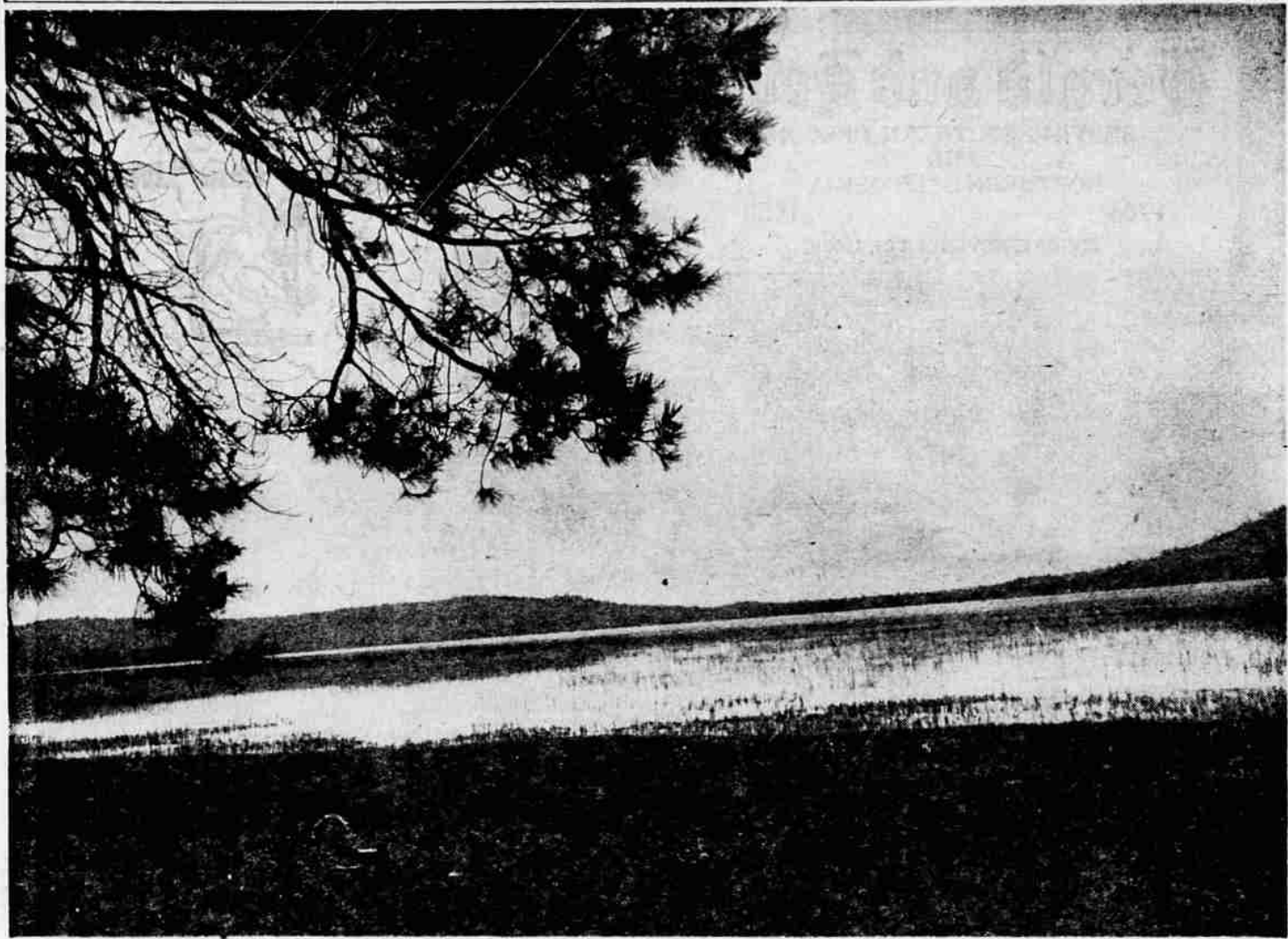




MOUNT SHASTA IN THE DISTANCE is the title I gave this picture. It was taken at 6:42 in the morning a couple of weeks ago at Aspen Lake. You can't actually see Mount Shasta, but it is there, right behind that bank of clouds to the south. I was looking south as the picture was taken. The branches in the upper corner belong to a pine tree that stands out there all alone on the bank of the lake. I didn't intend to get them in the

picture, but there they are. You too, can do this sort of thing. Anyone could. The picture bears out my theory that photography is a wonderful thing. If I hadn't wanted to take this picture what would I have been doing at Aspen Lake at 6:42 in the morning? What I did after I took this picture was darn near freeze to death. You, too, can do this.

—Photo by Jenkins

Photography (?) Can Be Fun

By BILL JENKINS

Being one of the newer recruits to the ranks of the camera fans I find myself living in a world of illusion, frustration, doubt and indecision lightened only occasionally by a passable picture.

I have the advantage, if it can be called that, of causing at least a few other people to suffer along with me. This because I happen to get paid for filling this space every week with whatever I can dredge up on my own or steal from someone else.

When it comes to the finer points of camera work I must confess that I know considerably more of the whereabouts of Judge Crater than I do photography.

