

Club

Issue 26
July 2012

Rollei *User*



Rolleimarin No. 504

now restored - photo by Franz Rothbrust

with a superimposed photo of the group on the beach at Tossa de Mar by Sid Machen

Oriol Riba, Andrés Clarós, Lothar Seveke, Wolfgang Blank (seated), Christian Jeanrond, Jean Grepinet and Franz Rothbrust

Club Rollei User Magazine

Also in the Anderson & Garland Auction
Lot number: 1133 A Rolleiflex 2.8F Aurum, No. 8301091, gold-plated commemorative model with brown alligator leather covering fitted Schneider Xenotar 80mm f2.8 lens, in original teak box and packaging; and special gold-plated Rolleinar 2. Sold for £1450



Issue 26 - July 2012



Riley Imp, at vintage car rally, Coombe Abbey. Ca. 1968. Rolleiflex 2,8E2. Ektachrome X by Harry Kitchen

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If you would like to submit an article, photographs or correspondence, please contact John Wild at the Millstream Hotel.

Back Issues are available at £4.00 per copy plus post

Editors Tip:

If you want to reduce the harshness of a graduated filter (not screw on type) you can slide the filter up or down a little as you release the shutter. This will blur the change of density slightly.

JW

Welcome:

In this issue, it may appear that we have ceased to be a Rollei camera magazine and instead have become a sub-aquatic magazine.

Scuba diving and underwater photography are now common place, but not many years ago, the concept of underwater diving and underwater photography was limited to a handful of people. It had become a necessity to combine the two activities and hone the skills during the second world war. But it was not really until Jaques Cousteau and Hans Hass became well known with their underwater books and films, that it was brought into the general public's eye and interest widened.

In 1943, Cousteau was involved with the development of the first Aqualung which gave the diver more freedom; in 1951 Hass published "Diving to Adventure" which inspired many to the underwater world. The ROLLEImarin was first marketed in 1954, the original idea having been conceived five years earlier in 1949.

There had been underwater housings before, but this accessory for the Rolleiflex quickly became the market leader. The "Calypsophot", designed for Jacques Cousteau, in 1956, which became the "Nikonos" when production was taken over by Nikon, probably is now the most widely known brand name. The Calypso-Nikkor camera became available in 1963 and appeared as a gadget in James Bond's "Thunderball" in 1965.

The development of the ROLLEImarin and the popularisation of scuba diving are on the same time line and go very much hand in hand. Not a lot is known, outside the diving fraternity, about the ROLLEImarin, especially when it comes to realising how successful it was and how many design features were copied. It has a place of great importance in the Rollei museum. Even though developed during a period of austerity, it is of sound design and construction, built to last and be easily repaired if that became necessary, unlike the modern 'disposable' plastic cameras.

A topic that will no doubt be taking all your interest for the next few weeks is the Olympics. If any of you have booked tickets, I hope that you will have a great time; for those who will be sitting at home watching from the comfort of their arm chair, I hope that you will have a great time also. As cameras with long lenses have been banned, I do not expect that you will submit any photographs to appear in the next issue!

*Don't forget to submit for the October issue....
.... and don't forget the October meeting
....and the print competition!*

J.W.

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Back Cover: Swan Lake at Bosham by Denis Camp A.R.P.S.

Rolleiflex 2.8GX Urushi Japan Limited Edition

Auctioned recently by Anderson and Garland

<http://www.andersonandgarland.com>



Details of Lot 1132

Catalogue: MH179 FINE ART
Auction Date: 19 June 2012

Lot number: 1132

Description: A Rolleiflex 2.8GX Japan Edition with gold-plated metal parts, grained brown leather, special polished "Urushi" mottled blue enamelling, fitted Planar 80mm f2.8 lens and Seiko shutter, uniquely inscribed "022/130 Japan Edition" on gold-plated plaque below transport lever, engraved "Urushi" on a gold-plated rear panel; with velvet lined wooden box; sold still sealed and unopened in original manufacturer's cardboard carton.

NB

The "Urushi" Japan Edition was released in 1995 and is the rarest of all the Special Rolleiflex 2.8GX editions, similar to the less rare Rolleiflex 2.8GX Royal which was issued a year later. This edition was intended only for sale in Japan, limited to 130 individually numbered cameras to commemorate the 130th Anniversary of Nihon Siber Hegner; however this example and the example we have illustrated, were purchased at the Birmingham Trade Fair of that year by Mr. Charles Eagles. In fact production was terminated after only sixty-five examples were made, the intended edition of 130 never being achieved.

See illustrations (of the boxed example for this sale together with its sister camera loaned to us for comparison purposes by Mr. Eagles)



John Bullock-Anderson of Anderson & Garland telephoned me a few months ago asking if I could help him identify the contents of a sealed Rolleiflex box... I could not be of much help but I did circulate details of the planned auction to readers... I note that this lot was sold for £3200.

John has given permission to publish the details here and he further comments...

"A number of points occurred to me when researching the Urushi:

Charles Eagles' certificate seems to confirm that the edition was stopped at 65. But the number written on the box label is "022/130" and this will be repeated on the small gold triangle under the wind-on lever - as it is on Charles's no 021/130.

Charles's camera (and presumably ours) is marked simply "Urushi" on the back-plate and that is the name on our factory-box label; but I have seen Internet photographs of another example of the "Japan Edition" marked 130th anniversary Nihon Siber Hegner on the back-plate (I can't remember the individual edition number but it was a number higher than 22 but less than 60) - which could mean that at the beginning of production, Rollei just called it the "Urushi" edition but decided to change the name, or that "Japan Edition" is what collectors now call it to differentiate it from the "Royal" which also sports urushi lacquer. The strange edition number of 130 does seem to confirm that the original intent was always to commemorate Hegner's anniversary.

It is also possible that numbers 21 and 22 were early prototypes rushed out for the Birmingham trade fair where Charles bought them.

So there seems to be at least two variations of the Japan Edition.

Looking on the Internet there is quite a bit of confusion and one or two Oriental dealers are offering Rollei Royals as Japan Editions.

The key identifiers are the small triangle below the wind-on lever with the edition number, and the "ROLLEIFLEX 2,8GX" front plate which is solid gold for the Royal.

The relatively "low" price (yes it was about what I expected) is almost certainly due to the fact that this camera is so rare no one knew what to bid. We achieved more than a standard "Aurum" or a "Royal" usually fetches at auction; but only a little more. I think Charles originally purchased it for £2300 in January 1999.

The moral is: buy your cameras at auction and not from Internet sites based in Tokyo or Hong Kong!"

John Bullock-Anderson

Your Forum

During the 1950's the works photographer for the GEC in Coventry, a noted Midlands club circuit exhibitor and judge, influenced my black and white photography.

Later I bought a second hand Rollei 2.8E2 which brought with it a copy of Alec Pearlman's Rollei Manual, which further influenced me, and I still from time to time dip into it. Later still, I discovered Ansel Adams' books, and as the acceptance angle of my Lunasix 3 was too wide, I bought the Gossen spot attachment and with this fitted attempted to put his Zone system into practice.

The Gossen spot attachment, an expensive accessory, provided negatives unaccountably varying in density, causing much head-scratching by your humble correspondent. Some thought followed by careful tests showed that what the spot attachment's viewfinder showed was not what the meter's cell was measuring!

At St. Austell the white peaks of the so-called Cornish Alps and, especially, the eye-watering reflections from the mica drying lagoons at Carludon, led me to use my SEI photometer and compare the brightness levels of various surfaces; at log 2.7 to 3.0 these ratios remain the highest I have measured.

Though the Zone system was relevant in the days when only graded paper was to be had, careful evaluation of my results convinced me that so long as I gave sufficient exposure to ensure good shadow detail on the negative and used variable contrast paper, e.g. Ilford Multigrade, the Zone system could safely be ignored.

The results also convinced me that the best film, especially for high contrast sea and landscapes, is Ilford FP4+ developed in Ilford Perceptol. Another film developer combination I became fond of, was Agfa 120 APX100 in Rodinal 1+50. With big prints in the distant past, I may try resuscitated Rodinal now under Rollei's aegis. People claim that Rodinal provides grainy prints. So it does, if the print is viewed the traditional way: nose to. Viewed at the distance needed to maintain correct perspective, grain is unnoticeable.

When Ilford sent me sample 120 rolls of what became Delta 400, I developed them in a variety of developers, being particularly interested to see how they turned out in Gordon Hutchings pyro formula. I couldn't make half way decent prints from the resulting negatives and concluded that pyro, like mature Stilton and traditional English bitter, both of which I am partial to, was not for me. Besides which, I was unable to convince the chatelaine that my home-brew formulae were not intended to poison us.

Even in my younger days, I had problems using the SEI photometer, but practice made the process somewhat easier. The reflection/transmission densitometer attachment was a useful, if awkward to use tool, but using the photometer for projection printing was not for me.

Although I use a RH Designs StopClock and ZoneMaster II (a wondrous if at times mind-boggling design, but with an invaluable densitometer built in) for enlarging, I remain unconvinced about the merits of the f-stop system; perhaps the principle is a step too far for my ageing brain to absorb.

In my previous letter, which, to my considerable surprise,

you generously printed, I wrote that I bought 100 rolls of 127 FP3 from a London dealer; last night I recalled that the dealer was Vic Oddens, from whom I also bought a five pack of 120 Kodachrome; notable only for scratches courtesy of the French processors!

After all that circumlocution, the *raison d'etre* for this letter: would you please ask Ian Parker to write an in-depth piece on Alec Pearlman, an expert photographer and writer to whom b/w photographers of my generation, and doubtless several afterwards, were greatly indebted.

Harry Kitchen
Redruth, UK

I do not have much information on Alec Pearlman. He started a shop in College Road, Harrow on the Hill, North West London. I visited the shop with my father around 1938. We visited his house in Harrow Garden Village, just over 5 miles from his shop.

In his house he used the large cellar for developing and printing his exhibition work. In those days only in monochrome (Black & White). Alec was a perfectionist and spent a lot of time developing ways to improve his work, so that he could write a book on developing and printing. He tried the Zone system which was popular after the war.

Alec was the main Rolleiflex sales shop in outer London. He advertised every week in AP (Amateur Photographer magazine) His book on how to use a Rollei -The Rolleiflex Manual - was a must for the serious twin lens reflex camera user, when adjusting focus, speed and aperture were all done by hand.

In 1948 I visited his shop and stayed the night on a Friday so that I could help him on the Saturday when his shop was full of Harrow School scholars. The school was just over a mile from his shop.

It was easy to sell to them as they had the money, whereas the locals would ask what second hand equipment there was for sale. Harrow school boys wanted the latest Rollei model, so part exchange was very popular.

