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Chairman
Anne Vincent

Chairman's Chat

Hello to you all once again! Spring is here so I hope you are planning your film making ready for the coming season of Competitions.

Since my last Chairman's Chat I have had yet another operation for Gaul Stones giving a total of twelve removed, not an operation I would recommend!

I am back home now slowly recovering and it certainly is a slow job. The limit to my activity is to sit stand up, and sit back down again.

I would like to thank John Simpson for taking over the SoCo competitions and the Penny Cup he is certainly a great asset both to SoCo and Weymouth Movie Makers and I know I can rely on you all for support in these competitions.

I hope all the clubs are keeping active and the hardest thing is to attract new members these days.

Sadly Weymouth Movie Makers has recently lost Ray Daynes a most valued member who held the post of President.

On the 21st of February we Celebrate Sixty Years of Film making starting off as the Weymouth Cine Club (1958/2018) and we have a founder member Dennis Mears as President.

John Simpson Competitions Officer can be contacted at:

johnsimpson57@yahoo.co.uk

01300 345401

This is just about all for now

Happy Filming,

Anne Vincent



Pip Critten
Writes...

Editorial

Not sure how I can deal with this!

Whenever I email out the SoCo News I always get a few rejects as email addresses no longer exist for what ever reason.

Perhaps people change email addresses and forget to notify me, which is perfectly understandable.

I'll occasionally get a reject because a mailbox is full. Also understandable.

What is odd is that when I emailed out the last issue of of SoCo news I had about 60 rejects, mainly from btinternet addresses as suspected spam. [how dare they call SoCo News spam!]

Okay I thought, maybe it's because it was being sent to so many address at the same time, semi logical I suppose.

I retried sending to just the btinternet addresses. No joy, still got bounced back.

Let's try them a few at a time. You guessed it, still no joy.

In the end I resorted to sending them out as individual emails. Some sneaked through and others were rejected.

This all became very frustrating as I pride myself on never missing an issue or deadline.

So I can't write here, "If you didn't get my email let me know," because the chances are they won't get this either. And I won't know until I have tried sending this issue.

I really don't want to have to do individual emails again as and I'm not sure how much longer I have to live!

Any ideas?

And, if you are reading this because some one else forwarded on a copy to you, please let me have your email address and I'll ensure you get one direct to your inbox - by hook or by crook.

Keep Smiling

Pip

pipcritten@googlemail.com



For the last few years at RFVM we have hired a location to use early in the New Year, just for one night. During the first few weeks of the season, we invite club members to put forward a script idea to suite the location. A script is then chosen.

This year was no different however the original chosen script seemed to “evolve”. It was then way too long, for the time we had, and after cutting, and simplifying, and simplifying even more, it was 17 pages long and still rather ambitious.

We had arranged to hire a room at South Hill Park Arts Centre in Bracknell, for TWO consecutive Tuesday evenings in January. The room included a miniature stage.

Our aim was to film one half of the script on the first night, and the second half the second night. On the first evening, the scenes were in “A nightclub”, and the second week the scene would be “Heaven”.



Guess what?

We didn't get finished. Nowhere near it! We were not helped by local traffic gridlocked and resulting in some of the team arriving over an hour late for the second evening.

We managed to finish the “night club” scenes, then shot “Heaven” with the help of lots of white backdrops and shallow depth of field, in our normal meeting hall a few weeks later. That just left the beginning and the end (rewritten) so that we could shoot them in a car park one evening after dark.



The problem with shooting in the winter outdoors is that it is COLD!. Brrrr. But we did it. We had a visit from a police car in Morrison's car park, but they were absolutely fine, once they knew what we were up to.

Had we asked Morrisons for permission? I decided best not to. Sometimes forgiveness is easier than permission, and we got away with it.

Team Effort

It was a huge team effort, and with the planning, rehearsals, filming and additional filming, it took about 5 nights of the club programme this season. A few members opted out, due to other commitments, but the majority got involved in one role or another, and anyone not behind a camera or on the technical team, was used for the nightclub “audience”.

The aim was to include as many members as possible in the film, as a keepsake as who was in the club during 2017 -2018 season.



Now it's down the editor to deliver the goods. With 5 cameras, and separate audio recordings involved it will take a lot of work, but we have some excellent footage to work with.

