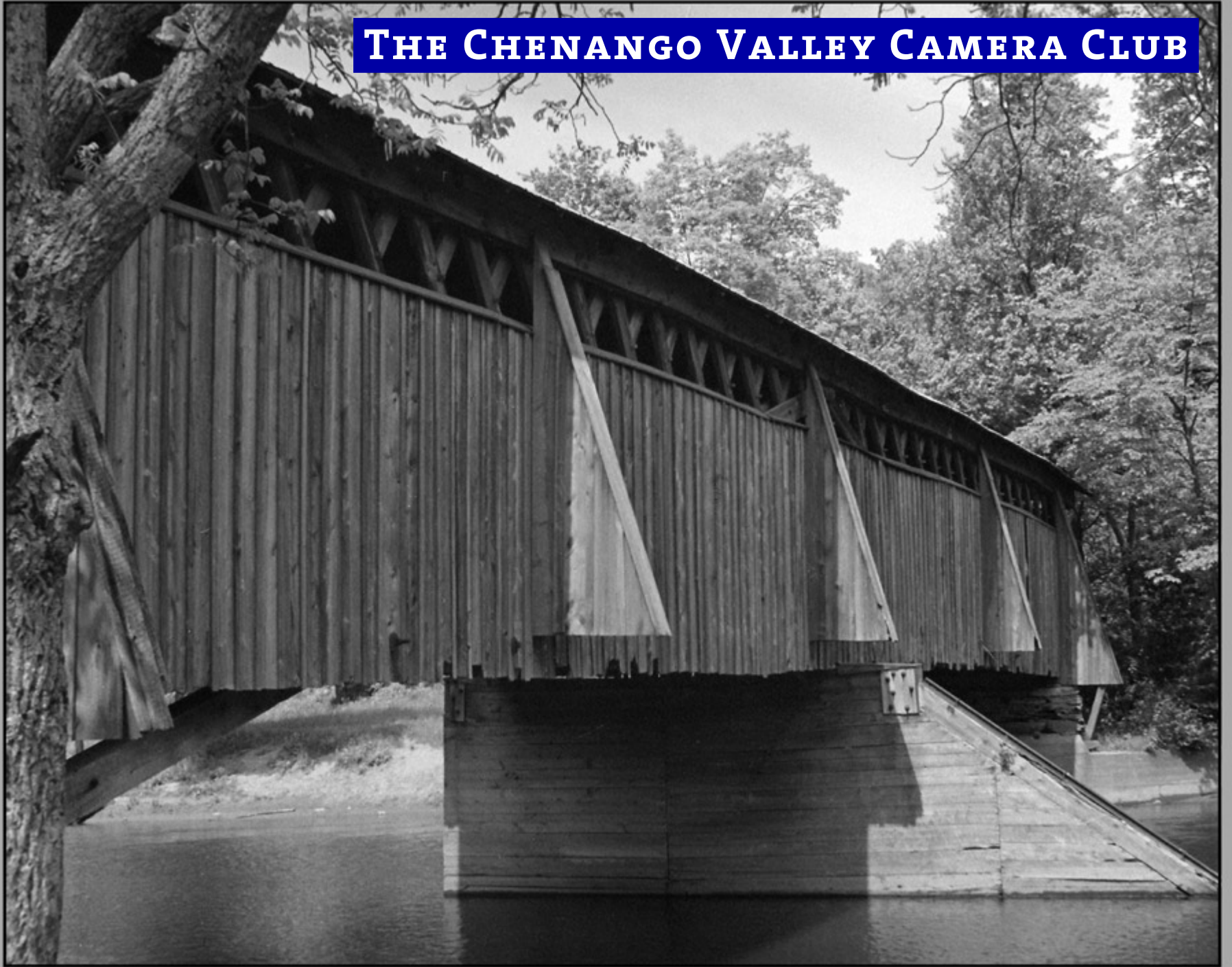


THE CHENANGO VALLEY CAMERA CLUB

*A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE CLUB AND ITS MEMBERS
EDITED BY ALBERT W. STARKWEATHER, SR.*



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HARRIS W. ROGERS

BY ALBERT W. STARKWEATHER, SR.

Harris (Harry) Rogers was born on Jan. 15, 1898, in Wellsville, New York, a small village in southern Allegany County near the Pennsylvania border. As a boy, Harry seemed to follow the outdoors tradition of rural New Yorkers, hunting and exploring the fields and woods. Several of the pictures on the following pages illustrate his passion for nature.