I belong to the school usually referred to as the "shoot and hope" theory. I shoot copious quantities of pictures and then hope they come out. The floor of Leo's Camera Shop, where my films are currently developed, is spotted with tear stains as the result of some of these failures. At home I am more stoic about it, holding to a grim and unbending front until I go to bed, where I bite large holes in the pillow while trying to stifle my cries of rage and disappointment.

I have a standing order for the first camera that will take perfect pictures every time. I understand that there are several others ahead of me here. In fact, the line is pretty long.

In case anyone is interested I shoot my pictures with a Voigtlander Prominent, a 35-millimeter camera no longer manufactured (I seem to put the kiss of death on anything I buy. All-too-often the model is discontinued right after I buy it). Along with this outfit I have numerous extras, few of which I understand but all of which

the experts assure me I need.

For instance, I have cases full of filters. I have used them a lot but to date have failed to get a picture. There must be something I am doing wrong. Or not doing at all, perhaps.

Well, anyway, this sort of thing is bound to lead to something and in my case it has led to a good deal of evasion of the issues. I have turned to strange methods to justify my existence as a cameraman.

Not the least of which is trying to take pictures of impossibles. Like pretty sunrises and sunsets on black and white film. Any photographer will tell you that this is practically impossible. Unless you have real spectacular cloud effects to work on. And here you have to use filters and there my trouble starts.

Anyway, the whole thing has led to a pretty muddled up mess but it has gotten me around the country a good deal. And as a result I have come up with a belief that it is going to pay off in human dividends. I feel like this to such an extent that I recommend it to other people.

Here's how you go about it. Walk carefully here, it takes a good deal of rationalization. You get yourself a camera. Any old thing will do. The "big" cameras with their jutting lenses and many appendages make you look professional or silly, depending on what view you take. But a little old box camera will take just about as good a picture.

Then you say to yourself that you are going to go forth and emulate Arizona Highways. Amaze your friends with your art and skill. To do this means that you will have to travel a goodly distance to find a suitable subject.

And here's the nub of the thing—you get to see a lot of the country by using a camera as an excuse. Sort of like the fellow who bought a bowling ball as an excuse to get out of the house at night.

I have found that you can justify almost any trip if you take along enough camera gear. And you can look like the man from Life if you have a sunshade over your lens and your cap turned around backwards. After all, you're just as good as he is until you get to the darkroom stage. If you want to make a real impression carry a tripod with you and set it up for even the simple pictures. This will use up a lot of time but will also gather quite a crowd around you to see what you are doing. It will also make you very tired carrying the thing around. In crowded places it will prove almost as effective as an umbrella in tripping people up and poking them in their softer parts.

So, travel is number one on the list. Secondly there is the idea that if you want to "get away from it all" you can set up a darkroom at home and retire to it whenever the going gets too rough for you. Such times, for instance, as when the dog won't get off your lap or your wife wants to tell you about her bridge club afternoon or the floors need sweeping or there is some other minor chore to perform. After all, this business of developing film is a pretty technical one and the time must be carefully allotted. At least until the dishes are done.

And then there are other advantages. You meet a lot of nice people. You make friends. You promptly lose these friends, of course, when your pictures of their baby don't turn out, but that

is a hazard of the course.

Well, I think this space is about filled, but I can't help adding a couple of tips that I have picked up over a short and rugged course of this picture taking business. If you are shooting a picture of a waterfall, let us say, and the fellow next to you seems skeptical of your exposure look wise and mutter something about "trying for a new effect, you know." This will throw off the amateur and the professional won't care anyway.

If you aren't sure of what exposure to use hide your light meter and ask the man next to you. He'll be glad to tell you what he's shooting at. You can check this against your light meter later when you get out of sight. If you know how to read the meter. (Perhaps this is one of my reasons for not getting many pictures. I have never learned to use a light meter. They all involve a certain amount of mathematics and I can't even add up my check stubs.)

Make it easy on yourself financially when it comes to acquiring a camera but don't spare the pocketbook when it comes to gadget bag or case. After all, it is the equipment that makes the first impression and the case is the first thing most people see.

Always "square" the picture you are taking by framing it with your hands before shooting with the camera. This does no good at all but looks pretty professional unless you overdo it. Then you look like a man who has lost his eyeglasses.

And, finally, never admit that you don't know what you are doing. After all, there are a lot of other people that don't know any more than you do. And it is one

sport where you are safe as long as you don't have to show results. This is easy. You can sling a shiny camera around your neck and look almost as sporting as the tweedy chap at the horse races who slings a pair of powerful binoculars around his neck. He probably doesn't know any more about horses than you do. He's probably just near sighted.

But looks are what count.

I am reproducing here three pictures that will illustrate what I have been talking about.

Maybe.

If not, I recommend Arizona Highways as a splendid medium of photographic enjoyment.

THE COVER

This scenic shot was taken from a point behind the clubhouse at Reames Golf and Country Club and shows the area to the south looking across Klamath River above the bridge. In the foreground are the clubhouse and parking lot.

BIG SHOCKER

DENVER, Colo. — A woodpecker caused a 37-minute electric power failure in a wide area of Denver. Power company officials said the bird stuck its beak into an automatic switch on a main line. The bird was electrocuted.