I hope that the film will represent the club in external competitions, but if it turns out not as good as we had hoped, we certainly learned a *huge* amount in the process, and had fun along the way.



I look forward to sharing it here in the future, once it has been shown at any competitions we decide to enter it for. In the meantime, a few photos of the team in action.

Anne Massey
CHAIR RFVM

Use this, your magazine, to tell the world your views and to promote your club.

pipcritten@googlemail.com



Ghost in the Machine

Lee Prescott
FACI

A spooky tale

Since the dawn of the “Digital Age” it has often been claimed that unexplainable occurrences have happened involving what is best described as “paranormal activity”. When it happens it does so due to an “interconnection” between other plains of existence and ours:-

I record here a major, quite true, personal experience. First I can say these things do not happen to everybody and those who haven’t experienced any just laugh or scoff - unfortunately. Understanding being a hard commodity to come by! So do not grin, laugh, role your eyeballs, mutter etc.

Back in the mid 1980s I purchased my first video camera, a Panasonic VHS machine.

A couple of days later my job took me to a conference in Chester. Knowing Chester as I did, having had many previous involvements there, I took my new video camera along to try it out capturing video in the ancient Roman city.

I wandered around the old Roman city walls shooting at various locations of interest. On completing the circuit I found myself in Northgate opposite the Cathedral.

Deciding to get some shots in and around the Cathedral to the left of the Northgate profile facing me was an archway called the Abbey Entrance. It’s about 20 yards (18.3 meters) deep, cobbled track, leading to gardens and a car park beyond.

The roof is high arched with ribs and bosses, a little darkish. I decided to get some shots to test the automatic exposure facility, which proved to be excellent, particularly as the roof design was of interest. I made an elevated shot up the right hand wall and then along the arched roof, a tracking shot. I MUST state here that apart from the decoration, ribs and gargoyles, there was nothing else to be seen nor in the viewfinder.

I didn’t view any of the footage until I got home. In playing back and viewing the tape I found that I had some nice shots of Chester – BUT – when it came to the wall and roof shots of the interior of the Abbey Entrance the VCR and TV went “bonkers”. First the VCR stopped dead and would not play that section. Bright blue lights flashed across and out from the TV screen.

I spent some time trying to make it play, it would not. I fast forwarded it past that section and everything became normal! I rewound the tape and tried again, it stopped as before. I noted the figure on the VCR counter. I rewound the tape again, played it but stopped it at the counter number I’d noted. I removed the tape and placed it on a small Bible from the book case for half an hour – yes – believe it! I then put the tape back into the machine and pressed “play”.

The following happened: The tape played and a very strange image appeared. It came out from between the mortar travelled along the ceiling and disappeared into another section of the mortar. This took 22 seconds. The image closely resembled wide spread “angel” wings or a bit like a sail from a sailing ship! This was accompanied by the blue flashing lights and some weird images on the TV screen. I showed this to my eldest son then aged 22 years.

He promptly stood up and left the house without speaking a word! Later I asked him why...he replied that, “he’d felt strange”!

At the time I managed a “Boy Band” . I showed it to them. The four of them also left the room without speaking a single word! Later I asked them why, they said the same thing. Fascinating !

I managed eventually to copy it to a second tape with considerable technical trouble.

I then contacted the “Society for Psychological Paranormal Research” in London. I sent them the copy tape. Eventually they replied saying that it was either reflections in a puddle or in a shop window”! Zonkus: it had not been raining there weren’t any puddles. The nearest shop window is about 40 yards away and NOT opposite the Abbey Archway. In fact opposite is the Town Hall and about 120 yards away!

I then wrote to the Chester Diocesan people: Their reply was: “No such thing exists and if it did it would affect tourism and visitors to the Cathedral”! YES!

I kept both tapes in my book case on top of the Bible. I played it a couple of times with precisely the same results.

I contacted the Gloucester Cathedral Diocese explaining and asking did they have a Priest trained in such matters? They responded immediately saying that the local Vicar Mr.Harris, whom I knew, would come to see me and would arrange a time. He contacted me the same day and came to see me. I explained all and played the tape for him. He was dumbfounded and said that he would make appropriate arrangements. Shortly afterwards I received a call from the Gloucester Diocesan office to tell me to take the tape to the Prestbury Church, Cheltenham, at an appointed time of 12.30 noon.

