very active member by 1920. In 1921 he joined Mr M.O.Dell in acting as instructors of classes for beginners.

In 1926 he joined the Royal Photographic Society and in 1927 became first an Associate and then a Fellow.

In 1928 he was elected President of H.H.H.P.S. at a critical junction in its history and in so far as his health permitted, he continued to serve it in many ways until his untimely death on 15th January 1948.

Known to all members as 'Gus', he exhibited at all the major exhibitions at home and abroad. Prints I shall never forget were: 'Size of Man'; 'Patient Soul' and 'Reigate Heath'. The latter picture he visualised on a Sunday outing when the weather was very dull while the mood he wanted had to be in the autumn.

Time and fares did not matter in those days and after about the tenth visit over about three years, he got his picture and it was exhibited internationally.

A sound worker, critic and judge; he was popular with all those he contacted. Being very fond of Gus myself and having known him for twenty-five years, I, like the club, felt his passing with a sad heart.

Acknowledgment: The dates quoted were given to me by the courtesy of Mr Harold Taylor, A.R.P.S.

MARK OLIVER DELL, 1883 - 1959

nr Winscombe

M.O.Dell went to school at Sidcot, in the Mendips. A boarding school of the Society of Friends, for he came of a Quaker family. He was a quiet and retiring youth and was addicted to rambling over the countryside on his own.

Walham Green where he was born and lived all his life, is in Fulham. In his youth there were green fields from there to the Thames and about a mile away was the centre of Hammersmith - 'one of London's poorer and apparently more hopeless districts, on the fringe of the richest quarter of the richest City on earth'.

At school he started by photographing birds nests. The next major factor in his life was the Hampshire House Club which he helped to create. In 1905 he, with other founders, appealed for funds and help to found 'a social club on temperance lines'. Hampshire House was available and by the end of the first ten months, they had over 200 members who paid 6d. each a month. Sports, lectures, concerts, a drawing class, a readers circle, slate club, coal club and also a cycling section.

In 1907 Dell appears as secretary of the Students Club and by 1908 he had been appointed Permanent Organising Secretary.

The Club went on extending its functions by the addition of science classes, dramatics, a parliament and help to the crippled and aged until 1912 when Hampshire House Trust was formed. When the Cloth-workers Company leased twenty houses to the H.H.Trust, they became known as the Hampshire House Workshops - a separate concern that had already taken over a woodworker's shop, opened a bakery as well as continuing a dressmaking business and a press previously housed in Hampshire House itself.

On 23 February 1909 M.O.Dell gave a lantern lecture on 'Wild Birds', the slides for which formed the largest part of his early work. He said that in his early days it occurred to him that the man who knew most different printing processes would be able to make the best pictorial prints and there is plenty of evidence for this idea. He made prints in carbon platinotype, P.O.P. gaslight and bromide paper. Later he tried ozobrome and even some fresson paper was found bearing a date of 1907 and then Lumiere Autochrome.

In 1913 he surprised himself by getting a print in the Royal. The following year he had no less than four. It was about this time he started using texture screens. In 1915 he joined the R.P.S.

His first visit to the Pyrenees was in 1911 and he continued to visit there until the coming of World War I.

During the later war years, he was with the Friends Ambulance Unit at Dunkirk but, somehow, he still found time to keep up his exhibition entries without a break throughout the war. The influence of Keighley began to show in his work about 1916 and he was awarded a medal by the R.P.S. In 1920 he went back to the Pyrenees which he so loved.

He has prints in the Stephen Tyng Collection held by the Pictorial Group of the R.P.S.

After the war in 1919 he started beginners' classes in photography and proved to be an inspiring teacher, several of his pupils became wellknown later - one of these was H.L.Wainwright.

Hampshire House Trust and workshops closed down in 1922. Dell looked round for a new vocation and turned to photography as the thing he could do best. He started business in 1923 and in the following years took Wainwright into partnership. They very soon made a name for themselves. The first major undertaking was to become more or less official photographers to the B.B.C. from 1926 onwards.

They ranged from pictures of celebrities at the microphone, to what we now call industrial photography. On one of these jobs they were climbing adjacent masts of a new transmitter by a series of ladders and trap doors. They were carrying rucksacks and each saw the other jammed at different heights high up in the sky.

In 1929 they worked for the Architectural Review and their interpretation of the architect's intentions, made other illustrations in the Review look dowdy and uninspired. They were soon appointed official photographers to the Review, all their important work being done on half-plates. Sanderson cameras, roller blind shutters, lenses like the F7.7 Aldis, or at least a wide angle lens that needs stopping down to F16; sometimes they used a Leica but Dell used to say that he never paid more than £5 for a camera.