Harry's interest in photography began with his earliest experiences at home through college and graduate school, and really began to flourish when he discovered the Pictorial Society of America (PSA). At a later date, at least by 1958, he became a member of Leica Postal Portfolios (LPP). Harry later recalled:

My start came with a #2 Folding Brownie, given to the family. Nickel metal work and a red leather bellows. Meniscus lens (not achromatic, either) about f/11 and with the slow films then available, practically everything was underexposed. Did my own processing very early in the game, cellar darkroom, no electricity, no running water. Even did some commercial photo finishing for summer boarders there. First enlarger was daylight one, by which time I had accumulated a 4 × 5 plate camera with R.R. (rapid rectilinear) lens. Did good work but no candid stuff. Managed to continue the hobby through school, trading cameras from time to time as new needs arose and now do most work with a fairly old Leica, which is used most of the time.



COURTESY COLGATE UNIVERSITY
HARRIS W. (HARRY) ROGERS

It is regrettable that Harry's first pictures, made with the family camera, the No. 2 folding Brownie, no longer exist. At some point before Harry sold his house in Hamilton and moved into the Harding Nursing Home in Waterville, New York, he destroyed his entire file of negatives and any remaining prints by burning them. His only existing photographs are those I saved when the CVCC albums were returned to me.

Harry entered Colgate University, Hamilton, New York, in September 1916. He must have been an outstanding student, as he was elected to that most prestigious honor society, Phi Beta Kappa, and graduated with a B.S. in chemistry in 1920. After two years of graduate study, Colgate awarded him an M.S. in 1922. Harry spent the next four years at Cornell University graduate school in Ithaca, New York, earning a Ph.D. in chemistry.

Harry returned to Colgate University in 1927 as an instructor in the Chemistry Department, where he spent the next 40 years, advancing to full professor before retiring in 1966. He was department chairman for several years. He was also a consultant to the U.S. Air Force from 1955-1959,

In 1929, Harry married Belle Chase, a teacher and an artist who had a very strong influence on Harry's style, as well as his many likes and dislikes! Harry liked to travel, make pictures, and meet people. His first ramblings were to Vermont with Belle, where she attended art shows and exhibited her paintings. Several CVCC members were recruited from chance meetings while on such journeys. His first trip west was in 1955. In 1961 Harry made a trip to Europe, visiting Scandinavia, Austria, and Germany. In Germany he bought a Volkswagen Beetle for his travels there and then brought it home and used it for several years. In 1962 he went west again and made photographs in Wyoming and Colorado.

MAN'S WORK — ONE OF THE IMPROVEMENTS TO THE COLORADO RIVER



AFTERNOON HAZE, LEFT

VERMONT, RIGHT

*TETON MORNING,
BOTTOM LEFT*

*COLORADO SAND DUNES,
BOTTOM RIGHT*

(HARRY ROGERS' PHOTOS)



EDWARD T. RICHARDSON, JR.

When I retired from the Nature Conservancy Board, they created a title for my benefit: First Honorary Trustee. They also commissioned me to write a history of the early days of the Maine Chapter, which I illustrated with my own photographs and also with work by other photographers.

During the period from the middle '50s into the '70s I did a great deal of mountain climbing in Maine and New Hampshire. My favorite area was Mount Katahdin, and I spent, I think, 11 vacations on and around that mountain, taking many photographs over that period. There was a youth who started climbing with me when he was 17. He accompanied me on most of the Katahdin trips and on many excursions to other mountain areas in Maine. I taught him photography, and we joined in making a big portfolio. Another climbing partner in the early '50s introduced me to the wilds of the area between Stratton and the Canadian border, again yielding many photographs. The person who shares my home taught photography years ago, and for some years he was a pro in Portland.

Since 1962 I have summered on Little Sebago Lake in Gray, Maine, and this I use as a gateway to the mountains, still making many a trip to some of my favorite places: Grafton Notch, Evans Notch, Dunn's Notch, Coos Canyon and Byron, the New Hampshire notches, and many other lesser-known areas, always packing a camera, the size depending on how far I have to carry it. I have, however, worked out a backpack rig for the field camera that makes it relatively easy to carry, using the tripod as an alpenstock.

