

The Importance Of Prints

Two recent events dramatically brought home to me the importance of the traditional family photo album. The first was the visitation at my older sister's funeral. In the foyer outside the viewing there was a round table with family photo albums covering her eighty years on this earth being pored over by her eighteen children and grandchildren. Every one of the albums was open and someone was reminiscing or laughing. It immediately struck me that this would not be possible to do in a generation when family pictures only exist in digital format in the cloud or on a phone or pad.

The second was a want-ad in the lost item classifieds of the local newspaper. A couple had their camera bag go missing while at the zoo and they were pleading for the return of the two memory cards that were lost. These cards apparently contained all the their child's pictures from his birth. How sad.

My pet saying has become "If you don't have prints, you don't have pictures". Digital files are not pictures. They can only be viewed with the application of software and technology. The technology requires a power source. The files have to be compatible with the software and technology. A spark of static electricity or a drop of water can destroy them in an instant. Technology can fail and it goes obsolete. You should always back up your work with copies. But you also should make prints of significant images. Prints will last and always be available. And you don't need software, technology or even power to view and share them.

And always label significant pictures with info telling who is in the picture and what makes this a significant image. You might think now that you will always remember, but give yourself 35 more years and you'll find differently, I'm afraid. Keeping up as you go along is a lot easier than reconstructing the past from a failing memory.

For example, what a significant image this is –even though I can only identify one person. The story told on the back makes it a keeper.



... where a bunch of us
spent 5 days after the strike
we only stayed 5 days, some
of the others had to stay there
two weeks. I was dressed in
my beach togs which certainly
was comfortable for the life
we had to lead. We had a
lot of fun there between
strikes. When we'd get over
we were ready to die and
about 1/2 hr. afterwards we'd
all be laughing again. Don't
we look like a bunch of
corks? Do you notice our
radio necklace. We had the
news all the time. The books
are over there. We had
six puppie police dogs to
take care of and one big
police dog to take care of
all of us. Can you see them
in the background. When we
didn't hold the dogs the way
the whole time we were in the
pictures.