There was an exhibition of their work at the Paris Exhibition in September 1937 and the staff they employed rose to 12.

In 1946 Dell retired and went back to pictorial work in all its forms. Experiments in steady research into pictorial photography and its principles, mood and atmosphere or romantic weather, landscape, cathedrals. If one found a print with a different treatment - it was his!

In 1922 Dell was a founder member of the Pictorial Group of the Royal Photographic Society to which he gave his support for 38 years. He was awarded his Fellowship in 1924 and later served for some years on the Fellowship and Associateship Admissions Committee. In 1956 he was elected to the Honorary Fellowship of the R.P.S. in recognition of his outstanding contributions to the advancement of pictorial photography. In 1957 he was paid a further compliment of a One-Man Exhibition of his work at the Royal. He showed over a hundred of his works from 1900 onwards, representing all sides of his pictorial

work from photography to paintings and aquatints. In that same year he was elected to membership of the London Salon of Photography at whose exhibitions his masterpieces had so often graced the walls.

In his architectural work Dell not only tried but finished the job (at any rate in the eyes of the architect). Representations of modern buildings not only came near to the ideals of their designers but brought out the glamour and charm so well that people could accept the new look of the building while its principles were being established. On his death it was said of him that no architect considered a building opened unless it had been photographed by Dell.

I suggest you could read more of his history in the Photographic Journal, 1961 - some of the foregoing is an extract therefrom.

LOOKING BACK

On reading through these pages - a history of nigh on fifty years - I have mentioned only three names. Members of the past to whom we pay tribute each year. This I have done quite deliberately, for over so many years, there have been so many who have done so much it would be impossible to remember. But, all these workers, including the ladies, made this Society not only one of the best in Great Britain but made it internationally known.

It gives me great pleasure to say that in recent years, I feel the Club's continuing improvement. Thanks to a few members who have been unstinting in their efforts - just like old times. The proof is that we now have several Fellows and Associates of the Royal Photographic Society and many workers sending prints to outside exhibitions with success. Newer members showing good work which is really the future life blood of this Society.

Our new journal, the H.H.P.S. Recorder, started in December 1966. It is circulated not only to members but also to other Societies throughout the British Isles and is of great value.

I hope this brief account will be accepted by my fellow members and, perhaps, to some others. I have been asked several times about the history of Hampshire House, so it seemed worthwhile to compile these few notes and to include a little of the Hamlet of Hammersmith.

In conclusion I would like to thank my family for the help given during the 1939 War until 1954, both to H.H.H.P.S. and to H.H.Ltd, especially while I was on service duty.



THE HAMPSHIRE HOUSE GHOST, from a print of 1804



Alas! The End.....

PART II

REMINISCENCES OF
"HAMPSHIRE HOUSE"

by

Harold Taylor, A.R.P.S.

P R E F A C E

In complying with the suggestion that I should amplify with a few personal reminiscences the history of 'Hampshire House' written by my friend, George Pemble, I am conscious that not everyone will agree that such a task should be undertaken. Indeed, the writing of the history of the society may well be regarded as itself a mistake. We are all too prone, so it is said, to live on our past. We should forget it, fix our gaze upon the future and press forward with enthusiasm and energy into the unknown. Such a view commands my sympathy - or at least, a good part of it - but lurking behind this opinion I seem to detect the shadowy figure of Henry Ford I. Was it not he who came up with that immortal definition 'History is bunk'? Maybe he was right but the fact that he himself made history - even if only in the field of automobile engineering - casts some doubt upon the accuracy of his definition.

I think I know a better definition and it is one which at least holds out some hope that we may from the past learn some useful lessons for the present and the future. Reposing - unread - upon my bookshelves are twelve handsome volumes of 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire'. Their author, Edward Gibbon, should know something about history, so how did he define it? 'Little more', said Gibbon, 'than the register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind'.

At this point, readers who have managed to stay with me, may well exclaim 'This is absurd. We have read George Pemble's history and the many misfortunes that have befallen the society are all too evident, but follies, crimes, even; preposterous!' You think so?

Read on:

X, Y and Z.