I occasionally have some funny incidents resulting from camera use. One fall morning a few years ago, I was standing on the curb on Commercial Street, the waterfront way of Portland, aiming my 4 × 5 Graflex across the street, when a car pulled up and a gentleman looked out and said, "Say, are you people in some kind of time warp up here?" I said, "Well I don't know; why do you ask?" He said, "We've just come up from Massachusetts to look at some real estate, but saw you using a camera that I'd associate with 60 to 70 years ago." We got into a conversation and it turned out he was a camera clubber there. On another occasion I had to take pictures secretly in the hold of a big clay vessel from England, specifically of a broken ladder. My fellow investigator and I represented the insurer, and the union stevedores forbade pictures on pain of being thrown overboard. While my companion kept them in dispute, I slipped my old Leica, with a 28mm lens from my pocket, shot from the hip, and got the picture, three actually. I could wind and set this little instrument in my pocket by feel and made a guess at the light as the hatches were wide open. On still another ship, a supertanker, I was lowered into a tank by a crane, in a bos'n's chair. After I got the pictures, the crew thought they would have some fun, hoisted me to the top of the crane, and let me fall for some distance a couple of times. I am a person who would not go on even a Ferris wheel!

I'm now in my 52nd year as a member of the Portland Camera Club, now the senior member in point of years of continuous activity, having held all the offices, some a couple of times over. I seem to have become the informal historian of the club. When I first joined, a few old members were still making gum prints. Now some are playing with computers and video cameras. My great uncle, from whom I inherited the Cycle Poco, was one of the original members of the club, which was founded in 1899. I enjoyed the club's centenary in 1999, when the organization gave me a 50-year retrospective exhibition.

TIDE'S EDGE, TOP LEFT

SUNRISE CAMPFIRE, KATAHDIN, TOP RIGHT

WILDERNESS CABIN, BOTTOM LEFT

NIGHT WORK, PORTLAND, MAINE, BOTTOM RIGHT



ERIC WAGNER

I have never been able to cultivate an interest in color photograph. Several years ago there was an exhibit of 50 of Eliot Porter's dye transfer prints. I decided to take in the exhibit and spend the day trying to develop an appreciation for color. Instead, my attention was riveted to a handful of Porter black and white prints, and which resulted in a copy of Eliot Porter's *Southwest*, a book of his black and white photographs, being added to my library. I am not colorblind and enjoy viewing the world around me in color, but photographs are best in shades of gray.

My equipment is pretty simple by today's standards. A Rollei 3.5F, dating from 1959, is used with Tri-X for handheld work. The Toyo and my best (and heaviest) lenses are used for rural architectural subjects and landscapes close to the road. The little Deardorff with a complement of light lenses is used when I hike. The average age of these three cameras is more than 30 years.

Tri-X sheet film is tray developed in HC-110. If a subject looks flat, I will expose a second sheet at one stop less than normal and give increased development, while a contrasty subject will get a second sheet exposed at one stop more than normal and receive less development. That is the extent to which I use the zone system, freeing me from the need to carry a heavy, expensive spot meter. Instead I use a light selenium incident meter. None of my equipment needs a battery to operate. My enlarger is a Beseler 45, dating from 1972, with an Aristo cold-light head. The next head I get will have VC capability, as it looks like quality VC papers are here to stay this time.

A serious illness in 1990 left me with a slight physical handicap, but also with the ability to better separate the *wheat from the chaff*, allowing me to identify and concentrate on things that are most important to me in life. I think my photographs have improved since then, and I often tell people that the ideal situation would be to get a scare like I had at about the age of 20 — and then live to be 100. One would not miss much that life had to offer that way.

The Baby Deardorff that I purchased from Nick Argyros in 1993 was an important turning point for me. From it, I learned that I enjoy using classic equipment much more than modern equipment. Since there is no reason for me to pursue photography other than for the pleasure it brings me, it made sense to use classic cameras for all my photography. Consequently, I purchased a 5 × 7 Deardorff for use as my *heavy* camera, and several more old Rollei TLRs to use for hand-held work. And now I am thinking about a Speed Graphic for some railroad photography I want to do.

I was lucky enough to be able to take an early retirement in 1998 at the age of 52. Since then, I have taken up cross country skiing and have enjoyed exploring back roads on a small motorcycle that I pull on a trailer behind the camper. A Rollei TLR goes with me whether I am on skis or the cycle. I have also carried the Baby Deardorff (see page 65) on many summer hikes in the high country since retirement. Al Starkweather appointed me the new CVCC secretary as soon as he heard I had retired, and I took over that duty with the November 1998 album.