I cannot remember when Alec died, I think it was in the late 1950's and the funeral was at the crematorium, I think at Northwick, adjoining Harrow.

Alec Pearlman did more than any other person at that time to further Rollei after the war. His book The Rollei Manual and advertisements certainly put Rollei on the MAP!

I am sorry I cannot give much information on Alec, He would telephone me and ask if I would get onto Rollei and say that Alec wanted his order speeded up. In those days there was a shortage of most products, and I expect money.

Thank Harry, sorry I cannot really help.

Ian Parker
Jersey, UK

Ray Plassard's piece I found very interesting, I have used Agfa CT18 in the past but a couple of years ago I thought I would look through my transparencies to see how they had stood the time, sadly they had all deteriorated too far to save any. I had kept them in their original boxes and in the dark but to no avail. Ray's seem to have kept as good as new.

Harry Kitchen wonders where Colab are; they are still there but under a different name. It is now One Vision Imaging Ltd. Three companies have come together; Multiprint Imaging Services, Colab Digital Imaging Ltd and Leach Colour Services. The address is One Vision Imaging Ltd, Herald Way, Coventry, West Midlands CV3 2NY. Email: info@onevisionimaging.com Web site is www.onevisionimaging.com. They

are still a good reliable lab to use.

Bob Kearey

Wolverhampton, UK

I realise that I forgot to send you my warmest congratulations for the most excellent contents of the last CRU magazine #25. It looks as it is increasing in attractivity, quality, etc ... with each issue. I really appreciate the good balance between various subjects: technical corner / collectors' corner / travel / portraits / landscape etc ...

For me, who did not visit the British Isles since 1998 (with the exception of a one-week travel to the London area to attend a conference, a few years ago), it is a nice way for a Continental reader to keep in contact with what is going on, - on the other side of the Channel - from the point of view of the Rolleiphile community.

Among many excellent articles in CRU #25, I highly appreciated the article entitled "My road to Rollei" by Ray Plassard, it is a real pleasure to share those good Rollei-related family memories. The Rollei was also the companion of European history in the twentieth century, no surprise that it is both associated with humble, private, family memories and great, outstanding, historical events.

As a summary, the contents of the last issue of the CRU magazine is so good that my advice would be: you should consider keeping some material "under your elbow" for future issues, and not publish everything too fast ;-)

Emmanuel Bigler

Besancon, France

Emmanuel, you have previously told me off for using the acronym of Club Rollei User - you said it is not 'appropriate' in French...!

Editor

The Rolleiflex 2.8GX "Japan" Edition for auction camera sounds interesting. - See page 3

I haven't been following Rollei TLR prices for more than 5 years. I still have all of mine, including a number of 2.8F, GX and FX limited editions. I figured they had probably dropped substantially in value, and I haven't wanted to know how far.

Then, someone came into my gallery (online: willemphotographic.com - check it out if you have not already done so - it's the largest fine art photography gallery in the U.S., with over 1,100 framed prints on the walls). He had a "normal" 2.8GX, in near mint condition, that he wanted to sell. Thinking back to the days when I was actively buying those cameras, I told him I thought it was worth, retail, in the \$1,500-\$1,800 range, and that I would pay, perhaps, \$1,200 cash for it. He laughed and told me that in its condition (with a case, lens hood and filter) they were selling for at least \$2,200+ here in the U.S. So, I went online to check for myself and was amazed that prices for at least the GX and some of the limited edition newer models had increased, rather than dropped. (I'm guessing that older models have not fared as well, but I'm too scared to check on those.)

It all goes to reinforce my belief that to be "relatively" happy in life all you need is to have very low expectations.

Brooke Gabrielson

Carmel, California, USA

I am involved in a study of both the Rolleiflex Wide-Angle camera with 55mm f4 Zeiss Distagon lens and the Hasselblad SWC fitted with Zeiss 38mm f4.5 Biogon lens. Firstly is it

possible to supply me with a depth of field chart for the Rollei Wide-Angle as I have a similar one taken from a Hasselblad manual; the object is to evaluate both cameras which are quite different in their usage and handling, and for me to determine which one would be the ideal one for landscape, with respect to depth of field control and general handling purposes, the pros and cons of both. I would appreciate your comments on this matter. Although either of these, I realise, would be quite expensive to purchase.

Hayden Butcher

Stroud, UK

I have not been able to find any published depth of field data for the Rolleiflex Wide-angle camera with 55mm f4 Zeiss Distagon lens. There is a table for the Tele-Rolleiflex with 135mm f4 Sonnar when using Rolleinar close up lenses on the Internet at www.rolleigraphy.org.

I have estimated the depth of field - closest distance to infinity - taken from my Rollei-Wide focus knob at the range of apertures, and they are as follows:

<i>f22</i>	<i>1.35m - ∞</i>
<i>f16</i>	<i>1.55m - ∞</i>
<i>f11</i>	<i>2.30m - ∞</i>
<i>f8</i>	<i>3.30m - ∞</i>
<i>f5.6</i>	<i>4.50m - ∞</i>
<i>f4</i>	<i>6.00m - ∞</i>

I hope this of help. In the meantime, if any reader has more accurate data, please let me know. Editor

In the course of a small transaction arising from your last auction, I learned from David the existence of a Rollei repair gentleman on my own door step, viz Brian Mickleboro.

Though officially retired, he effected a small repair and general clean up on my 3.5f for a very small sum. Valued advice indeed!

Mike Pole

Bishops Stortford, UK



Cliff Wilson's Rolleimagic II

I am pleased to say that Cliff's Mother's Rolleimagic II has found a new owner.

Fred Nicholson was very keen and pleased to be able to re-home this camera which held such sentimental memories for Cliff. Fred has said that he is looking forward to many hours of enjoyment. He had owned an early Rolleicord previously, which he sold because he found the viewfinder too dark.

Cliff commented "Wow, John, thank you! Made my day."

Fred has promised us some photos as soon as it stops raining; thanks Fred!



The Rollei P8400S Projector

By David Morgan

This is the story of how I became the owner of this machine and continues our theme that Rollei is more than TLRs, delightful though they are. It all began when John Wild mentioned to me at the spring Club Rollei meeting that he had seen one of these on eBay and wondered if I was interested. Whilst I never normally buy from this source, I said to John if he would like to put up a bid for £25 we would see what happened, bearing in mind that we had no idea if the projector worked or if it would be repairable. In a few days John contacted me to say that the bid had succeeded in the amount of £5.19 and the seller was located in the West Midlands near Solihull.

I phoned the seller and we agreed a handover the following weekend, with me taking a train to Birmingham International and a short taxi ride to the farmhouse where he lived. We duly met, and he then informed me that the deal included a projection screen – no, not one of normal domestic size, but one suitable for a lecture hall or even a small cinema! I said to him I could not possibly fit it in a taxi or a train, by which he knew I was travelling. He replied something to the effect that he thought eBay was like the municipal amenity site, whereby you got rid of all your unwanted items but unlike the amenity site you got paid. I informed him that was not my interpretation, but would offer some more for the projector if he would dump the screen - we quickly agreed £10 and I then headed for home.

Once able to examine the machine, it looked almost new externally. However, once connected to the mains, the pilot light came on and a hum could be heard from the amplifier, but absolutely nothing else happened. I therefore disconnected and took off the back with some trepidation, expecting to find rusting machinery and long-perished drive belts. Mercifully, that was far from the case - like the outside, everything looked clean and bright and it turned out that the projector must hardly have been used since manufacture in 1979 and was just 'sticky'. A little judicious lubrication and general servicing saw it come to life and run well. Therefore, not a bad buy, perhaps, as a Eumig machine of equivalent specification would sell for about £50 at a camera/film fair or £150 - £250 from a dealer with a guarantee.

Claus Prochnow's Rollei Report 4 defines this projector as a Rollei-badged machine, the body of which was made in Japan by Copal Sekonic and the lens by Isco, Gottingen, Germany. It was also sold with slight cosmetic changes as the Voigtlander Dynalux 8 sound. It is a fairly typical Super 8 sound cine projector of its period, with magnetic sound recording and playback, 600 foot spool capacity and 100w 12v light source. Quantity manufactured is unknown - I suspect it must be small, because despite over many years receiving various dealers' lists and checking websites I have never seen one offered for sale, compared with the numerous machines from the likes of Bell & Howell, Elmo, Eumig, etc. Performance is not of a level suitable for sizeable audiences in public venues, but in terms



of both sound and picture sharpness/brightness is very competent for use in the average size home; some trace of stickiness remains in my machine which I expect will pass with continued care and use. Sound is enhanced by the use of an extension speaker, which has to be the 8 Ohm type as used by Elmo, not the 4 Ohm type applicable to many Eumig and other Rollei 8mm machines.

Given the apparent rarity of the machine, I suspect any repairs requiring spares might be almost impossible, unless a repairer was able to do a certain amount of re-engineering. So I live in hope it will continue to behave itself. It is probably not a machine I would use in front of an audience where failure might prove embarrassing – the slight residual stickiness coupled with the absence of an inching knob and relative difficulty of accessing the lamp and gate if necessary would militate against that. However, if nothing else, it forms an interesting and useful addition to my collection of Rollei equipment and despite not being a product of the Braunschweig factory certainly seems a worthy bearer of the Rollei name.

In the News.....

Fujifilm Professional has revealed that it is to cease production of a number of its films. These films are Fujichrome Velvia 100F (RVP100F) in 35mm, 120 and 4x5 inch formats and Velvia 50 (RVP50) in 4x5 and 8x10 inch. The last shipment of these films will arrive into the UK in December 2012.



In Amateur Photographer - 4th August 2012 - Tony Kemplan, in his 'The final frame' talks about one of his favourites, the Baby Rolleiflex (the 1929 model) and how much interest it attracted when he met up with his online friends, who came over from America, for the first time.

Lomography have brought back 110 film into their range - they have also announced a fisheye camera to go with it. Tiger is the colour film and Orca is the black and white.

<http://uk.shop.lomography.com/films/110-film>

For Rollei 110 camera owners, you have a new 'fodder' supplier...