When I arrived I was met by the Priest and introduced to two young Priests, specialists, who had travelled from London. They had set up various electronic equipment, VCRs, Screens etc. a whole row of machines. (by the way they never took their overcoats off)! They played the tape several times with much the same results. The ghostly image was very clear throughout. At 16.10 I asked them to stop before they wore the tape out!

I asked them what they thought. Their reply was: “It is genuine and very unusual. It is something rather unidentifiable but quite definitely outside this present time and outside this realm”!

I also noticed that they had managed to make a copy of the entire tape both in colour and monochrome!

Subsequently I decided to copy it to DVD using my then Casablanca. That proved an unwise decision. The machine went completely haywire. It badly affected the machine and monitor. Casablanca had to be sent for “repair”. However during the process I did manage to get it onto a DVD disc. A subsequent attempt to play the DVD resulted in the DVD player completely packing up and would not function at all together with faults developing on the TV which had to be repaired with the DVD player being replaced.

Both the Tapes and the DVD now remain unplayed. For this reason I have not included the ghostly image.

Lee Prescott. F.A.C.I.





Mid Wilts Video Society

The 2018 MWVS Micromovie Festival

MidWilts Video Society is pleased to announce its 2018 Festival of Micromovies.

The micromovie festival is to encourage and promote very short videos. The upper limit is 100 seconds although much shorter videos, 60, 30 or even 10 seconds will be very welcome - advertisers do it all the time.

The title micromovie is meant to suggest that the videos not merely short but are complete in themselves and carry a weight beyond their brevity; rather like mini sagas, postcard short stories or haiku.

All entries should be with MWVS by 10th September preferably by uploading the video on YouTube or Vimeo; use the contact form on VideoTrowbridge to send a link or URL making clear it is an entry for the micromovie festival and including the other requested information.

As we shall be downloading these videos it is vital that they contain no copyright material

and especially no copyright music as this will prevent downloading.

Alternatively DVDs can be sent to MWVS Secretary at 48 Wyke Road, Trowbridge, BA14 7NP; include a suitable SAE or Stamped re-use label if you want the disc returned.

The entries will be viewed at the 2018 Micromovie Festival on 24th September at Paxcroft Mead Community Centre.

Judging of entries will be by audience polling, as well as overall winners there will be special awards.

Winning entries will receive awards.

There will be no charge for making entries or attending the festival however there will be a nominal charge for a programme which will be needed for polling.

There has already been considerable interest; we look forward to your entry.

www.videotrowbridge.org



2018 festival of

micromovies

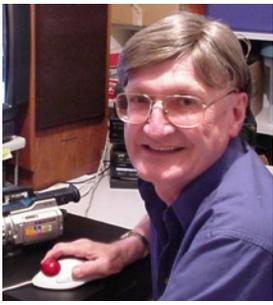
videos of less than 100 seconds

24 September Paxcroft Community Centre 7.30

Deadline for entries September 10

For Complete Details Visit

www.VideoTrowbridge.org



Teaching in Kidston - part Two

Continued from previous edition...

Journey's end, last stop, a Gold Rush hotel. A living ghost of the past.

But first things first. Mail sorting commenced. Letters handed out. Apart from the "flap-flap-flap" of the letters being sorted, silence reigned. People drifted away with serious purpose in mind to read, answer and get return mail off on the "bus" next day.

"How about a drink, Dave?"

The Kidston Alms. Jack was its owner. I found out later that he'd bull-doggedly retained his license, since the gold mine closed down twenty years ago.

"Dave," he confided one night, half drunk.

"See that hill out there? One ounce to the ton it was. At a Government frozen price of \$40 an ounce, it don't pay no more. But the day'll come...." And Jack, with glassy eyes gazed over my head.

"Another one, Jack?"

I was already a few days late for taking up teaching duties with 18 kids, Grades 1 to 8, mostly cattle-drovers' kids, whose dads were absent for much of the year. But, in Kidston, there was always "time to catch up later". Flexible calendars.

My home for the next year. Four rooms, wood floors, the rest made completely from sheets of corrugated, galvanized iron. A golden, soul-warming glow from the sole kerosene lamp.

Next afternoon, after my first day in harness, I enquired about bathing arrangements.

"Oh, Mr. Fuller," explained Jack's wife, "just a few yards from the pub side door, there's an "enclosure" and hot water ready for you. " The water was heated in a kerosene tin over a smoldering camp fire.