UNTITLED, TOP LEFT

RELICS, TOP MIDDLE

LADORE HALL, TOP RIGHT

134 E. 7TH ST., BOTTOM LEFT

THE CHAPEL, BOTTOM MIDDLE

MEDICINE BOW PEAK, BOTTOM RIGHT



JAMES L. RODD

The year of kicking and screaming was 1949 for me, but I've been pretty mellow ever since. Starting in Ohio, we traveled every few years — the Washington, DC, area in Virginia alternated with Taiwan, where friends of the family taught me private but formal drawing lessons, and later Chinese Art, so that graphics and composition were impressive to me at age 5 and up. Taiwan gave us a lot of *basic* living experiences with rice paddies and water buffalo. I realized years later that my dad was an avid photographer. I still have yet to go through quite a collection of his sepia prints and color slides.

A good place for my teenage years was Hong Kong, where I was in the British school system as the Beatles hit the charts. I think I had all of Harry Potter's intimidating professors and I learnt the hard way what a prefect was. Hong Kong is a wonderful place to fall in love with the ocean. We had a small powerboat and could go out and claim an island beach all to ourselves on weekends. I took scuba lessons and used to snorkel all day long looking at sea creatures. I still remember swimming with my mom 20 feet down, looking at the coral reef together. We sailed once on a Chinese junk.

The University of Cincinnati and the Navy's David Taylor Model Basin made me into an engineer, which is great because once you become an engineer all your toys work! In my other life, my career was designing and building 20-foot ship model structural parts and load sensors. We had a huge model ocean with computer-generated waves for wherever in the world we wanted to study them.

Three daughters later I'm sailing with a cruising club on the Chesapeake and occasionally on some trips to Maine, California, and the British Virgin Islands. Sailing photography is best and most fun during a big race — racers are cutthroat and no one considers it close unless you trade paint.

Visualize this: After a cold front in the fall, the wind shifts around to the north, and you're poised on the weather rail shooting into the wind at the nearest boat, which is heeled toward you, showing off the cockpit, the deck, and the crew. The sun is behind your back and low, making an intense *blue-water-white-boat* photo and everyone wants to know what film you use. When the wind is out of the south, the air is humid, the water looks brown, and you will get either dark silhouettes looking into the sun, or the sunny side of a dirty bottom rolled away from you with not a crew member in sight. You can predict a cold front, which is ideal for photography, by looking at the weather map.

Every time I traveled for my job, I used to take a few days off in St. Somewhere to go sailing. I have been to Guernsey in the Channel Islands near France. It's a very English Mediterranean-like seaport with a stone waterfront and a castle in the harbor. Guernsey has good hotel and food prices, and beautiful beaches and rock towers. The local bus system takes you from the hotel out to a beach and picks you up later. On race days, I walk around the waterfront asking if any skipper can take a photographer and usually get a welcome aboard. I always carry a Canon EOS1N with about a 300mm zoom for long shots,



TREPIDATION, TOP LEFT

THE MAINE EVENT, BOTTOM LEFT

SILVER CLOUD, RIGHT



W. RUSSELL YOUNG III

I was born in Kentucky in 1949 and lived there until graduation from high school in 1967. My interest in photography began at age 15 when on a vacation through the West with my parents, I took my Kodak Instamatic along. Someone had previously shown me photographs by Ansel Adams, and I was so bold (and naïve) as to pull out my Instamatic and take the same views as the master. When the negatives came back several weeks later, very few were even printable — and yet I knew with certainty that he had taken successful images in the identical locations. What had gone wrong? There was no way for me to know.

A few months thereafter, the largest meteor shower in living memory — the Leonids on Nov. 16–17, 1966 — brought me into chance contact with the only real commercial photographer working in western Kentucky. Charlie Manion most graciously took me under his paternal wing and, until I graduated from high school the next summer, he freely and expertly shared his knowledge, giving me a thorough basis for all future explorations.

I received a B.S.B.A. in marketing research from the University of Arizona in 1971 and an M.B.A. from Southern Methodist University in 1973. After several years of living in Dallas, I just couldn't stand the big city any longer and, following a several month bicycle trip around Ireland to clear my mind, Santa Fe became my new home. It wasn't just the weather and the land; the two foremost English language photo historians lived there and, by hook or by crook, I was going to learn from them. Richard Rudisill, author of the classic study of the influence of the daguerreotype, became, and still is some 28 years later, a dear friend and infallible guide in the world of early photography.