Tiger

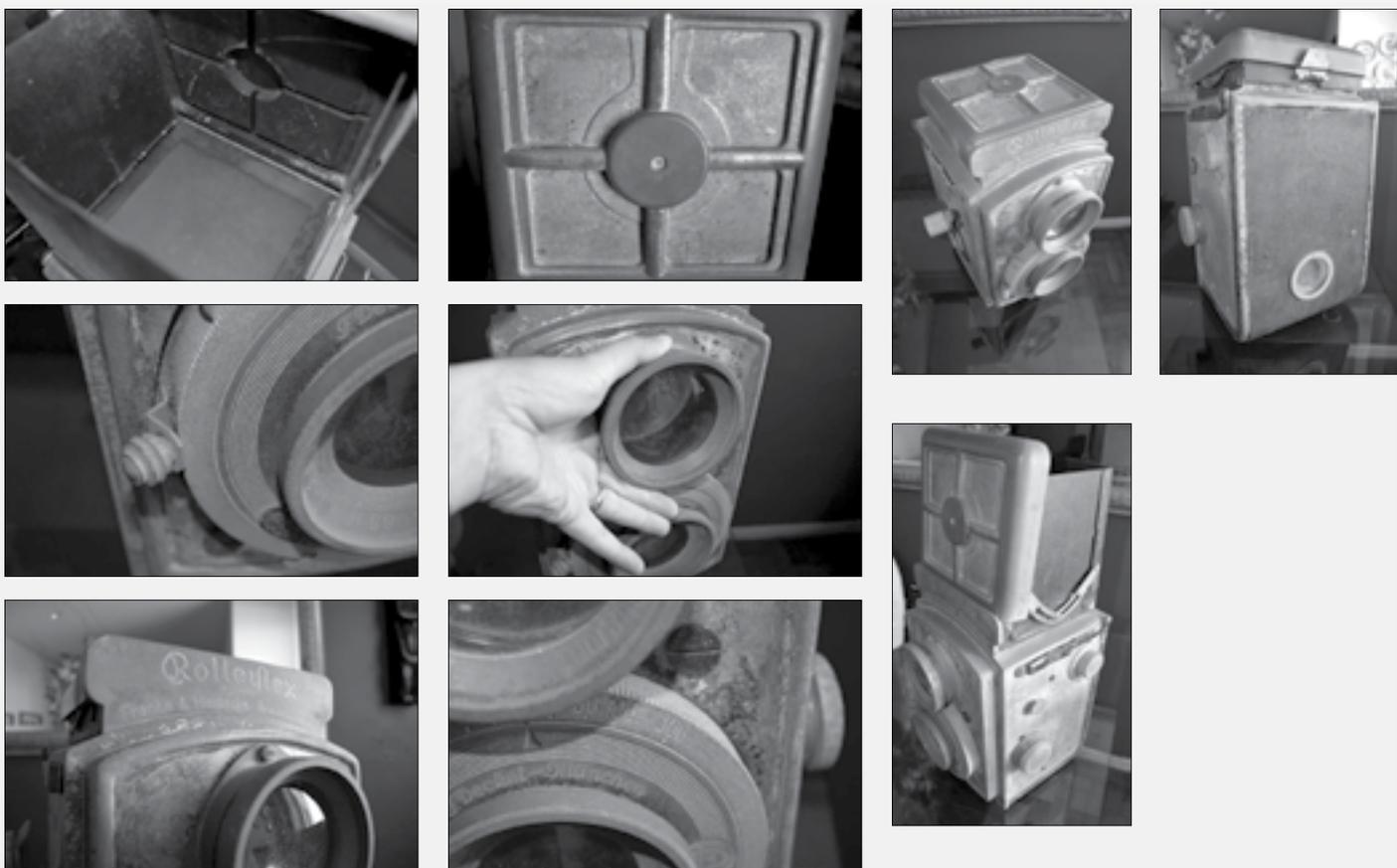


Orca

4 x 4 ROLLEIFLEX REPLICA

by Carlos M. Freaza





Rollei, as well as other companies, made dummies of their products for commercial and for experimental purposes; some of them are identical with regards to the original's size and materials used for the construction. However some are empty shells or without many internal pieces and having only a few working parts. Others are larger or smaller than the original, whilst others are complete or pretty much complete but are transparent.

Marcelo Checoni from Sao Paulo city in Brazil, found and bought a giant Rolleiflex 4x4 "Baby" - first version 1931 - dummy which is waiting for restoration; the oversized promotional replica is a detailed reproduction having the original external features. It is made of aluminium and had a leather cover and was painted in a similar fashion to the actual cameras. It measures about 50 cm in height with the viewfinder closed, 30 cm wide and 35 cm deep, weighing about 10 kg. The replica's owner explains: "The guy who sold me the "Giant Rolleiflex" told me it used to sit in a photography shop's front window, located in downtown Rio de Janeiro. The shop closed in the early 1960's and the shop owner kept the huge replica with him until he turned 90 years old. He then gave it for free to the guy who then sold it to me." Marcelo added afterwards that the old man received the replica from a salesman (this old man was his client) who had visited the Franke & Heidecke factory in Braunschweig and brought the replica back to Brazil.

F&H introduced the 4x4 Rolleiflex at the 1931 Leipzig Fair, the original name was "Bobyflex" and some units were engraved with this name, but Reinhold Heidecke and Paul Franke decided to use the name "Rolleiflex" for this model too; they had high hopes that the 4x4 would have similar success to the 6x6 version. However after an initial enthusiasm for the camera and a 1000 units per month production, sales started to drop drastically from October 1931 and hence production too. Versions 2 and 3 of the model, with a Tessar 3.5/60 lens, sold only 300 and 140 cameras respec-

tively (from Claus Prochnow, Rollei Report 1, Lindemanns Verlag, Stuttgart 1993). The 4x4 first version (that this replica portrays) has a nickel-plated finder lens flange; the back has no exposure table and shutter speeds and f-stops are read directly from the shutter rings. Study the accuracy of the details on some of these parts...

Photos are the copyright of Marcelo Checoni; thanks for your permission to use them here.

Another giant model shown in the photo below (from <http://www.braunschweiger-zeitung.de/lokales/Peine/ob-uraltgeraete-oder-in-jeans-outfit-all-die-kameras-gehoren-zur-sammlung-id392120.html?view=gallery>)

shows Rollei collector Frank Peter Hoffmann from Braunschweig holding an identical replica to that one from Brazil shown on these pages, the difference is that Hoffmann's replica has the leather cover and paint; another identical 4x4 replica can be seen behind the collector's head.





Photographs from our visit to Chesterfield, April 2012 by David Morgan



This page: Whilst it was raining hard, we stayed inside at Chatsworth house!

Top left: *Sculptures in Chatsworth house*

Top right: *Gold salvers*

Below left: *Candelabra*

Below right: *interior of restored Glasgow Corporation tram car No 22 at National Tramway Museum, Crich, Derbyshire. The body is constructed entirely in timber including the seats and dates from c.1920. Originally the driving cab was open but was converted to partially enclosed to provide a better environment for staff and passengers.*



Taken on Fujichrome Provia 400X RXP 120 with Rolleiflex 3.5F



This page: At the Crich Tramway Museum - We went outside once the rain had stopped and then the sun shone!

Top Left: Exterior of Glasgow car No 22 at Town End terminus, Crich, awaiting departure.

Top Right: London County Council (LCC) car as rebuilt during the 1930s with enclosed cabs in London Transport livery as No 1622. The LCC cars were virtually unique in that they could operate either using overhead or 3rd rail conduit power supply and changed over at the LCC boundary. LCC's trams were absorbed into London Transport in 1933.

Bottom Left: 'Line up' of trams at Crich Depot. The car on the right is a London United Tramways (LUT) 'Feltham' car which also entered the London Transport fleet in 1933. These were some of the most advanced trams in the UK and on closure of the London network many were sold for further service.

Bottom Right: Glasgow car No 22 en route from Crich Town End to the quarry which forms the terminus of the museum's mile or so of track.



"Old 504"

- Submarine Lens #71

By Sid Macken

This article was originally published in the Journal of Diving History - appearing in Issue 71 in Sid's column - "Submarine Lens" (hence SL #71) - and he has kindly given his permission for it to be reproduced here.

The early 1950's were witness to an awakening of the recreational diving population to a new art form, underwater photography. Housings for the popular cameras of the day were often homemade but were also becoming available commercially. The cameras, Contax, Argus, the superlative Leica, Robot, and others, were most commonly 35mm (also known as miniature) format. The logic was simple. These cameras were small, inexpensive, produced high quality images, and allowed up to 36 exposures per film load. Many professional photographers, however, preferred medium format cameras which provided a 6 cm x 6 cm (2 1/4" square) image, approximately four times larger than a 35mm frame, with amazing image quality. King among the 6X6's was the German made Rolleiflex Twin Lens Reflex camera.

Early housing manufacturers such as Marineland Enterprises of Florida, were quick to produce housings for the Rolleiflex. Often made of plexiglass, the housings were simple and practical, but professional photographers preferred "professional" level equipment, and in 1954, they got what they were looking for.

Francke & Heidecke (of Braunschweig, Germany) the manufacturer of Rolleiflex cameras, in collaboration with the Austrian filmmaker and author, Hans Hass, placed on the market a marvel of photographic engineering, the ROLLEImarin underwater camera housing. Introduced to the US market in March and in Europe in April, the precision made housing stunned the underwater photographers of the day.

The ROLLEImarin saga began in 1949, when Hans Hass first contacted Francke & Heidecke regarding a professionally built housing for the Rolleiflex, and culminated five years later with the unveiling in the Spring of 1954, first in Chicago in March and at the Photokina in Cologne, Germany a month later. During the course of its production life, 3500 ROLLEImarin housings were



"Old 504" featured in a Rolleiflex brochure dated 1954. Courtesy of Dr. Andrés Clarós,



"Old 504" as she appears in Rolleiflex Report 2 by Claus Prochnow

manufactured and put into the hands of underwater photographers around the world. That story is well worth telling in full, perhaps in a later column, but our story for this issue concerns a particular ROLLEImarin, serial number 504.

The ROLLEImarin series commenced with serial #500. Thus, ROLLEImarin serial #504 was the fifth housing off the production line and gained a degree of fame by being featured in the early brochures and advertisements, the instruction manuals for the ROLLEImarin I and II, and later in Claus Prochnow's 1994 book, Rolleiflex Report 2. Although Hans Hass owned some of the early ROLLEImarin housings, according to Michael Jung (Hans Hass Institute for Submarine Research and Diving Technique) Hass did not own #504. It is possible that #504 was the first ROLLEImarin to reach the public, however given #504's many appearances in literature, it is likely that the housing was kept at the company for advertising purposes.

Our story picks up with an eBay auction in September 2011, where "Old 504" was offered for sale. When asked, the seller stated that this housing had been found in a flea market in Brandenburg/Havel, Germany in very bad condition.



