



Newsletter

NORTH FYLDE

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

No.3 July 2020

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Editor's Letter

Dear Fellow Clubbers

W elcome to this, the third edition of the newsletter. Respect and thanks, as ever, go to club members who have so generously converted their time and talent into superb words and pictures to delight and entertain us all. This month you'll notice a layout change, enabling a two-page spread. I'm sure you'll agree, it does much greater justice to the visual work.

This month, all the story submissions explore reminiscence. They invite us to share in treasured past events with their authors. David Delmage fondly recalls a cat he adopted in the 1980s, Clare Trewick recounts a brave solo trip to New York and Dave Bibby rewards us with some stunning monochrome photos, rediscovered in the treasure trove of old negatives he's been working so hard to archive.

In contrast to the black and white, our promised feature bursts into colour in a fireworks photo showcase, featuring the work of Peter Slater, Bob Sapey and Rachel Wilson, with a contribution by your correspondent, mainly because mine differ from the others, in that they are taken with the camera hand-held, which flies in the face of *all the best advice*

when shooting fireworks, which is, to use a tripod.

What began as a way of making contact with all members of the club during the lockdown, is now beginning to feel as though it is developing beyond that, and may go on to appear during the summer months, as something to complement Angela's fantastic off-season social meet-ups.

That means next month's edition will be the last for the time being. The showcase suggestion is Transport. This is a very popular subject in our club, judging from competition entries, so send in those lovely photographs of planes, trains and automobiles, trams, bikes and skateboards and let the last newsletter carry us in some style right up to the start of next club season.

Enjoy!

Ali

Editor

Kensington Nine-Lives

David Delmage offers another fascinating tale from his menagerie.
“Read with caution,” he says, *“this story involves gory details!”*



David Delmage, *Enys (my son) with grumpy cat Kensington*, 1980

Once upon a time, many years ago, in a place called Worthing, there was a ginger cat who had a very bad case of cat flu. He was near death, but was struggling along. At the Vet's we had to keep him in an outdoor cage, so he couldn't pass the virus on to other client's cats. The fresh, blustery wind seemed to do him good. When he was recovering, we took him to our house, and named him Kensington. It was a posh name for a scruffy cat. Amazingly, he fully recovered and lived a wonderful life, using up all his nine lives - and more!

Behind our house and garden, then was a rough area of land, which was to be built on. But there was a big drop in house selling, so the land remained untouched, overgrown with grasses and weeds. Kensington would go out there and catch wildlife. Every weekend I would have to clear the path in our garden, scraping up dead moles - twenty or thirty at a time. A few weeks later I peered over into the neighbour's garden, and saw dead moles all up his path as well!

We used to go to a Folk Club and a group of people would come back to our house and have coffee, cheese and biscuits till the early hours of the morning. One evening when we arrived home from the Folk Club, we got back just before everyone else, and I moved an armchair closer to the fire because it was so cold outside. Moving the chair revealed a huge dead rat in a pool of blood on the carpet. I quickly put the chair back into its previous place, and fortunately nobody knew it was there. On another occasion, when I pulled the chair forwards, there was the complete skin of a rabbit, spread out with only legs and a gall bladder remaining. Our cat had pulled both of these prize animals through the cat-flap.

Kay was looking out of the bedroom window one morning, and saw a pheasant walking in the overgrown grass in the field. Then it started walking faster, then running and taking off in flight - when a ginger cat came jumping through the grass and leapt up to catch the pheasant - there were plenty of feathers pulled out, but it got away, and lived another day.

One Sunday morning, there was a lot of noise in the kitchen with the cat trying to come in through the cat flap. He eventually managed it - pulling between his front legs - a leg of lamb, cooked and still warm! I looked out and saw the neighbour's kitchen window was open. We guessed what had happened, and kept our heads down for the next few days.

Another time, when we opened the front door, there were two legs, a beak and a gall bladder of a seagull on the door-step. He obviously didn't like the flavour of gall bladders!

We brought him with us when we came to Blackpool, along with a Red Setter called Rupert. Kensington continued with his exploits, catching and eating mice, rabbits and any birds that came near to the house. He went missing one Autumn and we checked with all the neighbours with no result. It was pelting down with rain one evening, three days later, when a lady from the corner house came knocking on our door. She said there was a cat laying up in a gutter of her house. We went with a ladder, and rescued him - he was absolutely soaking wet, and hypothermic - and we suspected he had been there for most of the three days.

