



LENSOLOGY & SHUTTERISMS

WOLLENSAK OPTICAL COMPANY
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

WHAT others say of
me matters little, what I
myself say and do mat-
ters much.

—Elbert Hubbard.

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sak dealers by the Promotion of Trade Department

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The Lesser Conflict

In the abstract, the two contending forces in the war today might be termed the Army of Selfishness in opposition to the forces of Humanitarianism.

So in the hearts and minds of some of us, a similar conflict is waging. Here too, thoughts of self are opposed to those of humanitarian unselfishness.

In the great struggle, it is only a matter of a short time before the Hun idea of world dominion will fall before the higher principles of universal democracy. But its success has been,—is and until the boys come home—will continue to be greatly dependent upon the triumph within us of the needs of humanity over the interests of self. It is necessary for us to sacrifice uncomplainingly, ceaselessly and cheerfully if we wish the lesser conflict to be successfully terminated.

Each failure to come across with financial assistance when necessary or to co-operate with the Government in any other way possible, is a victory for the German germ of self. But when we optimistically accept war time measures, when we dig deep and often to aid war activities, when we realize that silence is golden as propagandist-born rumors of disaster reach our ears, in short, when we can adopt the attitude of "My Country First and Always," then can we rest assured that the best in us has won out.

Ray Filters

This is an excellent time of year to boost the sale of Ray Filters.

The ever changing foliage, cloud effects and sunsets afford opportunities for pictures that are rare and peculiar to this season of the year. To make these pictures without the aid of a Ray Filter would be to rob them of the proper gradation of light and shade that the many colors of the view presents.

Dealers everywhere are awake to this fact and are finding Ray Filters a popular and profitable auxiliary to push at this time.

If you are not in on this, why not?

What Has Happened to Williamson?

Several have asked this question and no doubt many others have thought it. Others will remember that some time ago in the March-April issue of L. & S. we introduced Mr. M. C. Williamson to the trade by means of a little article and the reproduction of his photograph. Directly after that he accompanied your servant and our Promotion of Trade manager to the Baltimore Convention where he made many friends. Then many of you received letters from him. About three months ago he dropped out of sight and nothing has been heard from him by our dealers since, to their knowledge.

But this is not altogether so, for in the last issue of L. & S. is his message to you on "Making Your Windows Sell" and again his message on the rear cover. In this issue he greets you with an article on "The Lesser Conflict."

Williamson is writing these during his spare moments just to show where his first love is though now he is temporarily divorced from the Promotion of Trade Department and using his energies in the direct interest of Uncle Sam. He is testing periscopes and helping to speed up their production. We have him quartered way up on the third floor of our new factory building, many hundred feet from his old desk; but he drops in on us every day, inquires about his good friends and says he doesn't care how soon we send the Kaiser to hell so he can again be back on the job helping our dealers sell Wollensak Lenses and Shutters.

Our Next Catalogue

We have no desire to raise any false hopes in the minds of our dealers and friends relative to a new Wollensak Catalogue being produced at an early date, but we believe it is now time for us to think about what is to go into it.

Already we have several new ideas regarding its production, but there are without doubt some points of general interest that will be overlooked, careful as we may be, if we have not the dealers' consensus of opinion in this matter.

We ask you, therefore, to just drop us a line giving any suggestions that you might have in this regard. Please tell us what our last catalogue contained that was not of assistance to the dealer, and what our next catalogue should contain to make it a more complete service. The Hun is being rapidly pushed back to where he belongs, and just as soon as the job is finished and our boys are victoriously singing "Homeward Bound," then will there be a new catalogue of Wollensak Products.

That day is drawing nearer and nearer, so we ask you to co-operate with us by giving this matter some thought and outlining your ideas on the subject in a letter. Do this now and accept our hearty thanks in advance.

Why All This Delay?

Fearing there may yet be some who are not thoroughly acquainted with existing conditions in the field of photographic optics and who may be saying "Why all this delay in sending my orders?", we want to inform them of our difficulty in this respect.

Two years ago our modern plant with its three hundred employees was devoted to the exclusive manufacture of photographic lenses and shutters. Then we were in a position to make shipments promptly and to cater to the complete requirements of the photographer both Professional and Amateur.

Today our factory is doubled in size and our employees number five hundred, but Uncle Sam has called us to the colors and we have responded with a glad heart. We have turned over about 90% of our facilities for the manufacture of war essentials.

You can see readily that with 450 men and women engaged in the executing of necessary war contracts and with but a scant 50 left to devote their time to the requirements of the photographer, it is not an easy problem to face. Over against this tremendous decrease in available workers and a shortage of some kinds of glass, is the enormous increase being made upon us for Wollensak Lenses and Shutters.

Friends, it would be to our advantage to send your orders to you the day we receive them, but we cannot at this time do that.

We hope for an early return of the time when we will be able to, and we ask for a continuance of your kind indulgence as we strive to serve our country first and give you the very next best that is in us.