I am a cockney by birth - and inclination - and I have lived in or just outside London all my life except for two years when I was, no doubt for my good, banished to the outer darkness of the Midlands. From the summer of 1924 to that of 1926 I lived in Birmingham and while there I joined the Birmingham Photographic Society. This gave rise to two circumstances, one good and one bad. The bad was that when I subsequently joined Hampshire House, I thought I knew something about photography (a mistake only to be excused by the folly and presumption characteristic of youth) and so failed to join a beginners' class - an error from which I have suffered ever since. The good circumstance was that one of the lecturers who visited the Birmingham society was a certain Mr M.O.Dell from the Hammersmith Hampshire House society in London. He lectured on the Pyrenees and I still remember the superb monochrome slides - most if not all of which were made by the thiocarbamide process - and the accompanying text. The latter, as was customary in those days, was read from a prepared script and contained the occasional 'purple patch' but having heard Dell lecture many times since, I doubt whether it would have been phrased any less elegantly if it had been delivered extempore.

When I returned to London I was in doubt whether to join 'Hampshire House', which was a long way from my home in Queens Park, or another society which, being within the sound of Bow Bells, would have been near my work in the City. I think it was that lecture by Dell that turned my footsteps in the direction of Hammersmith and there in the MacGregor Room of the old Hampshire House I was introduced to the secretary of the Society. His name was, let us say, X and he was a very fine photographer. It was not his photographic skill, however, but his friendliness and charm of manner that induced me to join the society on the spot. Alas, he was not to remain secretary for much longer or, indeed, to continue a member. The unhappy story of his disappearance from the society was hushed up but it so happened that the then Treasurer's typist addressed to me by mistake a letter intended for my namesake, Stuart Taylor, F.R.P.S., who was a member of the Society's Council. It seems that X was in business with a partner who let him down very badly and in his dire straits he failed to draw the necessary clear distinction between his own money and the Society's. It may be that the members of the council felt that they had been foolishly lax in their supervision of the society's finances. At any rate they had a 'whip-round' and made good the loss and X was heard of no more until a few years ago when news of his death reached the society through a present member who was indirectly in touch with him. It seems that to the end of his days he took great interest in the society of which, but for his one unfortunate lapse, he might have been a valued member.

When I joined the society the President, was Mr Y, a gentleman who in appearance resembled His late Majesty, King Edward VII. He was a master of such photographic processes as carbon and photogravure, lived locally in comfortable style and had for some time past been

regularly re-elected President every year. He totally ignored the society's council, the meetings of which he never attended, and compiled the syllabus with the help of his personal contacts in the photographic world. Each Thursday, having wined and dined the lecturer of his choice, and accompanied by his wife and sons, he brought his guest along to Hampshire House. The lecturer was introduced in a fulsome speech of welcome which was frequently adorned with a risqué joke (vastly enjoyed by the President, if by nobody else). After the lecture there was another fulsome speech of thanks and the President with his entourage 'swept-out' pausing, maybe, to bestow a nod or a few well chosen words on one or two of his cronies. It was, in fact, evident that with the passage of the years Mr Y was finding it increasingly difficult to distinguish between the society and his personal possessions. The membership - more particularly the younger portion thereof - grew restive under this regime but what was to be done about it? One or two likely members were approached with a view to being nominated for election to the office of President in opposition to Mr Y but they all fought shy of the prospect. 'Think what Y has done for the society', they said (ignoring what he was doing against). Or, 'It might split the society in two' - which was true. Finally, it was decided that two motions should be put forward at the forthcoming Annual General Meeting. One laid down that in future the President should not hold office for more than two years in succession and the other that no one should issue any printed matter in the Society's name without the permission of the council. Mr Y got the message. At the Thursday meeting preceding the A.G.M., after eulogizing the lecturer in the usual manner, he went on to make a truly nasty little speech, concluding with the announcement that he and his family were resigning forthwith from the society. He was as good as his word and was never seen again. And what happened to the Society? 'Gus' Hanson became President, the standard of lectures improved and the society flourished as never before. And the proposed two new rules? They were duly adopted and if members look in their copies of the rules today - always supposing they can find them - they will discover that they are still there. Long may they remain!

Then there was Z who had been a member for many years and specialised in winning prizes in 'Amateur Photographer' competitions. He was unfortunately afflicted with a club foot and a habit of wearing exceptionally squeaky footwear. Moreover, his business or domestic arrangements prevented him from arriving until the Thursday meetings were well under way. Up to the mid-thirties these were held in the MacGregor Room which was long and narrow, necessitating the placing of the members' chairs on either side of a central gangway which also served to accommodate the beam from the projector. Now by the time Z arrived, the only seats left vacant were, as I well know, a few in the front row and he made unerringly for one of these. On one occasion, I remember, our lecturer was the great J. Dudley Johnston who served two terms as President of the Royal Photographic Society and was the leading exponent of that most difficult of all photographic printing processes, the making of thiocarbamide lantern slides. (The 'Royal' possesses a collection of his slides, by the way, and if they