*Two Rolleimarin housings lined up on Franz' workbench
Note the can of WD40 and bottle of wine! By Franz Rothbrust*



*Broaching the turret cups.
By Franz Rothbrust*



*Newly reproduced parts for the turret.
By Franz Rothbrust*



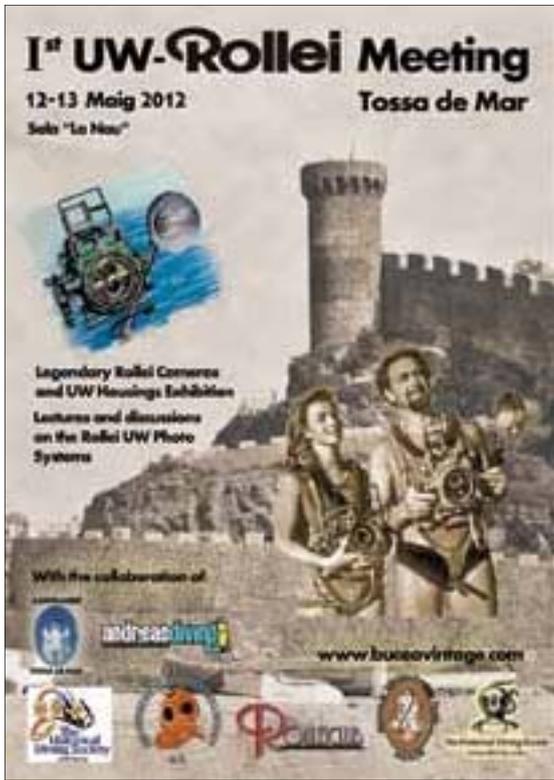
"Old 504" fully restored. By Franz Rothbrust



*Finely machined parts made by
John and Franz. By Franz Rothbrust*



*The new focus linkage.
By Franz Rothbrust*



Poster for the 1st Rollei conference.



Vintage diving displays at Tossa de Mar:
By Sid Macken



Panel of Speakers L-R, Enrique Dauner; Franz Rothbrust, Andrés Clarós, Sid Macken. By Ramon Roqueta

Dr. Andrés Clarós from Barcelona, Spain, was the winning bidder. Dr. Clarós had met Franz Rothbrust (HDS Germany) in February, 2010, through another eBay sale, and through their mutual interest in underwater cameras, the two quickly became friends. Coincidentally, Franz had been the second highest bidder for "Old 504".

Franz, an engineer and toy designer, offered to help restore "Old 504" to its original condition. A daunting task, but agreed to by Dr. Clarós who shipped his new purchase to Germany.

Like many veterans, "Old 504" was worn, broken, and missing some parts. Franz, enlisted the aid of John Wild (Club Rollei User in England, whom he also met through eBay) to aid in finding diagrams of, and fabricating, the missing parts. Though not a diver, John is an expert on Rolleiflex cameras and has developed a strong affection for the ROLLEImarin housings. John had the job of producing some missing parts such as the filter holder control gear quadrant and some aperture and shutter gearing. John also made a special broach to cut teeth in the turret cups. Franz completed the repair work on the housing, reproduced the turret cups, screws, and focus adaptor.

The restoration project was completed in two months, between November, 2011 and January, 2012. But it wasn't until a vintage diving weekend, at Tossa de Mar on Spain's Costa Brava this past May, that owner and housing were reunited. After many email discussions within this small group, it was decided that simply returning the housing was not enough.



The walled city at Tossa de Mar, Spain. Tossa is a wonderful location for vintage diving. By Sid Macken



*The speakers lineup with their cameras
(L-R) Enrique Dauner (Rolleimarin), Wulf Koehler (WKD-SL66), Andrés Clarós (Custom Robot housing),
Franz Rothbrust (Rolleimarin #504), John Wild (Rolleimarin #511), Sid Macken (Fenjohn Goggler). By Julio Miguel*

The idea was born to hold a mini-conference celebrating the ROLLEImarin and all things related to Rolleiflex and underwater photography. Ramón Roqueta, owner of Andrea's Diving in Tossa de Mar, and Enrique Dauner, a well known underwater photographer and author of underwater photo books, agreed to help. The ROLLEImarin mini-conference was incorporated into the HDS Espana's III Buceo Vintage (3rd Vintage Diver weekend). Now, a Spanish ear, nose and throat surgeon, a German toy designer, a British hotelier/machinist, an author, and a dive shop operator collaborated to organize what may possibly be the world's first international conference dedicated specifically to the history of underwater photography.

The meeting convened at the Department of Tourism building in Tossa de Mar on May 12th at 6 pm with "Old 504" as the centerpiece. It was a humble beginning. Attendees were outnumbered by the nearly 30 cameras and housings on display. But, it was a significant event. At least six countries (Spain, Germany, France, Venezuela, the UK, and the US) and four historical diving societies were represented. With Enrique Dauner acting as the Spanish translator, Franz Rothbrust presented a history of the ROLLEImarin housings. He was followed by John Wild who discussed his involvement in the restoration of "Old 504". Wulf Koehler, retired owner of Ocean Optics and designer of many underwater camera housings, discussed the successor of the ROLLEImarin, the WKD SL-66, which he designed for Rollei's single lens reflex medium format camera, the SL-66. Representing the HDS USA, I was invited to speak and presented a short discussion on the growing interest in the history of underwater photography.

And, that interest is growing. The weekend culminated with plans already underway for similar future conferences. International in scope, these conferences should bring out the best in cooperation between the various historical diving societies and promote an interest in the fascinating history of the art, science, and technology of underwater photography. At least, we are off to a good start.

None of this would have happened, had not a certain doctor who collects underwater cameras won a certain housing in an auction and sought to have it restored to its original glory, ROLLEImarin #504.

As a post script, during the conference at Tossa, another auction closed. This auction, held by Westlicht of Austria, had as one of its lots the second ROLLEImarin prototype which, with a few changes suggested by Hans Hass, became the production model now known to underwater photographers worldwide. The new owner, Dr. Clarós, did not even have to ask before Franz and John volunteered for another restoration project...



Cameras and housings on display at the conference. By Ramon Roqueta



Andrés Clarós and Franz Rothbrust with Old 504. By Sid Macken

The “AQUAMARIN WKD-SL66” - a

By Wulf Koehler

It was a normal working day in the spring of 1974 when the doorbell of my office in Darmstadt rang. The postman delivered a huge parcel with unusual dimensions. I could not remember that I had ordered something of this size. It was a wooden box with blueprints and a letter from the Rollei company in Braunschweig, Germany. A member of the company's management asked me to quote for the manufacture of 100 units of the well-known “ROLLEImarin-Hans Hass” underwater housing, tailored for the Rolleiflex 2,8F.

I was more than surprised. Why did they send me these drawings? I only had a small company with no more than three people working for me - I was not famous.

For the rest of the day I studied the drawings very carefully. It took me another couple of days thinking about each and every part, all of the details and making calculations before I picked up the phone to call Mr. Prochnow, one of the top engineers and camera designers at Rollei.

First of all I thanked him for his confidence in me, and my company. Then I approached him with the question: “How much would Rollei be willing to pay for a finished ROLLEImarin housing?” The answer was clear and short: “650,00 Deutsch Marks” (325,00 Euros today).

Well, that's not very much today and it was not very much in 1974 either. My answer was: “Sorry, but it would be impossible for me to manufacture a housing for such a little amount of money. And by the way, I believe that today [1974] you have a much better camera for the purpose of taking photos under water than the Rolleiflex 3,5F or 2,8F”.

I explained to Mr. Prochnow that the Rolleiflex SL66 camera system, which was introduced at the 1966 Photokina fair in Cologne, would be just perfect to open up a new world of UW-photography. That camera had built in bellows, which allowed taking close-up photographs as close as 2 inches and then out to infinity with no parallax corrections necessary. It also had a wide range of interchangeable lenses, interchangeable film packs (120 and 220) and an interchangeable viewing system. “What more can you ask for? That would be the ideal camera for the future.”

On the other end of the phone there was nothing but silence for 1 or 2 minutes. “Yes, I agree Mr. Koehler”, he answered, “you are absolutely right, but it would take too much time for us to design a new housing, probably a year or two and it would cost up to a million DM. This is unacceptable for us, we need a short term solution and would like to continue with the ROLLEImarin.”

Different thoughts were shooting through my head. If I had the money I would rather buy myself a Rolleiflex SL66 and start designing a custom made housing for this perfect camera system. But the financial situation did not allow it at this time. Ten years earlier, when I was still a student, I had saved enough to fulfill a dream, namely owning a Hasselblad 500C, a 6x6 medium format camera. At that moment I could not afford to buy another camera like the SL66.

I took all my courage in both hands and told Mr. Prochnow I would like to build an UW-housing for the Rolleiflex SL66 if his company would try to help me and lend me a complete SL66 with one or two lenses to start with. Time-wise I figured,

it would take me less than one year and I could probably come up with the money myself; I was ready to invest this amount in the project.

Mr. Prochnow liked the idea and promised to share my proposal with the management in Braunschweig. One week later, I got an invitation to visit the company and to explain my project in front of a team of specialists. I took the train and was picked up at the station.

We drove to the factory - the home of Franke & Heidecke at Salzdahlumerstrasse 196, in Braunschweig, still at the same address today - there were some huge and impressive brick buildings.

The walls inside the building were covered with brilliant photographs and all the products were exhibited in different glass showcases; I was very impressed.

On the table of the big conference room I saw a complete camera set of the well-known Rolleiflex-SL66 with a couple of expensive Zeiss lenses: the Planar 2,8/80mm, the Macro-Planar 5,6/120mm, the Distagon 4/50mm and the F-Distagon 3,5/30mm fisheye lens. I gathered that the value of this equipment was more than 20.000 Deutsch Marks at that time. My heart was beating.

Mr. Prochnow, Dr. Westphal and two technicians were sitting



veteran among the underwater housings celebrates its 35th anniversary.

at the large conference table and listened to my ideas and my plans to design and build an UW-housing for this professional camera system, which I thought had enormous advantages compared to the Rolleiflex 3,5F and 2,8F.

We sat and discussed all kinds of aspects for more than four hours. At the end of our meeting I signed a proforma invoice for one camera and two lenses that the company had allowed me to borrow for one year. I felt like an Olympic champion. At that very moment I promised myself to revolutionise the old ROLLEImarin UW-photography. The "Hans Hass" housing would get professional competition and it would very soon be history.

An exciting and work intensive period began. I spent up to 14 hours a day designing and drawing the "new baby", and sometimes I even slept in my office. Every single control, all the gear systems, the big viewing system and accessories like a carrying case and dome-ports for super wide angle lenses had to be developed and manufactured before the end of the year. I must say, looking back, this was a very tough time of my life.