Series 11 Velostigmat Negative by Earle Harrison

The above is a glimpse of beautiful Monte Carlo. Once noted the world over as the greatest center of gambling and taking chances—now leased by the Y. M. C. A. and being used in a sphere of noble service as a recreation center for our boys in Khaki. What changes this war is making, not only in places but in the hearts of men.



This is reproduced from one of the three prints awarded the Wollensak Trophy Cup at the recent convention of the P. A. of N. E., held at Springfield, Mass.

The negatives were made by Donelly Studio, New Haven, Conn., with their Wollensak Lens.

Testimonials

Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 28, 1918.
Mr. J. A. Dawes,
c/o Wollensak Optical Company,
Rochester, N. Y.

Friend Dawes:—The September-October issue of *Lensology and Shutterisms* greeted me upon my return to Rochester.

I appreciate in no small measure your kindness in sending this booklet to me as you have. But my main reason for writing you now is to compliment you upon your work in this direction. In my judgment, it is mighty commendable and should be the means of stimulating a lot of enthusiasm among the trade.

With best regards,

Sincerely,
G. MacCALLUM.

October 1, 1918.
Wollensak Optical Company,
Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—I am more than pleased with my Series 11 F:4.5 *Velostigmat* Lens and it suits me to a "T." I am sending you a picture made with it.

I am thinking of getting one of your *Verito Diffused Lenses* very soon. Have made some pictures with one and like them very much.

Very truly yours,

WM. E. TEFFT,
130 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Come—Let Us Give Thanks

Indeed it may seem strange for me to say "Come, let us give thanks," for as we look about us, we see a world torn with anguish, countries soaked with blood and here in our own beloved land, we see sorrowing over the loss of dear ones who have laid down their lives that others might be free, or who have been victims of a dreadful epidemic. It may seem a strange time, I repeat, to say "Let us give thanks."

But soon November 28th will be here and on that day it is customary for all of us to come out of our shells and lift our voice to an Infinite power in thanksgiving.

This year, over against the sorrow, there is gladness. Through the black cloud there comes sunshine. Far above pessimism towers a just optimism. We have more to be thankful for this year than we had two years ago when we were free from the heartache and rolling in prosperity and morally stagnated by wealth.

We have just passed through a year of sacrifices. We have endured to some degree, hardships to which we were not accustomed. We have parted with our money. We have given our time. We have laid on the altar of sacrifice our sons, brothers, fathers, daughters or husbands. We have truly passed through the valley of the shadow of death.

We have lived and are living in days when we dread to read the papers for fear the name of a dear one will be listed as killed in action. Yet with all this blackness, we can mentally brush aside the tear-drop and smile the smile of contentment.

We can be thankful that though costly the price, we have bought ourselves free from the bondage of selfishness—that power of the devil that had us so tightly gripped that we ran danger of losing the respect of the world. We can be thankful that our boys have cheerfully put aside their peaceful pursuits and taken up the sword of righteousness and gone forth to battle. We can be thankful that right has triumphed over might and that every drop of blood shed by a boy in Khaki was shed for a cause which they believed to be a call to the higher self of sacrifice.

We can be thankful that petty differences have been cast to the four winds and that men in all stations of life have been thrown together on an equal basis and given an opportunity to see the bigness of each others heart.

We can be thankful that those who thought only of self and who lived a narrow life have awakened to the bigger life of service.

We can be thankful that we who have for one reason or another stayed home have had a part in the big job of ridding the world

of its black sheep by our response to the appeals of various sorts to back up the boys we have sent over.

We can be truly thankful now that we have in due course of time paid the price and converted ourselves and the world into a broader thinking and more charitable people that we have the forces of darkness on the run, that our boys and those with whom they are allied are adding victory every day to their credit.

And we can be thankful that the dawn is breaking, that the goal toward which we move is in sight, that we have the strength for the last trying home stretch, that we have determined to reach it with a clean record, that tyranny is about to fall and the cause of liberty and justice, OUR cause, is about to triumph.

Yes, I say to you my friends—
“Come, Let Us Give Thanks.”



The Busy Man's Creed

I believe in the stuff I am handing out, in the firm I am working for; and in my ability to get results. I believe that honest stuff can be passed out to honest men by honest methods. I believe in working, not weeping; in boosting, not knocking; and in the pleasure of my job. I believe that a man gets what he goes after, that one deed done today is worth two deeds tomorrow, and that no man is down and out until he has lost faith in himself. I believe in today and the work I am doing, in tomorrow and the work I hope to do, and in the sure reward which the future holds. I believe in courtesy, in kindness, in generosity, in good cheer, in friendship and honest competition. I believe there is something doing, somewhere, for every man ready to do it. I believe I'm ready—RIGHT NOW.

—Elbert Hubbard.

Line Up!

It ain't the guns, nor armament,
Nor funds that they can pay,
But the close co-operation
That makes them win the day.

It ain't the individuals
Nor the army as a whole
But the everlastin' team work
Of every bloomin' soul.

—Rudyard Kipling.