The enclosure was manufactured from burlap sacks with one flapping door. Over the person showering, on a horizontal stick, rode a 4 gallon kerosene can, with a shower rose, fashioned by punching nails in a fish can and soldering it to the larger can. Inside the can, was fitted a brass draining plug, on which was attached a lever on a fulcrum, to which was attached a pull cord.

Get it ?

Mix the hot water with some cold water, fill the can, raise the full can of water, via a pulley, secure it, get undressed, pull the rope - voila ! Go like hell with the soap, then the rinse off before the water ran out.

I recall some weeks later, when I vigorously pulled the cord, the whole caboodle descended on to my back. A rotted rope was the culprit. After that day, as the weather had warmed up, I took daily ablutions, with the goannas gazing from the sandy bank above an Einasleigh River lagoon.

The children were among the best-behaved students I'd even been with, with a good scholastic grounding. My predecessor, Ray, a city boy, a year ahead of us at Teachers' College, had enjoyed this global destination for a couple of years. Following which he went to his just reward by receiving a transfer to Thursday Island, at the tip of the nation's land mass. For loyal service in Queensland's remote backwater at Kidston.

Ray, a keen cricketer, imbued his students with a love for the game. I continued the tradition on Saturdays. We played on our own "Lords" field - a holding station for cattle in transit to the railhead. So out we'd go, clear away a thousand dried-out cattle turds to make an improvised pitch. We'd dodge the less than dried-out cow-cakes as we fielded the balls. Girls and boys.

You may not be informed about the toilet facilities offered in remote one-room schools. Some thirty yards at the back of the school, students had the usual options, boys and girls. But in this school, there were two of each, but only two "holes" were in operating mode. In Winter, when inland winds were strongest, a Committee man set the pair of "out of service" pit toilets alight, and the sweet aroma wafted across the field and sometimes, with a wind-switch, through the classroom.

Not exactly environmentally friendly, but you have to admit it was an inexpensive servicing routine, even if the job took a couple of weeks to get done.

One weekend, while the police officer was absent chasing down a small band of cattle rustlers, I organized the local residents, kids and all, for a day of clearing the small "airstrip". Removing logs and small saplings. But we'd have to wait till the rainy season arrived to burn off the grass. Fear of bush fires lurked in everyone's minds.

Medical emergencies, too, were forever a possibility. The police officer was away on a trip to the coast, taking his pregnant wife to a hospital. One afternoon, a toddler drank kerosene from a pop bottle. It was presumed that the teacher would be trained in CPR - and I had been.

We phoned the 4-bed emergency hospital at Forsyth, one nurse in attendance, while I worked the CPR. Then a rough three-hour road trip to Forsyth, in Jack's Bedford truck - short leaf springs (and I use the word "springs" lightly!) But, sadly, the toddler had not survived.

The importance of keeping that airstrip clear was reinforced.

The Annual Oak Park Races.



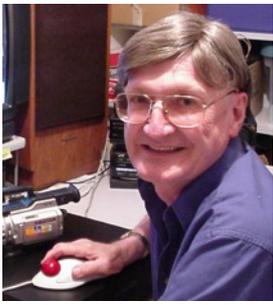
One afternoon, at the police station, a pair of city-looking dudes visited us during our daily game of table tennis. The cop asked me to be present at an interview, where these characters, in disguised language, asked about the cop's "supervision" at the race track. I heard later, from a passing drover, that it was the usual thing for these colorful dudes to "fix races" and run a poker tent. You can work the rest out.

David Fuller

Looking back..

Memories from
David Fuller

Part two,
continued from the
last edition.



continued

Another day, while the cop was away investigating charges at a ranch, I was approached by a gold fossicker.

"Dave, when you go for your next trip to the coast, would you deliver a package for me?" I nodded a 'go on.'

"All you have to do is meet a Chinese man at the hotel downtown, give him the package and he'll give you a package back." "Informal" gold trading was then illegal, but apparently not entirely suppressible.

I wondered how many packages went to the coast.

Oh yes, for entertainment other than cricket on Saturdays, I had a heavy portable radio, laden down with a set of dry batteries. The only station available, regularly, was a short-wave transmission from Melbourne, targeted at certain times of the day, to Gulf of Carpentaria residents. Although the signal hissed, wowed and faded on and off, that radio was an immediate and reassuring contact with civilization.