A wooden model having the final shape of the housing was the first success; then a mould was made by a specialist carpenter and one month later, I held the first cast aluminium alloy prototype of the housing in my hands. This was a very normal

procedure at the time; today it has become obsolete and time-consuming. Today, 3-D milling machines start with one solid block of aluminium, and within less than half a day a complete housing can be manufactured, provided you have done your 'homework' properly beforehand.

Weeks of machining the two halves of the casting, the front-rings, the extension tubes, knobs, prism holder, handles, shafts and then of course, the camera tray followed. It was even necessary to build special jigs and tools - you could not simply buy them in the marketplace. Special flat front-glasses, a super magnifying lens for the new viewing system and a very special prism were needed. Of course, all these items had extremely lengthy delivery times and needless to say, there were the usual added delays. A lot of tests, checks and small changes had to be made - time was running much too quickly.

Finally, the raw housing was nearly finished. It needed an anodised-coating and several layers paint. Which colour should I use? Greenish-silver like the ROLLEImarin? No, the new housing should look totally different. I decided to use a two part orange-red spray paint with a little texture, almost a little aggressive.

And what about the name? Franke & Heidecke told me due to patent laws I would not be allowed to name it: "ROLLEImarin-SL66". Well, how about "AQUAMARIN WKD-SL66"? I asked some friends and they told me that sounded ok.

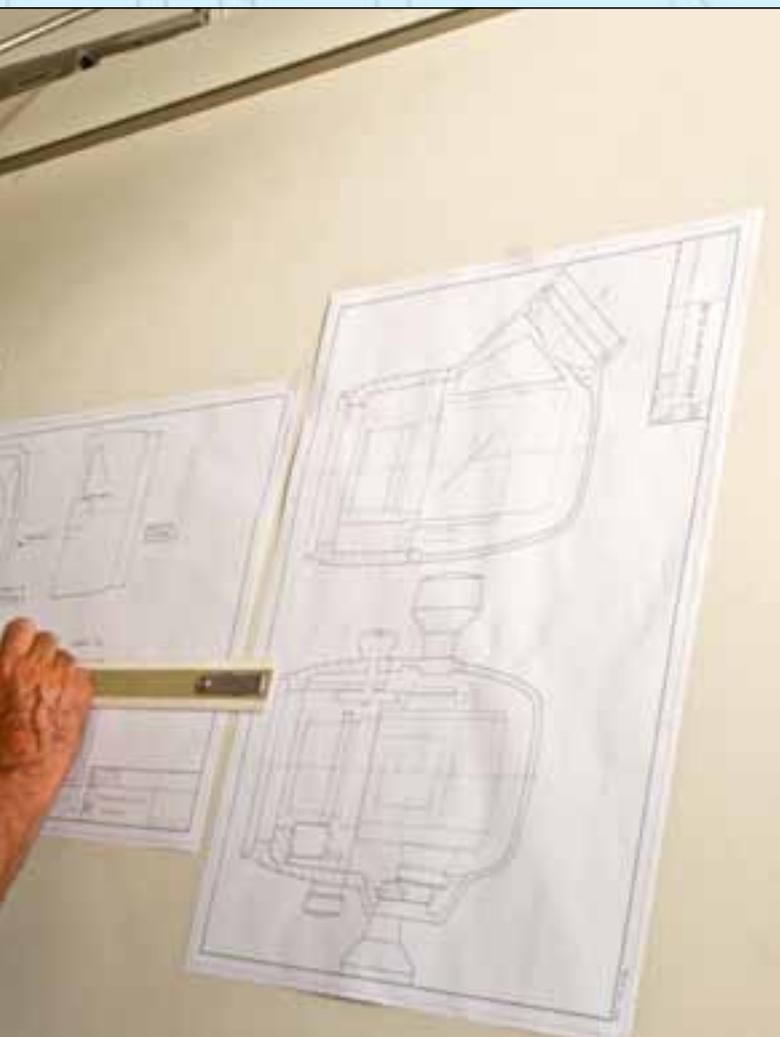
After exactly nine months of unbelievably hard and concentrated work, this new baby was born; it had a name and it had survived the test down to 120 meters in my pressure chamber.

The new housing, and the Rolleiflex SL66 camera, opened up new creative ways of taking pictures under water. The large prism viewing system, with a magnifying lens of 90mm diameter was three times bigger than the one in the ROLLEImarin; the brightness of the screen was incredible. The 45° viewing angle seemed to be very convenient. The focusing knob on the left side, built into the handle, permitted focusing from infinity down to 2 inches in front of the flat lens port just by turning this control. No parallax correction was necessary.

The housing was designed for use with the Planar 80mm lens without the need of adding extension tubes to the front port. The 50mm movement of the bellow was not restricted, and even an additional filter could be used. The aperture control gear was connected all the time. The big front ring was interchangeable so, if for example, you had in mind to use other lenses such as the Macro-Planar 120mm, you simply had to put a 30mm extension tube between camera housing and front ring. Changing the shutter speed was easy, large numbers showed the correct value on the external scale. Two connectors for strobes were installed in the front part of the housing as well as little brackets for the strobe attachment.

At that time I used the original strobe from the ROLLEImarin with the same arm and reflector but with special bulbs from Sylvania or General Electric in order to be able to use a shutter speed of 1/125 sec. Later the electronic strobes followed with a little limitation due to the speed of the shutter curtains X-synchronized at a 1/30 of a second.

A company in Munich had manufactured a beautiful aluminium carrying case for the housing and the accessories. As ►





planned, everything was finished just one week before Christmas 1974. So my 'baby' was ready for its first trip - destination Rollei Fototechnik in Braunschweig.

The same people gathered in the same conference room around the same table; this time everybody was standing at the table to follow the demonstration explaining how everything worked.

It was a very exciting moment for me. I was anxious of the comments or critical remarks the specialists and camera designers might make. When I had finished my explanations, everybody looked at each other and suddenly I could hear loud applause, yes they liked the 'new-born baby'.

We sat down and discussed every detail. The housing went from hand to hand, they took out the camera and mounted it again, everything seemed to be very easy to handle, a foolproof design, rugged, with good size controls (important when you work in ice-cold waters with gloves) but also slick looking with

smooth lines. The orange-red colour dominated the body of the housing, with the handles and control knobs made of black anodized aluminium making a nice contrast.

The concept of the "AQUAMARIN WKD-SL66" was accepted – the Rollei-people liked the housing.

We started to discuss the different marketing concepts. Although Rollei had a worldwide distribution network, I did not like the idea of giving the company the exclusive right to sell the housing. Finally, we came to the agreement that both sides were allowed to market the unit.

Brochures and price lists were printed, advertisements were published in diving magazines and I exhibited the housing at international fairs. Rollei ordered the first ten units and soon the product was introduced worldwide. People from all kinds of professions belonged to my customer group; scientists, advertising photographers, inspectors from nuclear power plants and above all, private underwater photographers. More and





more of the latter became winners of UW-photographic competitions. This inspired me to use the slogan: "Ocean-Optics Germany - because cover shots don't come out of the blue".

The cooperation with the Rollei company intensified when the SLX, 6002, 6006 and the 6008 Integral medium format cameras were introduced to the market.

Alongside the 6x6-cameras, Rollei surprised the market with a 35mm motor driven SLR camera - the Rolleiflex 3003 - for which I also developed a custom-made housing, at that time the world's smallest UW-housing.

Besides loving UW-photography, I had another hobby, flying aeroplanes. The idea of having my own aeroplane fascinated me, but as I did not have the financial means to buy one, I started the endeavour of building one myself, which took almost six years of my life. Consequently, I did not have enough time to continue working within my company to commercially design UW-housings for the new digital cameras.

One year before my seventieth birthday, I closed down my company and sold all the machinery and tools. When I cleaned my workshop, I was surprised to find one set of the old castings for the AQUAMARIN WKD-SL66 series. It would have broken my heart to have left these aluminium parts to a junk dealer. So, I decided to finish this last model as a "Golden Edition", 35 years after I had started the first prototype.

This special work, spiced with a touch of nostalgia, closes



the circle of the creative time of my life, as well as the doors of the 'old garage' business in Darmstadt.

Normally, the story would end here, if it had not been for a very good friend. One day, I had told him that to my regret, I had made the mistake of selling an old ROLLEImarin-Hans Hass housing. Without my knowledge, he did not rest until he had found a used unit, still in good shape, at a flea market. When he surprised me with that present, I promised him that I would take good care of it and to give it pride of place on my shelf next to the "Golden Edition"

Wulf H. Koehler, June 13th - 2009



A weekend in Tossa de Mar

By John Wild

Photos by: Wulf Koehler, Sid Machen, Julio Miguel, Ramon Raqueta, Franz Rothbrust, John Wild



Having been in regular email contact with Franz and Andrés, whilst jointly being involved in the restoration of Andrés' ROLLEImarin 504, Franz had mentioned that there was to be a Historical Diving Society meeting in Tossa de Mar and said "Why don't you bring your ROLLEImarin along too?"

.... AhhhUmm; in response I typed: "That sounds fun, I'll think about it; I have to ask my wife; I'll let you know..."

When I intrepidly mentioned a 'camera weekend' in Spain; sunbathing, swimming, shopping, etc. to Sha (I didn't say that I would require help with the heavy, specially purchased bags though). I was expecting a firm "No!". She did not say that; nor did she say "Yes". That was my first step on the ladder...

I did some research on how to get to Tossa de Mar... By



The bags ready to load with housings, flashes and a toothbrush

plane; if I was going to take my three housings, our combined weight allowance would only allow one pair of socks and a bikini bottom in addition to the hardware; rule that out... By car: not a pleasure and monotonous too, so no... By train; there is a website dedicated to getting from London to most of the major towns in Spain by rail and the route to Barcelona seemed to be relatively easy - on paper anyway; Chichester to Victoria to St Pancras to Paris du Nord to Paris Austerlitz to Barcelona. The option of taking the overnight sleeper train from Paris sounded attractive - Orient Express sprang to mind - enjoying a candle lit dinner in the dining car; a good night's sleep in the comfortable sleeping car; waking up to breakfast before arriving in Barcelona refreshed for the weekend ahead - perfect. We could always get off the train early at Girona and then bus/taxi to Tossa de Mar. Andrés had mentioned that he would be happy to take us from Barcelona along with his housings. That did seem more practical (if not uncomfortable as I had interpreted his email). So, suitable travel arrangements were possible. After a period of gentle hints and suggestions (possible exaggerations too - I actually had no idea what the journey and weekend would be like) I got the "Oh...Kay"! However, Sha was a bit anxious about meeting a group of diving enthusiasts who did not speak any English. I assured her that in their emails they were very friendly and they typed very good English too.

Booking the train tickets on line seemed sensible - book sleeper train tickets first, then Eurostar...

