Journey the First, in which the Editor enjoys a delightful journey in congenial company, has a picnic in the March sunshine and visits a true haunt of delight for all entertainment technology buffs.

THE PROJECTED PICTURE TRUST

USUALLY office phone calls are fairly prosaic, even though they are nowadays the main herald of ENVIRON dimmer contracts. But this one, received in our Shangri La at Brentford on Thames one morning some weeks ago was different.

"Bernard King here - of the Projected Picture Trust".

Now dear reader, is there anyone interested in the technology of show business whose pulse does not quicken following such an introduction? Well, perhaps - but not you or I, committed theatre and cinema men that we are.

"Yes, Bernard, I've heard a good deal about you!" "Good - how about coming with me to see our main collection down at Berkhampstead?" Would I not!

We now move forward in time to the first week in March. The editorial barouche sets course for my informant's home, and some twenty minutes and two cups of coffee later we are on the Amersham road.

Quickly other bonds of interest between my companion and myself were discovered. For example, neither of us can abide motorways, although the famous Editorial Roadmap (purchased for 57/6d in 1953) was not actually called for. Bernard visits the Trust's country base so frequently that he obviously travels on auto pilot. On through delightful wooded ways, then "after the next left turn, go to the foot of the hill and left through the farm gate."

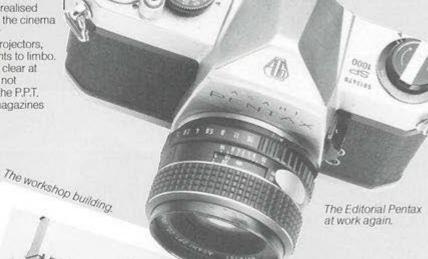
We pulled up in a grassy paddock with a white walled cottage - see picture - behind us and farm buildings before us. At this point I should explain that the "Projected Picture Trust" consists of a group of enthusiasts who gathered some four and a half years ago in answer to a trumpet blast sounded by the famous Mr. Charles Beddow of the British Film Institute who realised that the rate of change in the cinema was fast relegating many irreplaceable cameras, projectors, sound heads and arc lights to limbo. I should perhaps make it clear at this point that the B.F.I. is not officially connected with the P.P.T. but they are, as the fan magazines

used to say, "good friends"!

We arrived first at one of the stables. And what thoroughbreds were quartered within. This particular one held about ten Kalee 8's, a Kalee 7, and even a Kalee 6. (For theatre men who have stayed with me so far I should explain that these are projectors dating from 1926, 1922 and 1919 respectively made by the famous A. E. Kershaw company of Leeds, now part of Rank Precision Industries.) Also represented are the famous Kalee II of 1933 and the 12 of 1938.

Pride of place however, was held by a magnificent GK21, resplendent

in its stone and crimson livery and already well on the road to complete restoration. These projectors made in the late 1950's were the ultimate high water mark of the British Film Equipment industry. Their noble bulk speaks of the era of Denham, Shepherds Bush, Islington, and Boreham Wood Studios and of that late flowering of British films, the comedies that went round the world from those modest buildings on Ealing Common. Spirits of Powell and Pressburger, of Philipo Del Guidice, Alexander Korda and of all those fine talents that our own Rank Organisation did so much to encourage, and thus, for the first time put British films on the world stage.



All these thoughts came to me in a flood as I looked at the tremendous machine, silent now and come at last to rest in the unlikely setting of a Hertfordshire farm building. But not a sad rest. Too much enthusiasm and care is gathered on that spot for such a sentiment to rule.

Does any reader know if any GK21's are still in use anywhere? A thirty year life would not be out of the way for so well built a machine.

Another stable holds examples of Simplex, Walturdaw, Ernemann (of the famous water cooled gate) and Ross machines.

The Editor-surrounded by magnificence.

MANAGE W BLACK MACHINE SCREWS WO CRO SELF COACH BOLTS