On a few nights, in freaky weather conditions, I picked up Radio Indonesia in an English program, complete with Communist propaganda, courtesy of President Sukarno !

With the Grade 8 exams. completed in December, as I opened the mail, I ran my fingers through the wad. One from the Department of Public Instruction:

"Dear Mr. Fuller: It is with great joy and what must be utter relief for you, I am herewith transferring you to a school in Mt. Larcom." Faithfully, etc.

Signed by Joe Ink-blott

School over, the mailman invited me to take a three-day tour with him on his country mail route, delivering supplies and mail to remote cattle ranches, once a month. To Georgetown, a relic of the Gold Rush years, the Bank of New South Wales solid wood counter with its gold scales, to a Race Meeting, stop-over at a large hot-springs pool (where the aboriginal women washed their clothes - ha, ha !) and other "once-in-a-lifetime-seen" places.

I placed on the Chevy a stack of beer cases to thank our hosts for overnight accommodation.

Instead of returning to civilization on the mighty Forsyth-Mt. Surprise Express, the good mailman extended his offer and invited me to accompany him from

Einasleigh to Cairns in his 1938 Buick "straight-eight" sedan. What style!

I would have never visited the old mining settlements on the way, nor thrown a rock into Crater Lake, nor bathed in Innot Hot Springs. To this day, the memories of my months in the "Gulf Country" are indelibly etched in memory.

And Fate ordained that Mt. Larcom, south of Rockhampton on the Tropic of Capricorn, located in a dry, impoverished dairying district would be my reward for service in a remote location.!

Footnote

Many years later, in 1980, having emigrated to Canada in 1967, to British Columbia, I was making travel arrangements to visit family in Australia. Beside me, waiting his turn, was a guy who wanted to buy a first-class ticket to Oz.

"What's your destination in Australia?" I asked of him.

"Oh, you wouldn't have heard of it. It's a very small town, if you could call it a town."

"Try me."

"Kidston"

So I described, to his surprise, where it was, and what he might expect.

His mining company, a Canadian outfit, Placer Mining, has acquired a 49% share in the Kidston Mine. He was the project geologist. In my mind I saw a faded image of Jack at the Kidston hotel, looking at me from his doddering body, saying in a crackly voice, "I told you so."

The "roads we take."

From small, remote and isolated assignments like Kidston, over to Canada, on to the challenges of High School Principalships in a pleasant urban environment, close to Vancouver, in a new country.

By David Fuller

[ED: sadly this is the last posthumous article from David. I am honoured that he chose SoCo magazine to publish his many articles over the years.]



I haven't made a video in nearly three years.

The one I did make was in standard definition not high.

That was the extent of my camera.

I dashed around Paddington Station shooting sequences that I thought effective put then together in a passable sequence and put the result up on YouTube. It has drawn over a thousand hits. I must have done something right.

But realising that the quality that I was able to produce was far below others I just gave up.

Here I am three years later and now the new proud possessor of a smartphone that will take quality pictures and sound.

The urge to go videoing is upon me again, but I have been left behind by folk who have adopted some very swanky techniques.

So now I feel like a beginner again.

So my plea is, is there anyone out there who could pass on a few basic tips so that I could go videoing sideways. I don't like the keyhole technique it makes the videos seem intrusive.

Just a few basic hints would help. For example, how do I avoid camera shake?

It seems that panning should be relatively slow to get a decent result. Is that right? I never could stand hose piping and I don't intend to start now.

Any ideas for a simple subject? I'm not much into flowers, I appreciate the blossoms and the scent but that doesn't seem to work with video.

Any help please, but please keep it simple. I'm well over eighty and recently diagnosed with cancer so you can see that I would like to have another shot or two at my old hobby

Rob Catt

Rob Catt
Requests ...

Offers of advice



Words of Wisdom

Ian Simpson

Wollongong
Camera Club Movie
Makers,
Australia

Amateur Movie Making Tradition of Short Movies

How are these three things related? A comment at the last Combined Clubs meeting, “the speaker inspires and depresses you at the same time”; the refrain from a Bob Dylan song; “I was so much older then, I am younger than that now” and what the esteemed writer to the *Movie Maker* magazine, Ivan Watson, continuously preached, “it’s suicide for the average lone worker (and most clubs) to try to emulate what the professionals are doing.” Still not obvious what is the connection? Let me try to relate them, starting with quote from Ivan Watson.