I answered all the questions; Name? - "Mr and Mrs"; Address?...; Passport Details?...; etc...; "Sleeping requirements?" - "Private cabin for two"; "Gender?" - "1 male + 1 female"...

A warning box filled the screen: "This is shared accommodation and is same sex only, please change your requirements". I thought that maybe I had entered something incorrectly along the way... no way to back step; cancel booking and start again. Same warning... It was very aggravating having to deal with yet another computer that thought it was more intelligent than me.

I telephoned the booking office the following morning and a very helpful man admitted, after I had suggested that their computer had programming issues which should be addressed, that this was a known fault and that I should have typed in (although we are Mr and Mrs) Mr and Mr or Mrs and Mrs. How was I supposed to know that! But the thought had crossed my mind at the time; however, I thought of the potential problems of explaining to the conductor (and immigration) that my wife was not in fact a man as I had stated on the ticket. I did not fancy 'The Look' I would get from Sha if we had to spend the weekend being interviewed at border control, so went no further with this misconception.

I was 'upsold' tickets to first class on Eurostar and to inclusive dinner and breakfast on the sleeper. I think that it was a wise decision and was worth the extra because the journey was probably more relaxed travelling that way.

The departure day arrived and Sha started to have second thoughts... "Too late now!"

To protect my 'valuable' underwater housings from transport damage, they were wrapped in underwear (Sha commented "You know what they say: big housings - big underwear. Thanks!"), and after much 'stuffing the cases', Sha and I got into the taxi to take us to Chichester station. The day was typical for an English summer - damp, cold and with a wind blowing up the line. On the platform, I knew that Sha was giving me 'The Look'; I could feel it burning through the back of my head but I was conveniently looking down the track anticipating the arrival of the train. Once at Victoria station we taxied across London to St Pancras and waited for our Eurostar train to be called. Once through passport control, it was through to baggage inspection. I broke into a cold sweat - I suddenly thought that our bags, full of metal housings, might arouse suspicion - instantly the thoughts of an interrogation room and getting 'The Look' flashed into my mind; anyway



'The Look'

they passed through the x-ray machine with no questions asked.

With bags safely >w-e-d-g-e-d< into the baggage store, we took our seats. Soon, being in first class, we had a light meal and a drink brought to us, then time to relax. I had taken my Satmap GPS and was tracking our progress. Top speed in England was 150 mph, once in France the speed increased to about 185 mph – it did not seem that fast but we were very quickly passing cars on the auto-route running alongside the track.

Two and a half hours later we were in Paris – Gare du Nord. We were hit by a warm, humid blanket; a complete change from London. A taxi ride through the streets of Paris took us to Gare d’Austerlitz. The most noticeable difference between Paris and London, besides the lovely architecture, was the motorcycles swarming in and out of the cars like mosquitoes. There were a number of near misses but our taxi driver just waved his fist and shouted something that we did not understand – I am sure it wasn’t for Sha’s ears any way.

Our departure was at about 8.30pm. We were greeted at our carriage door by our conductor; “Would you like to have dinner in fifteen minutes or at 10.30?” Now sounded a good idea. The corridor was narrow, just wide enough for a passenger; with luggage too, not possible! Struggling to get our bags to our compartment we found, on entering, that it was small and functional - two bunks, standing room, and en-suite facilities (with basin, shower and toilet) which was the size of a telephone box. Careful hoisting of our heavy bags above the shower room doubled the available space.

We made our way to the restaurant car to enjoy the three course à la carte dinner with drinks included; a very relaxing meal just watching the countryside rush by. After dinner we retired to bed. The constant track noise was disturbing but being tired, we managed to hover in and out of sleep. At sometime between 3.00am and 4.00am, the train stopped at the border with Spain for passport control – we had given our passports to the conductor when we got on the train so we would not be disturbed. Silence! Deep sleep ensued. The train set off some two hours later and soon it was time to get up for breakfast before the train arrived in Barcelona at 8.00am.

The day was warm and sunny, a totally different world to the one we had left behind the previous day.

We were greeted by Andrés’ son, Alejandro, who took us to meet Wulf and Dagmar Koehler at their hotel. They had flown from the Azores the previous day and were looking forward to some sightseeing that morning.

They took us on a brief tour of Barcelona in their hire car and past some of the striking architectural designs by Gaudi. We parked a short distance from La Sagrada Familia and walked around to look at the amazing structure, - started

about 100 years ago and still under construction – before setting off to the Funicular mountain train up to Tibidabo Hill and the amusement park at the top. There were amazing views of the city and port of Barcelona from that height. The amusement park had ‘fun’ rides that went even higher and out over the hillside for those who enjoyed such terrifying experi-

ences - terra firma was our preferred option.

Back down again and off to Andrés’ home (and ‘Cave’) for lunch. No sooner had we



Photo by Wulf: La Sagrada Familia (The Holy Family) by A.Gaudi



Stalls at the La Sagrada Familia



In the Dining Car

pressed the doorbell than the door opened, Andrés briefly introduced Judith before he whisked Wulf and me into the ‘Cave’. What happened to Dagmar and Sha, I have no idea. We did find that Sid Macken, who had flown from Portland, USA had already been devoured by this ‘monster from the deep’.

I have never been diving but I can now imagine what it must be like to explore a deep cavern and to find treasures that have lain unseen for an eternity. We were completely surrounded on four walls (except for the entrance) with floor to ceiling shelving, stacked with housings and associated cameras and accessories. Andrés immediately and excitedly pulled down rare housings one by one and passed them around for us to handle.

Initially, of most interest to me were the



Photo by Wulf:
Headless Man at the Cathedral



Sha and Dagmar at Tibidado Hill

three ROLLEImarin housings on the top shelf; Andrés started extracting artifacts hidden behind the first and second row, all were neatly and carefully placed so that each one could be seen peeking out from behind the ones further forward. Housings for cine camera, housings for cameras that I had never even heard



Photo by Sid: Our hosts, Andrés and Judith

of, housings that were home made and even housings for Kodak Instamatic cameras – the housings for these must have cost many times the price of the camera itself in their day.

I cannot really remember how long we were submerged in



The 'Cave' - wall to wall housings

this museum of underwater history but it could have been much longer; eventually we did have to come up for air and of course lunch! We came out into the sunlight, by which time Alejandro had arrived with his American girlfriend, Chantal, and who with Judith, Dagmar and Sha, had been enjoying the man-free time!

We were introduced to the chefs who would lay a banquet before us. They were neighbouring fishermen, who were cooking many types of fresh seafood in a variety of local customary ways. Seated at a table

on the terrace, over looking Barcelona, under a canopy to keep the sun from beating down on us, we were presented with course after course of different dishes. Very soon we were filled but there was no respite, still the courses flowed. Eventually the chefs were exhausted and we were replete and had to unbuckle our belts. I now understand why the siesta is an accepted and necessary custom in Spain; so I took the opportunity to sample this custom, if only briefly...

Andrés, by this time, was packing the housings that he wanted to take with him for the exhibition. We were ushered to



Photo by Sid: Andrés holding us at 'gunpoint' in his 'Cave' with his Beaulieu ZM II Super 8mm ciné camera from the 1970's

his Jeep and all the cases and boxes were neatly loaded; there

was little room for passengers. To those not familiar with Spanish road behaviour, the one hour journey could have been a little nerve racking, not from Andrés' driving but for the lack of consideration given to Andrés' Jeep, and its precious cargo, by the rush hour traffic. We, as passengers, being fully relaxed by this time, were not aware of anything other than the swift and skillful way that Andrés negotiated the junc-



Photo by Wulf: Under the shade of the Andrés and Judith, Alejandro and Chan

tions, roundabouts and traffic jams whilst pointing out many famous landmarks as we sped by.

Once out of the city, the autovía led us into the countryside. One thing I noticed was the lack of large silhouette bill boards



Andrés has been 'shopping' in his Cave

Job”; instead of gold bars, the Jeep had an equally heavy cargo of housings and drowsy passengers. We soon arrived at the exhibition hall and struggled to carry all the weighty housings up the stairs and lay them out on the podium.

That done, we were driven through the streets of Tossa de Mar, a sprawling town, popular with local tourists. The road to Gran Hotel Reymar ran along the shore and then led up to this wonderfully situated four star hotel. The driveway to the garage was exceptionally steep and would not be a recommended place to learn hill starts; even a skilled driver could burn out a clutch trying to get started on the way up and a set of brake pads on the way down. Fortunately, we unloaded our bags at the hotel entrance and left Andrés to prove the hill climbing ability of his, by this time, unburdened Jeep.

It was about 9.00pm by this time so we had little time to take stock of our surroundings except for a brief glance around our large comfortable room, with its balcony looking across the bay, before returning to the foyer and meeting up with Franz Rothbrust, who had driven for 14 hours with Christian,

Lothar, Wolfgang and Jean from Germany, in a car together with all their diving equipment, to be there; also Julio Miguel, had just arrived from Venezuela, but his luggage had been mislaid by the airline. Sid had also suffered a similar fate and was in search of a toothbrush. I do not think that it would have been possible for our luggage to get lost (possibly a welcome thought for Sha though, she would have been able to buy a new bikini), but more a case of not being able to get such cumbersome cases onto



canopy; lunch on the balcony with tal and some of the participants.

the train and having to leave them behind. Enrique Dauner and Ramón Roqueta, who had organized this event, quickly led us a short distance to Las Rías, a small restaurant overlooking the sea where we enjoyed a light tapas dinner.

The fine seafood, wine and exuberant company was a wonderful start to what would turn out to be a very enjoyable and worthwhile weekend.

Sha and I felt embarrassed by the fact that we could only speak English; the others were competent speakers in each other's native tongues – Spanish, Catalan, French and German, as well as English. They could flick between languages depending to whom they were speaking; it was fascinating to listen to the multilingual conversations and to be able to pick out words that we had remembered from school days. We were unable to string these spurious words in different languages together, not only because we did not understand the bits in between but also that, by the time that we had mentally translated the word in question, the narrator had moved on another three sentences – like listening to a short wave radio broadcast during a solar storm.

Feeling replete once more, we walked back to the hotel, stopping for a few photos on the way. Sid announced that he might stay up to take some seascape photos with his Sony Nex, about which he was very enthusiastic, having even made an underwater housing for it.

For Sha and I, the following morning was leisurely. We were woken up by sun streaming through the curtains – not something that we had experienced much this summer. Once opened, the view from the balcony revealed the bright yellow tent sheltering the Spanish HDS tables from the sun at the end of the beach. There appeared to be a swarm of black ants running around on the sand but it was the divers in their neoprene scuba suits.