are ever on show, go and see them, they are what pictorial photography is all about.) 'D.J.' was talking about the view on the screen - a delicate high-key subject - when suddenly the shadow of Z's head started bobbing about at the bottom of the picture. The lecturer stopped dead in mid-sentence and gazed fascinated at Z as he proceeded thump, squeak, thump, squeak - down the centre aisle and finally settled himself comfortably in the front seat of his choice. 'As I was saying....' said 'D.J.' and picked up the broken pieces of his lecture. In those days 'audience participation' had not been heard of but lecturers invariably agreed to answer questions when they had finished and on this occasion someone enquired about binding and masking slides. 'D.J.' talked about his methods and concluded - looking very hard in the direction of Z - 'of course, it is always a good idea to do any horizontal masking at the bottom of the slide rather than the top'. Needless to say this shaft bounced harmlessly off the tough hide of Z and his regular performance continued to provide a bizarre embellishment to our lantern lectures.

O T H E R S

How could a writer on astronomy go about the task of describing individually the stars that make up a galaxy? I do not know, but I fancy he would find the assignment a daunting one, just as I, having written that simple word 'Others' at the head of this section, find it well-nigh impossible to begin to portray the galaxy of photographic talent that made up, over the passing years, the story of Hampshire House.

Perhaps it would be best to start with the brightest star of them all, M.O.Dell. I have before me as I write an appreciation of Dell by J.Rowland Powel, a former President, now living in Australia. I wish I had space to quote it verbatim but I must content myself with one brief sentence: 'Co-founder of H.H.H.P.S. in 1911, Dell was the mainstay of the society until his death.' That is unquestionably true, but Mr Powel also comments that Dell would never consent to take the Presidency. He could also have pointed out that although Dell was a founder member of the Pictorial Group of the R.P.S. and served on the Fellowship and Associateship Admission Committees, he never, so far as I know, was a member of the Council of the 'Royal'. The explanation lay, I think, in the unconventional individuality of Dell which would have made him feel out of place in the world of photographic politics. Perhaps that is why it took the 'Royal' from 1924 (when Dell became a Fellow) to 1956 (three years before his death) to decide to honour itself by conferring its Honorary Fellowship upon the man who was, in his day, the greatest pictorial and architectural photographer living. If any of my readers are disposed to study Dell the photographer in greater depth, they should start with T.I.Williams' article in the November 1961 issue of the 'Photographic Journal' with its appended list of 28 references to sources of information. To learn more of Dell the man is virtually impossible; the penetrating wisdom, expressed in judgments that were

always charitable and uttered with restraint, and the gentle, subtle humour elude description. Perhaps the flavour of his personality is best expressed in a brief incident recounted by my friend, F.L. Williams. The society had, one Thursday, to put up with a talk from a gentleman whose verbosity was only exceeded by the poverty of the content of his lecture. 'That man had a frightful lot to say for himself' remarked a member to Dell when the ordeal came to an end. 'Not really,' was the reply, 'it was just that he took so long saying it.'

When he turned professional Dell took as his partner another well-known member of Hampshire House, H.L.Wainwright. He, like Dell, was addicted to photography in the Pyrenees but I remember best of all a one-man show of his work which was displayed in the MacGregor room. It consisted of 20 x 16 prints on Mimosa paper (now, alas, defunct) of views taken high up in the mountains of the Vorarlberg. All possibility of monotony was banished by the superb quality of the prints, both technical and pictorial. It was typical of Bertie Wainwright's impish sense of humour that he included a beautiful quality print from a negative on which he had inadvertently made a double exposure.

Two other members who joined forces as professionals were L.D.Talamon, F.R.P.S. and Col. G.B.Barton, A.R.P.S. The former, a Frenchman, was a man of great charm whose skill as a photographer (particularly in working the Fresson process and in producing colour transparencies) was only exceeded by his inability to speak English, despite long residence in this country. The latter was one of the select band of photographers who have brought fame to Hampshire House by their skill in the pigment processes. One of the earliest and finest of the bromoil workers was H.C.W.Frost. In spite of having lost his right arm in the first world war he turned out not only exquisite bromoils but also bromoil transfers produced on a press which he made himself. Other workers in this field were G.E.Oakley (who also worked in carbonyl) and Arthur Hill, who was noted, too, for his straight prints of scenes of 'London River'. The line of pigment workers continues to this day with G.P.P.Phillips, F.R.P.S. and F.L.Williams, F.R.P.S. - neither of whom is now, alas, exhibiting - while G.H.(Bill) Johnson, F.R.P.S. continues to get his gum bichromate prints hung at the Royal and the London Salon. They are in both monochrome and colour, the latter having an element of fantasy that is most attractive and the sight of them on the walls of the major exhibitions comes as a welcome relief to eyes that have been bludgeoned by the 'impact' of modern photography.