Although Ivan was a lover of new equipment, and although he was always ready to discuss what the latest camera or projector could do, he always kept a clear view on what were the capabilities of his audience.

He was writing, not to rising stars of the film industry, no, he was writing to the person who had obtained a camera initially to record the important events of his family. That person, as they grew in experience in the hobby, might think they could equal the product that a team of 100 or more professional put out. But Ivan was always there to remind them that an individual or even a club team could never compete with the quality of output of a professional film crew and studio support professionals.

It sounds harsh and I am sure you will be able to think of one or more exceptions to this statement, such as the speaker, Rhiannon Bannenberg, at our recent Combined Clubs meeting that elicited that conflicted comment, “the speaker inspires and depresses you at the same time”.

Rhiannon is an exceptional person who has successfully made the leap from an amateur production

to feature film production. That however is the point, she is exceptional, she is the exception.

The person who felt both inspired and depressed after her presentation is expressing the realisation that they too would like to have her talent to make fine movies, but realistically they know they have not got what it takes.

If this sounds a bit like “wrist slashing”, fear not, old Uncle Ivan had a solution. After recommending amateurs not to mimic the professionals, Ivan went on to say that amateur movie makers “need to strike out on their own with a quite different product.”

Here Ivan was encouraging amateurs to both recognise their limitations but at the same time strive for excellence within those limitations. Here is where the Bob Dylan refrain comes in. As we age we become set in our ways, we might not notice it, but our children and grandchildren do. An interpretation of, “I was so much older then, I am younger than that now”, is a call for all to adopt a younger mind set. To throw off the “certainties” of experience and replace them with the enthusiasm and naivety of the young and especially the willingness to learn. To try before you judge. To experiment and not lose your patience.

For example, simple, short movies of family events, well shot and edited, are well within the capabilities of the average amateur movie maker. As the years pass these simple gems will grow in value and importance, not only to the family, but as a record of how we lived in the 20th and 21st Centuries.

Ian Simpson



STONEHOUSE & STROUD VIDEO UNIT

We are gearing up for another production scheduled to go before the camera when the weather becomes warmer and less imbued with heavenly water!

This will be another drama, (don’t you find that wherever you look there is a dearth of drama films in the none professional remit? “Oh dahling make our heavenly holiday video into a “Travelogue” people like those a lot”, as a study of competitions and Youtube etc. shows.), the story and script, as usual, is from the “hot brain” of Mike Szewczuk. Mike’s ability to focus on the more unusual has become noticed.

The new production is to be a psychological thriller, or is it psychedelic? Anyway it will, I expect, be unusually colourful one way or another!

We intend to “bribe” our young star who has now turned 16 years of age, to once again appear. Without doubt the camera likes him as do many of the audiences who watch our films, particularly amongst the over warm lasses as he is now discovering. Not unusual for guys of that age ...plus! Unfortunately this “distraction” often tends to draw them away into other “projects”!

Lee Prescott

Is your club news featured here?
If not, you may well be missing a trick.
This magazine is circulated internationally!

FROME FILM & VIDEO MAKERS
Present

THE 2018 FROME FIVE MINUTE FESTIVAL

The show will be on
Saturday March 24th 2018
at the **Catholic Hall, Park Road,**
Frome, Somerset BA11 1EU starting at 5 pm

Award Sponsored by

The logo for 'akm MUSIC' features the lowercase letters 'akm' in a red, cursive script font, followed by the word 'MUSIC' in a bold, red, uppercase sans-serif font.

The closing date for entries is
February 3rd 2018.

Entry forms will be available October 2017 from our
website

www:fromevideo.webs.com



Gloucester Film Makers

Another year for our club, our 56th, and a glance at our programme shows we will be holding ten varied competitions this year.

The subjects include Travelogue, Drama, Wildlife, Open, Documentary and others. Something there for everyone!

We will be competing, on 3rd March, with five other clubs in the Annual Inter Club Competition which is now in its fifty-first year.

The Cheltenham Club are hosts this year and next year it will be the our turn. I wonder if fifty one years may be a record?

Are there any other competitions still running as long as that?

On 12th March, at 7:30pm, we will be having our popular evening of steam railway films which are presented by Michael Clemens. This year's theme is GWR and Southern Steam.