We walked down the stairs – exercise in anticipation of a good breakfast - to the restaurant. The Gran Hotel Reymar had a different interpretation of scrambled egg and bacon to the English one; fortunately there were many other choices from the buffet.

A stroll down and across the beach towards the brightly coloured tent revealed many divers in the process of clambering into their wet suits and staggering around hoisting air tanks onto their backs. There were also a number of topless 'walruses' sunning themselves on the coarse warm yellow sand; they were



Photo by Julio: Enrique, Sha, Andrés, Ramon, Elizabeth and Sid on the way back to Gran Hotel Reymar after supper.



Photos by Sid: Taken at night, or very early morning time, these are exposures of the fishing boats on the beach under the walled city. Some exposures were as long as 30 seconds. All shot with a Sony Nex-5N using a Rokinon 14mm lens. The lower one is actually a frame from a time exposure sequence of the moon rising over the Mediterranean Sea.

not the only topless bathers mind you, but with Sha beside me, I had my thoughts firmly focused on the treasures that lay ahead in the yellow HDS tent...

It was a hive of activity; there were many people poring over displays on the tables – akin to those who attend Photographica in London, but here there were not the narrow aisles with swinging and barging bottoms to contend with, just the thought of 'mermaids' behind, reclining on the beach.

There was a constant flow of scuba divers walking to and fro between the launch pad of the little lagoon and the tent. A news reporter with her video camera was interviewing Enrique and there was much excited conversation between the public and exhibitors. Negotiations were entered into and transactions completed. Many were fascinated to see such excellent examples of what were believed to be long forgotten items. Some that changed hands brought overwhelming joy to their new owner. Not being overly interested in any of the displayed items, other than the ROLLEImarin housings and spare parts that Franz had brought over, Sha and I decided to meander over to the castle on the other side of the bay. It was a matter of being careful not to tread on any mermaids and not to get too close to any walruses either – I realized the importance of keeping my eyes sharply focused, keenly aware of the dangers of carelessly looking in the wrong direction at the wrong time – the thought of 'The Look' was daunting.

It was midday by now

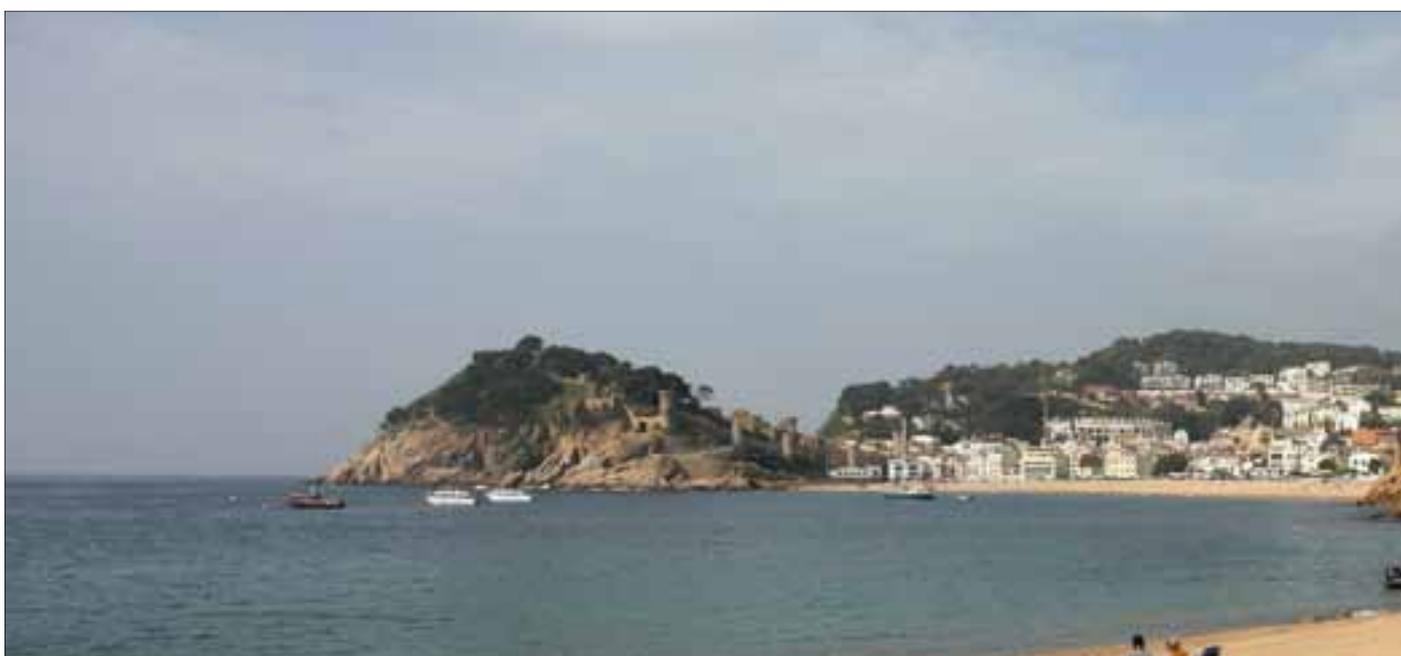


Photo by Wulf : Early morning view from Gran Hotel Reymar



Above - Photo by Wulf : Gran Hotel Reymar

Below - Photo by Julio: The Castle ruins across the bay



and the on-shore breeze reduced the apparent heat of the sun. We walked along the narrow road past the multitude of restaurants with their loggias offering shade to those enjoying freshly caught seafood and local wine.

The castle was constructed sometime in the 12th century to offer protection to the villagers from North African raiders. We followed the cobbled roadway around the now derelict site and up towards the lighthouse museum at the top. Looking back over our shoulders, we saw the town's roofs laid out around the bay. We chuckled at the number of 'young' ladies, with much make-up, who teetered on their high-heeled shoes whilst trying not to fall over on the uneven surface and firmly clasping their mature chaperone's arm on their journey down the fairly steep hill. Once we had admired the view from the top, we turned around and made our way back and into the town.

The narrow streets with their charismatic buildings and colourful shop fronts were good subject matter for my camera. Sha was interested in the multiplicity of clothing and fashion accessories and the thought of buying a complete bikini; I had time to mosey around...

Thoughts of suitable refreshment encouraged us to make our way back for lunch. On entering the foyer, we found Julio, whose smile extended from ear to ear; his luggage had arrived at last! We found the private restaurant filled with diving enthusiasts; no seats were available! Andrés had underestimated the number of attendees. After a bit of shuffling and squeezing, more chairs and a table were wedged in. Our adjacent diners did not speak English and so we were grateful that Alejandro and Chantal came and perched next to us.



Photo by Julio: Panorama of the bay

Afterwards, we gathered at the Sala La Nau hall for lectures. Franz started the proceedings with a talk about his research into Hans Hass' discussions with Franke and Heidecke, which lead

to the development of the ROLLEImarin, and subsequently their long term involvement with underwater photography using Rolleiflex cameras. Throughout the lectures, Enrique sat alongside the speaker and translated everything into Spanish for the benefit of the local divers. Not once did he falter. I was very impressed with his fluent translation, not that I actually understood what he was saying – it could have been anything for all I know – but the audience stayed engrossed throughout.

Wulf then spoke of his later involvement with Rollei when F&H asked him to re-design the ROLLEImarin and about his subsequent design and manufacture of new housings for the SL66, SLX/6006 and SL2000/3000. Sid talked about the Historical Diving Society of America, being one of its directors. I was somewhat taken aback when Andrés suddenly waved to me in the audience and beckoned me up to the podium to give a talk too. Being 'winded' by this bolt from the blue, I stammered and stammered my way through an unprepared, potted resume of my involvement with Rollei cameras, my interest in underwater housings and Ian Parker's very generous boxed gift set of the Club Rollei files whilst saying "These are for you" as he transferred editorship of the Club Rollei magazine to me.

We watched some underwater movie films made by the French diver, Manuel Gil, before the meeting closed; at which point the masses gathered like bees around the honey pot to discuss points made and to look at the exhibits.

Soon it was time to pack up and return for dinner. When we arrived, my housings were transportable, being packed in our two bags, so I only had to remove an assortment of compressed underwear to get them out. Now, the bags were back at the hotel and I was only wearing one pair of socks previously used for padding, so I had to carry the three housings around my neck; I felt like a pack horse with an unsecured load. Had Sha bought a new bikini in the morning, I could now have found an alternative practical use for the top half at this point in time.

Dinner at the Restaurant Maritim treated us to more Mediterranean seafood specialities. Spain seems to revolve around fine food, fine wine, siestas and, certainly in Tossa de Mar, 'mermaids'.

Again, the following morning, the yellow marquee was busy once more, as I peeked out across the bay – at this point I decided that divers are obviously a different breed, probably all having been up since dawn.

The weather, as forecast, was not so good being interspersed with showers. After lunch, we all made our way up to the castle and then back through the town. Being late on a Sunday afternoon, the streets were quiet.

On returning to the hotel, having said goodbye to Andrés and others, who had to leave and return to work the following



The streets of Tossa de Mar



Photo by Julio: Wulf waiting while Enrique translates part of his talk

day, there was a little time, before once again having to choose dishes from a menu, to try out this siesta ‘malarky’ – Sha and I decided we could easily find this addictive.

Once more into dish selection mode at another restaurant, I wandered into the dim interior to order Sha a drink; as I was walking across the dark wooden floor, something flashed across the boards from under my foot. I peered into a dimly lit corner and there in the deep shadow under a bar stool was a rabbit! However it was not on the menu, it was the house pet rabbit. Sha immediately became acquainted – she has to look after our son’s two rabbits and can now ‘rabbit, rabbit’ to any rabbit. In fact, thinking about it, besides this, she can speak many other animal languages too; chicken, guinea pig, dog, bee and teenager; the last she finds the most difficult because it is has a



Photo by Julio: John, Andrés and Sid - three little boys with three little toys - huddled secretly together



Photo by Sid: John just sizing up for 'cup size'

fast evolving dictionary, can be spoken in many dialects, sometimes with sharp intonation, often finishing abruptly with rapid gesticulations and a swift exit – a bit like that of French taxi drivers. None the less, being fluent in many ‘languages’ she always accuses me of failing to understand anything she ever says - in whatever language. I do, however, understand "The Look" though, that needs no translation. Wulf and Dagmar had offered to take us back to Barcelona with them the following morning and then to go for a walk around the city. The street traders on the bustling Via Leitanana were a busy and entertaining focal point.



Photo by Julio: Seafood lunch

La Boqueria undercover market was alive with activity; the vibrant colours of the fruit and vegetables laid out on the stalls; the aroma of fresh produce together with the sounds of vendors selling their goods was like a magnet, drawing more people from outside.

