



The Miniature Photographer

03-13-2017 by Harry
Zirkelbach
Stars and Sun date 34724

With few exceptions, all photographs are miniatures. The scene a lesser vision of reality. All are now accustomed to seeing themselves smaller, on paper.



*"Detroit", Fr Jim Sunderland, Joe Dolan, Howard Martin,
Ed Hutchinson, Harry Zirkelbach*

Those fortunate, had access to a box camera in the 1920's. Those really fortunate, had a WWII assignment requiring the taking of photos for Intelligence. That was the lot of every Bomb and Mine Disposal School graduate. Plus training on the 35mm Kodak Camera issued each Officer, plus written unrestricted approval for taking pictures anywhere, plenty of film, and a darkroom.

My Mother-in-laws' sister, Irma Litmer, wed a visitor to Colorado, moved to his home in Bloomington Illinois, raised a family there, was forever considered outsiders by Denver relatives. Her husband, Joe Ensenberger, owned a downtown furniture store, prospered until Post WWII shopping malls outside the core city, took his customers. But while young, cultivated a second passion for film and photography. Became skilled.

Had a sensitivity for composition, color, prints.

Was an intimate with pros at Kodak, where his prints were praised. One son, inherited his talent, became the Photo Editor, Arizona Highways.

Joe took time to compose every photo, knew his camera and film; most importantly, was tireless in the darkroom. Every print a jewel.

We seldom met him in Denver. In those rare visits I recall he liked adventures here, never discusses his business or avocation.

Meanwhile in Denver, I was the only relative to constantly carry a camera. I have sixty Albums as testimony. And since acquiring a computer, have more than ten thousand photos there.

Also found free time can create mischief. One piece began early in retirement when a group dubbed **Class of Regis 1942** eating at various east Denver restaurants over the years, finalizing at **Zaidys's** Deli, First Street and Adams. The owner encouraged our business. Inside that deli 's many walls, early Denver scenes, enjoyed and studied by both natives and visitors.

The **Class of Regis 42** began to use the table northeast of the kitchen, never varied; for one thing, came in early. Behind that booth, east wall, a classic photo of 16th Street Denve circa 1938, from Broadway toward the mountains. Streetcars ,all early downtown landmarks easily identifiable. That photo is still there.

Over the years I photographed guests, made prints. From those, cut-out miniature individuals, proportioned to suit that Mural. Then gently tacked these to the mural to blend with the 1938 crowd. Eventually the **Class of Regis 42** was all there. Only the informed would recognize an alteration to the print. We liked the novelty. And none of the attachments stood out, ever marred the mural.

Later most were removed as members of the Class died, moved.
In 2010 the final Class breakfast.

There remains a hint of the stalwart of our group, Father Jm Sundeland, on the print.

And today, on still another wall, rear of **Zaidys's**, there is a selected group photo of the **Class of Regis '42** with their favorite waitress, "**Detroit**". She wore a necklace that spelled her name thus,



All lounge there in miniature.

Two remain alive, oddities, living men who have their photos in a Restaurant where they ate, talked, laughed , created imperishable memories, were able to tell **Detroit** so many mornings

“I’ll have the same as last week”
know there will be no disappointment.