A. W. STARKWEATHER, SR. PHOTO
W. RUSSELL YOUNG III
AND LADY OSTAPECK



While I was still in Dallas, a chance meeting with Larry Schaaf at the University of Texas redefined my life. His M.A. thesis on 19th century positive processes was to inspire my serious devotion to the scholarly aspects of photography. Here was an expert on so many facets of early photography *and* it provided him an income as well. At last, a role model! My published images are mostly pinhole or alternative process based.

As age 30 crept up, I'd made the decision that life was too short not to pursue photography. In 1981 I began an M.A. program at the University

ASPENS, TOP LEFT

JAPANESE WATER GARDEN, TOP MIDDLE

YOUNG SHAWNEE, TOP RIGHT

MUCKROSS ABBEY, IRELAND, BOTTOM LEFT

EDINBURGH CASTLE FIREWORKS, BOTTOM RIGHT

REST AREA NOCTURNE

ASPENS



ZIATYPE
PENTAX 120 SOFT FOCUS
LENS

Russ Young

JAPANESE WATER GARDEN



ZIATYPE
PENTAX 120 SOFT FOCUS
LENS

Russ Young



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Colophon

This book was created using Adobe InDesign 2 and Adobe Photoshop 7 on a Macintosh G4 400 Mhz running Mac OS 9.2.

Fonts used were FontShop International's PostScript Type 1 Thesis Serif designed in 1994 by Luc(as) de Groot. Thesis was designed to be the definitive font for every aspect of a corporate identity campaign. The font is so carefully drawn that it maintains its form in sizes ranging from business card text to lettering on the side of a building.

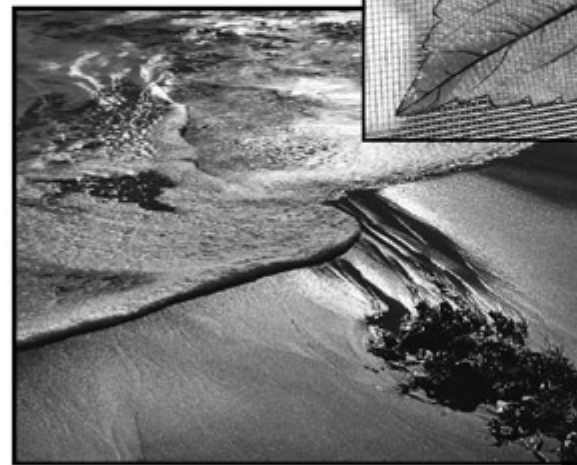
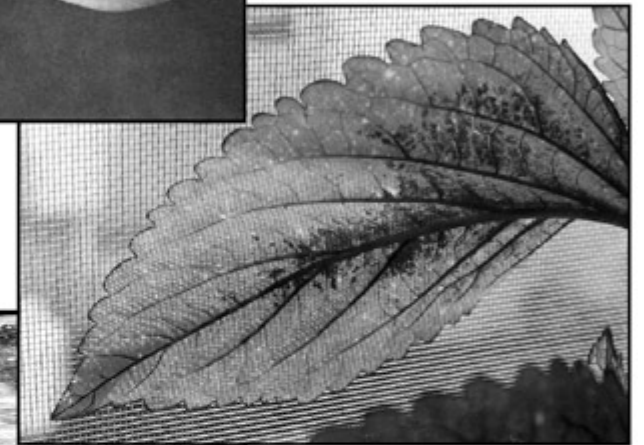
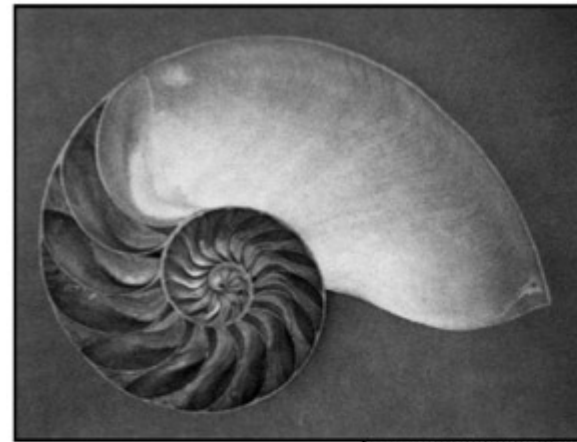
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— ALBERT W. STARKWEATHER, JR.

PHOTOGRAPHY PHOTO HISTORY

A detailed history of the Chenango Valley Camera Club, its origins, its members — past and present. Lavishly illustrated with more than 400 illustrations spanning nearly three-quarters of a century.



THE CHENANGO VALLEY CAMERA CLUB