In the realm of portraiture the contribution of Hampshire House has not, perhaps, been quite so outstanding but the name of Stuart Taylor, F.R.P.S. must be mentioned. It is said that he taught their trade to many of the now defunct group of fashionable West End portraitists and certainly he was giving valuable tuition to his fellow-members in his portraiture classes more than forty years ago.

Although he was not then a member, 'Ted' Lockyer, whose recent death has saddened all who knew him, inherited the Stuart Taylor tradition and turned out fine portraits and figure studies. So, too, did 'Johnnie' Staples who also produced what are now known as 'slice of life' photographs, the chief difference between his works and the modern produce being that the former, at their best, can be hung permanently on a wall (or preserved in the Royal's Permanent Collection), while the latter are, for the most part, eminently - and mercifully - forgettable.

M.O.Dell's great rival in the making of pictorial prints was August Hanson, F.R.P.S. His landscapes often, to their great advantage, included a figure, as Dell's did not, but if by comparison with Dell's his prints lacked the last ounce of poetic imagination, their technical quality was equally superb and that at a time when it was not so easy as it is now to obtain high quality prints with a full range of tones from the available papers. (No doubt Dell and Hanson by mischance occasionally turned out a soot-and-whitewash print but nobody but the dustman was allowed to see it.) Not without reason are the memories of these two fine artist-craftsmen kept alive in the society, the one by a special award for prints, the other by a memorial lecture.

Other fine photographers who come to mind were F.Bowen-Williams, J.Ainger Hall and J.R.Clemo, A.R.P.S. The last-named was noted not only for his fine prints and colour slides but also for his monochrome slides. He did much experimenting with the now defunct Ilford 'Alpha' lantern plates which in the hands of someone as skilful as Clemo produced slides in a variety of pleasing colours. Then there was S.J.Switch and also Miss R.Noble who, in the tragic circumstances of the former's sudden death, took over the secretaryship of the society and is still, happily, with us as an Honorary Member. It was the fate of these two very fine photographers to have their print-making skill eclipsed by their work for the society.

Horace V.Massie, A.R.P.S. was something of a Hampshire House 'character'. Short of stature, shambling in gait, slightly incoherent of speech and with, to borrow an Americanism, 'homely' features, he was something of a figure of fun. But everyone liked him and he brought fun into his photography, for he was a forerunner of those who produce humorous pictures. His disdain for sartorial elegance was obvious and lends point to an incident related by Frank Williams. Early one Saturday evening, a working party was busy in the studio hanging the monthly print competition when Massie unexpectedly appeared in the doorway. He wore a dirty old raincoat, on his head was a crumpled soft hat and slung over his shoulders was a decrepit rucksack. 'Hallo, Horace', said someone, 'Going out to dinner?' 'Well, as a matter of fact, I am', said Massie unburdening himself of the rucksack and unbuttoning the dirty old raincoat to reveal an immaculate dress suit. The fact was that in addition to being a good photographer, our Horace was a first-rate illusionist who eked out

his modest salary as a minor civil servant with the fees earned by doing after-dinner conjuring turns at evening functions.

One other Hampshire House personality must be mentioned before this rambling catalogue is brought to an end. I do not ever remember seeing a print or slide produced by Louis Nell but his claim to a place in the society's story rests firmly upon his encyclopaedic knowledge of the history of photography in general and of photographic apparatus in particular. This seemingly inexhaustible fund of knowledge was drawn on ~~CECE~~ a year with unfailing regularity in a lecture entitled 'Odds and Ends'. Nell was, I believe, of mixed English and French parentage and although he spoke English with great fluency and elegance, he did so with that trace of over-precision which is characteristic of those who are bilingual from birth and which adds an engaging distinctiveness to everything they say. Add to this that Nell combined an English sense of fun with a devastating Gallic wit and it is not surprising that his annual talk always drew a crowded house. Advertising merchants who would have you believe that their firm's latest product was unique received short shrift from Nell who took huge delight in demonstrating that something similar had appeared forty years ago.

These, then, were some of the personalities who helped to make the reputation of Hampshire House. I have touched upon the varying skills which they brought to their photographic work. What I have not mentioned was the enthusiasm for and devotion to the interests of their society which informed everything they did, qualities which alone will ensure that Hampshire House will continue to have a history worth writing.

January 1973.