Our Video Road Shows continue to keep us active with 12 bookings so far for this year and two already in the diary for 2019.

Good publicity for the club and the income is very welcome as it pays for the cost of hiring the church hall. It also keeps our sub's at £1.00.

Yes! You did read that correctly. £1.00.

My thanks to the team Helen, Arthur, Chris and Mike who willingly give their time to put on these shows in so many different locations.

John Greene, Gloucester Film Makers.



The first meeting of Teign Film Makers Club in 2018 started with a recap about preparing scripts for documentaries, the subject for the evening.

Members were then ready to put this knowledge into practice as they divided into two groups and prepared their ideas and scripts for two different films. These scripts were then read during a screening of the relevant film.

The groups were given free rein to produce a commentary of their choice which resulted in fun for all and two very different styles of presentation.

The second half of the evening saw discussion about the script writing exercise and the setting of the 28 day challenge.

The following meeting gave members the chance to learn more about film editing and to raise any questions they had.

Peter Hiner gave an illustrated talk about the mechanics and 'rules' of editing both sound and images and this was followed by a practical demonstration by Ivan Andrews of how he edits his footage using his software of choice.

Both of these sessions resulted in queries and questions from the members present and provided lively discussions on the subject.



Weymouth Movie MAKERS

Penny Cup 2018



Download your entry form at:

<http://www.theiac.org.uk/iac/regions/soco/pics/penny-cup-2018.pdf>

On Monday 12th February, club members came up trumps again when the results of the 28 day challenge were screened. The challenge was to produce a film within the time limit of up to 5 minutes running time and featuring an umbrella.

We viewed a total of ten films from eight members, a record to date, and all were of a high standard with subjects encompassing depression, umbrella magic, a history of umbrellas (not as dry a subject as it sounds [pun intended]), historical family movies, a "whether" report, a snappily introduced tractor festival, a tempting of fate, a musical, multiple ownership and a monologue to camera with a surprise ending.

Following this entertaining evening of original and well executed films a Q&A session sparked lively discussions during which ideas and filming techniques were queried and explained.

Members now look forward to Spring and the club's 'competition season' interspersed with practical evenings and visiting speakers as well as organising the Summer project.

Roger Western



Back to the Future

Pip Critten
Writes...

About going back
to the past to protect
the future

Like many other film makers, I have an archive of old 8mm films that have not been projected for decades.

My projector died before I had transferred all of them onto VHS by filming the screen. The films themselves have stayed on the shelf gathering dust.

I've been meaning to get them digitised for a long time and never really got around to it. Then the incentive came along.

I am organising a family get together of descendants of my maternal grand parents. There is only one of my uncles left and the only time I get to see my cousins is when we meet up at a funeral of another dear departed. I thought, why not get together for a more happier occasion - a non funeral event - while we still have the chance! I have relations coming from all over the country and even some from Spain and Australia.

Digitising

There are, as I know it, two basic ways to do a cine transfer. Project the cine film and film the screen with a digital video camera or scan each individual frame. Much more time consuming and therefore more expensive.

SoCo's good friend and fellow IAC member, Tom Hardwick, is a recognised expert in the first method and has done many films with great results for IAC members and the wider public.

I wanted to achieve the very best results and chose to use the scan each frame method. After all, hopefully, this is going to be the last time they are archived.

Alan Barrett, from Saltash Video Group, very kindly loaned me his film editor so I could splice together many smaller films into larger reels, helping to reduce the price.

Following some Internet research, I narrowed it down to three companies and needed to narrow it to one. Part of the selection process was to ask a few questions prior to sending an order. I feel that if a company can't give pre sales support they are unlikely to give good after sales support.

Although not the cheapest, the company who impressed me the most was images4life.com. Steve Oakes promptly responded to my information requests but never pestered to try and close the sale.

The films were packaged up and sent off and I was kept informed of progress. It was a big job, almost 4,000 feet in total. The films came back together with the files on a disc drive that I had supplied. I chose not to have them put onto DVD as that would entail immediately down grading them again. They were supplied both as .mov and .mp4 files giving me lots of flexibility.

The films run with absolutely no flicker whatsoever, something that is often associated with the other method of transfer, and I am delighted with the results achieved by images4life.com. I would highly recommend their services to anyone embarking on a similar project.