After a quick snack, Dagmar suggested taking a tour bus around the city. With all the major tourist attractions described in the language of choice through the red ear pieces, we noticed that the one thing that was not mentioned on the tour was the plethora of Starbucks cafés scattered around Barcelona, akin to the pigeon droppings in Trafalgar square.

When we had first arrived at Andrés’ house, I had given him a pair of Nikonos V cameras, that I had won on Ebay, to be serviced by a friend of his. These were now ready, so Wulf took us to collect them.

Our train departed at 20.45 and so we had some time to sit down in the waiting room and have a cup of coffee – not Starbucks I should add. The waiting room was a café with comfortable leather sofas and chairs

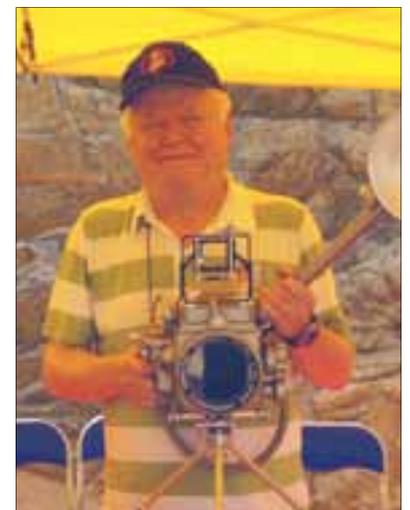


Photo by Sid: Franz with his ROLLEImarin in the shade of the yellow marquee ▶



Photo by Franz: The bronze statue of Ava Gardner overlooking the roof tops of Tossa de Mar



Sha suggests that Andrés waits for the 'Big Bang'

and waitress service. English railway stations have a lot to learn in the way of improving transient passenger comfort.

Our baggage was X-rayed as we entered the platform; straight through (I was getting complacent by this time).

We had gained experience with the struggle whilst making space in our cabin and I had worked out how the beds worked – my Swiss Champ army knife has many uses, including, to my amazement, a bunk bed release tool – I must remember to tell Victorinox about that capability.

Dinner was a period of recollection and reflection as the Spanish countryside fell away behind us. Thoughts of soon returning to reality trickled into mind but before this, the idea of bed and sleep was more inviting.

The train driver on return journey was less considerate towards his passengers; he was driving with the accelerator-brake; accelerator-brake; all the time. Nor did we have the welcome stop at the border this time; the Spanish authorities must have been pleased to see the back of us.

For a good part of the journey it felt as though we were descending a twisting mountain track; accelerator-



Photos by Wulf: La Boqueria, the most popular market in Barcelona



Above - Photos by Wulf: Gaudi architecture in Barcelona (Parque Güell)

Below Left:

Photo by Wulf:

Torre Agbar the glimmering Cucumber shaped tower by Jean Nouve beside the Glòries metro station in Barcelona

Below Right:

Photo by Wulf:

Gaudi architecture in Barcelona



brake-rock, accelerator-brake-roll...

It seemed never ending. Sha's alarm went off just as I had dozed off for what seemed like the twentieth time. I 'fell' off the top bunk, had a quick shower and gently shook Sha to wake her. In hindsight this was not a good idea because she too, as it turned out had not slept either, but once the ball is in motion, it cannot be halted. Anyway, I didn't get 'The Look'; I got 'The Dagger Look' and the facial expression of a Shar Pei that is chewing a wasp. Having been married for eighteen years I should really have known better. But in that instant, I remembered what my mother used to say when I was a boy; "If the wind changes, you'll stay that way" but I thought it best to not to make a joke out of it.

Breakfast was somewhat frosty although, with hunger waning, a gentle thaw was predicted.

Out into the busy Paris rush hour, buzzing with the mayhem of a swarm of locusts, we were whisked across to Gare du Nord, with more colourful language than previously, by a taxi driver, who had probably had a sleepless night too. I am surprised he did not put his fist through the windscreen a number of times nor do a "Right turn Clyde" through the open window as perfected by Clyde, the orangutan, in 'Any Which Way You Can' featuring Clint Eastwood.

Arriving early, the Eurostar terminal was busy and we were queuing with passengers for the earlier train.

Soon it was our turn; tickets, passports, baggage check. Having hoisted our bags onto the conveyor, emptied our pockets, removed watches etc, walked through the 'tunnel' and got dressed again. I heard "Excuse me sir, please will you open your bags." with a strong French intonation. "Who, me?" I thought; I had obviously become too complacent by this time. The carefully packed housings, protected with the by now dirty underwear, were laid out on the table. The security guard seemed puzzled, probably not knowing what he was looking at; but he appeared satisfied that I was not a threat. This time, it was only 'The Look' that I got, although it was extended somewhat whilst I carefully repacked the contents. Having just been given the more usual 'Look'; I guessed the worst of the storm had now passed.

The journey back on Eurostar was uneventful although, with arm muscles becoming more toned, we were able to effortlessly

hoist our bags up to shoulder level - as opposed to on the outward journey having found floor space in the baggage store.

It was good to be back in England, the taxi driver was very chatty and patient, especially as many of the streets in London were closed for security reasons and whilst being repaired for the Olympics. He did say that there was a bulletin board of disruptions that was updated daily but this was not accurate. Taxi drivers use their own sign language - similar to that of the arm-waving bookies at the races (and come to think of it, to that of teenagers) - to say, amongst other things, that particular routes were impassible. We were driven through many of the small quiet and picturesque side streets and mews to Victoria Station. This detour took no longer than our more direct ride from Victoria a few days previously.

The last leg of our journey now over, on entering the house, we were greeted enthusiastically by our three Labrador dogs who tried to tell us that they had not been fed for four days. Not true! We had arranged for house sitters to look after them.

It had been a great 'adventure' and wonderful to meet so many enthusiasts with such a variety of interests, many of whom had travelled a long way to be there.

Without the quiet and conscientious efforts of Ramón, the real driving force behind Tossa's Meeting, it would not have been possible to have the Rollei Meeting. The idea was only dreamed up two months before the date that Ramón and Enrique had already planned their regional HDS meeting in Tossa de Mar. They agreed at this late time to change the agenda to include the history of the ROLLEImarin. Thanks must also go to Andrés, Franz, Wulf, Dagmar, Sid and Julio and all the others from the Spanish Historical Diving Society who were so hospitable, made us very welcome and made our weekend so enjoyable - well it must have been, because I did not get 'The Look' once whilst we were actually in Spain (I had been so careful treading between the many 'obstacles' lying on the beach) - and Sha now enjoys shellfish too.

All I now have to look forward to when I get up in the morning is the English summer rain - but I do have three underwater housings for my Rollei cameras though. However, I must remember to buy myself a scuba suit tomorrow before it rains again...

The Historical Diving Society - Tossa de Mar Hall of Fame



Wolfgang Blank - He was one of the very first diving instructors in Germany and has been diving for about 60 years having logged more than 6000 dives. HDS - Germany.



Dr. Andrés Clarós - Ear, Nose & Throat Surgeon. Underwater Photo and Ciné Camera Collector (film cameras only). Barcelona, Spain. andresclaros@hotmail.com



Enrique Dauner - Underwater photographer and author of underwater photo books. Underwater Equipment Collector. HDS - Spain. enrique-dauner@hotmail.com



Jean Grepinet - Vintage double hose regulator collector - France. See his website at <http://plongervieuxdetendeurs.blog4ever.com/blog/index-126301.html>



Christian Jeanrond - Works in a Luxemburg bank. He is a collector of vintage double hose regulators HDS - Germany.



Wulf Koehler - retired owner of Ocean Optics and designer of underwater camera housings - Azores.



Sid Macken - Underwater videographer, Director and film archivist at Historical Diving Society - USA.



Julio Miguel - Advertising film maker. Vintage diver aficionado and underwater photography enthusiast. Caracas, Venezuela.



Ramón Roqueta - owner of Andrea's Diving in Tossa de Mar, Spain.



Franz Rothbrust - Industrial designer. Collector of vintage diving equipment and is specialised in ROLLEImarin underwater cameras. Chairman of HDS - Germany.



Dr. Lothar Seveke - Engineer and vintage diver. Treasurer of HDS - Germany. Lothar has probably the best vintage diving related website in Europe: <http://www.seveke.de/tauchen/0index.htm>



John Wild - Hotelier, Editor of Club Rollei User, camera collector, hobby photographer and engineer - England.



Photo by Julio: Ramón



Photo by John: Enrique is asked a 'difficult' question



Photo by Julio: Nemrod Siroco Regulator



Photo by Franz: Enrique has found some 'mermaids'



Photo by Sid



Photo by Ramón: Julio, very relaxed, whilst being filmed during interview - See: <http://thalassa.cat/web/canales/showVideo/idcanal/26/idvideo/261>

... and finally, the many faces of Andrés



Photo by Julio: "If I have told you once, I have told you a dozen times!"

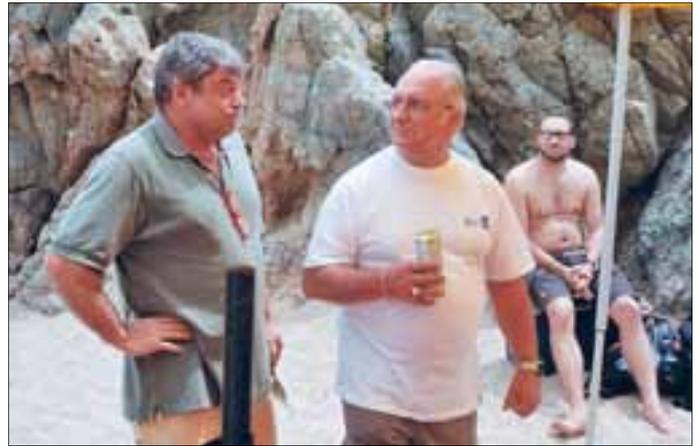


Photo by John: Andrés teasing Jean; "There is nothing you can do Jean, forget it, the owner didn't want to sell the regulator."



Photo by Julio: Andrés has something in mind

Right - Photo by John:

Jean's explosion of emotion and happiness when Andrés told him that he had finally been successful in finding the regulator of his dreams.



Right - Photo by Franz:

Jean with his Holy Grail - a two horn Heinke Mk 1 regulator - with Andres and Ramón



Photo by Wulf: Andrés making space for lunch



Photo by John: "That's fine with me BBW" (Big Bad Wulf)



Photo by John: Andrés admires the lovely view of Tossa de Mar





Swan Lake at Bosham

During my spring break stay in Bosham, I came across these delightful pictures of the Bosham swans. It was early evening, the sun low in the sky, giving remarkable detail and quality to the picture. I was just fortunate to be in the right place at the right time.

Denis Camp A.R.P.S.