Editing

I have made a start on editing them, taking the opportunity to re-edit and tighten them up, losing a lot of footage to the cutting room floor along the way.

I decided not to add fancy new titles so I constructed a template I could use for all films. I deliberately degraded it and introduced some scratches, grain and "camera

shake" using movement controls. I use a sound recording of a projector running at the start and end to help set the scene that this is old cine footage.

Colour Correction

Adobe Premiere has pretty good colour correction tools which I used to rescue some of the older now fading footage. There is a one click Auto button that makes a pretty good job of it. Further improvements can be made

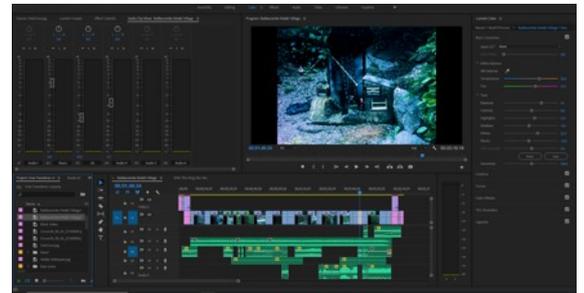


One Click
colour
correction
in Adobe
Premier



by a little tweaking and colour balance adjustments.

I deliberately didn't make it perfect for two reasons. Firstly I'm really am not that good! And secondly, it would

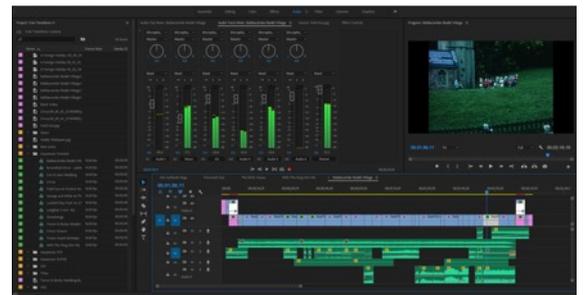


remove the nostalgic look of it all.

Sound Track

The first couple of films I worked on, I just added suitable music tracks. Using Adobe Audition to re cut tracks to the required length. Once again they have a very easy to use facility built in to achieve this.

Then I decided to add atmosphere tracks and Foley sound effects. The trouble is I keep tweaking and tweaking and I never really know when they are finished



to my liking. I can always find something to improve.

Acid Test

So I asked my brother if there was any video of his wedding and he disappointingly said that no moving pictures existed, only the wedding photographs.

I showed him a rough cut of his Wedding and he was visibly moved. He had no idea that any cine footage existed and seeing the event brought to life 43 years later was a thrill for him.

Happy days!

Pip Critten



They provide digital scanning support for 8mm, 9.5mm, 16mm and 17.5mm film including both magnetic and optical sound. They use the latest digital data scanners to scan up to 2.3K resolution.



One To Watch

A Few from Lee Prescott

You MUST watch this to the very end, important.
Runs a fraction over 5 minutes.

http://www.youtube.com/watch_popup?v=4meeZifCVro



This is just toooooo cute.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kTAtg7mvbs4>



Becky from Dublin calls a Demolition Company and asks them to demolish her school. Watch the Conversation

This is why Russians use dashboard cameras-

http://www.youtube.com/embed/5RAaW_1FzYg?autoplay=1&modestbranding=1&rel=0&s



FORD

<http://safeshare.tv/w/ShbgvwazCZ>



A Few recommendations

from the IAC

This is a young persons' film club in Tbilisi, Georgia. They are starting their holiday fun now because in the Orthodox Church they celebrate Christmas on 7th January.

See how most of the club is involved, the town decorations are shown off ... and they have a blithe disregard for music rights!

https://www.facebook.com/1633667326896898/vid_eos/1933215070275454/?story_fbid=10155189949118297&id=41271848296



James Chalmers' film has been at a number of overseas festivals. Eulogy for the Red Phone Box

https://www.youtube.com/watch?time_continue=86&v=Gcjov9rAF6Y



It's probably a long time ago that you gave your email address to head office and some of the email addresses are no longer current.

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If you have received it from a third party, such as a club secretary or friend, could you please let us have you current email address.

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Resigned:

MR JAMES HYPHER, Bournemouth

Cancelled:

Deceased:

MR D ELLIS, Bristol

Moved into SoCo Region:

Change of Name

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