He lived till he was 19 years old. A few months before he died, he went missing again, and we sent out all the fliers, and asked neighbours to look in their garages and sheds. He was quite well known by all the local people! About ten days later, a neighbour told us there was a cat in the boat house in Stanley Park. We went to see if it was him, thinking the worst - dead, or dying - and - it was him! Sitting on an armchair right at the back of the boat-house like a Prince - and the workers feeding him sandwiches and other food from their lunch bags. They said "He's a very particular cat - he eats most things, *but he won't eat fish!*"



NEW YORK

A Wonderful Town

Clare Trewick writes, "It was about 10 days before Christmas and I was browsing the internet on my lunch break (honest!) when I saw an article that a certain airline had started their Boxing Day Sale, including flights to America. It is probably worth mentioning at this point that the first and last time I had flown prior to this was when I was four years old, 40 years ago – to the Isle of Man. So, I picked some random dates for April 2018 and was all set.

I had an uneventful flight there, and arrived at the Airbnb with minimal hassle. I got in my room and unpacked; then tried to get onto my internet – no joy! I asked my friend Steve who is also our phone broker for help and he scratched his head also. "Oh well," I thought, "I'm sure it'll be fine in the morning". I had a good sleep and woke up early, was showered and out of the door at 7am. I went to the Subway on the corner of my block and met another snag – the ticket machine only accepted coins and there I was with my dollars all in notes! "Never mind, I'll hail a cab" – I must have found the only part of Brooklyn, New York where there was no cab to be found. Still no internet on my phone either. I stood on the street and seriously debated going back to my room and not leaving until it was time to go home! Ten minutes later, I'd given myself the proverbial kick up the backside that I needed, and figured that if New York is anything like London, there'll be another subway station a couple of streets away. I started to walk, and sure enough, five minutes later I found a much bigger station and got my weekly pass.



First stop just had to be the World Trade Center site, to visit the Sept. 11 memorial. I alighted the train at my stop and walked... and suddenly, I was there. I felt the biggest chill down my spine that I have ever felt, and I walked around both waterfalls in absolute awe. I find it hard to describe the eeriness at that moment, you can't help but pause for a moment to absorb the atmosphere. Just before I walked to the museum, an elderly gentleman stopped me "Miss, excuse me Miss, have you seen the Survivor Tree?" He went on to explain how a severely damaged Callery Pear tree was found at Ground Zero, badly burned and damaged. The tree was taken to the New York City Department of Parks and Recreation and now sits near the waterfall of the South Tower. The gentleman told me how the tree was a symbol of hope. Was there a tear in my eye? Most definitely.





The Statue of Liberty was also on my 'to do' list. I was sadly disappointed in the official trip to see her. There were long queues; both to get through security and to board the boat. I'd gone along a little later in the day, the tours were fully booked and I was unable to get the photos that I wanted, with everybody jostling for the same shot. Instead, I decided that I would try my luck with the New York Water Taxi (a hop on/hop off sightseeing boat tour) and booked it for the last journey of the day. I had a little more than two hours to pass until departure from Pier 83 so I wandered around and down one of the little side streets I found a lively Irish pub. Everybody was incredibly friendly and the Guinness and meatballs were just right. I set off to the pier and got a good spot on the boat which was quiet at that time of day. The guide gave me a friendly reminder that this was the last trip of the day, and once I was off, there was no getting back on.

We set off at twilight and everything looked wonderful – the Manhattan skyline was vibrant, the Brooklyn Bridge looked magnificent and the sun was setting beautifully behind the Statue of Liberty, it was a breath-taking sight.

When planning my trip, I knew I had to visit the Empire State Building for the views, the architecture and the ambiance, and I was not disappointed – it was magnificent. What I hadn't factored in was that I'd have the chance to visit 'Top of the Rock', the observation tower at the top of the Rockefeller Center, I didn't realise that the NYC pass granted me access to the guided tour of the artwork – if you can only go to one or the other, I'd recommend the tour of the artwork at the Rockefeller Center, some is inside the building, some is outside, all of it is incredible, there's a lot of history there. And of course, the view from the Top of the Rock grants you one of the best views of the Empire State Building.



- and yet, so much still to do ...

I did more, far too much to cover here, from standing in Times Square at dusk, having a cheeky cupcake from Carlo's Bakery (a friend who is a big fan of the TV show 'Cake Boss' recommended it), seeing the Fearless Girl and the Raging Bull Statues on Wall Street to the underground tour of the New York Catacombs. I'd like to walk The High Line, visit Grand Central Station, admire Central Park, catch a show on Broadway, and as a self-confessed addict to the history that surrounds boat graveyards, I need to make my way to Staten Island to see if I can catch a glimpse of it from land, although my best chance would probably be to utilise a 'Hidden Harbour' boat tour.



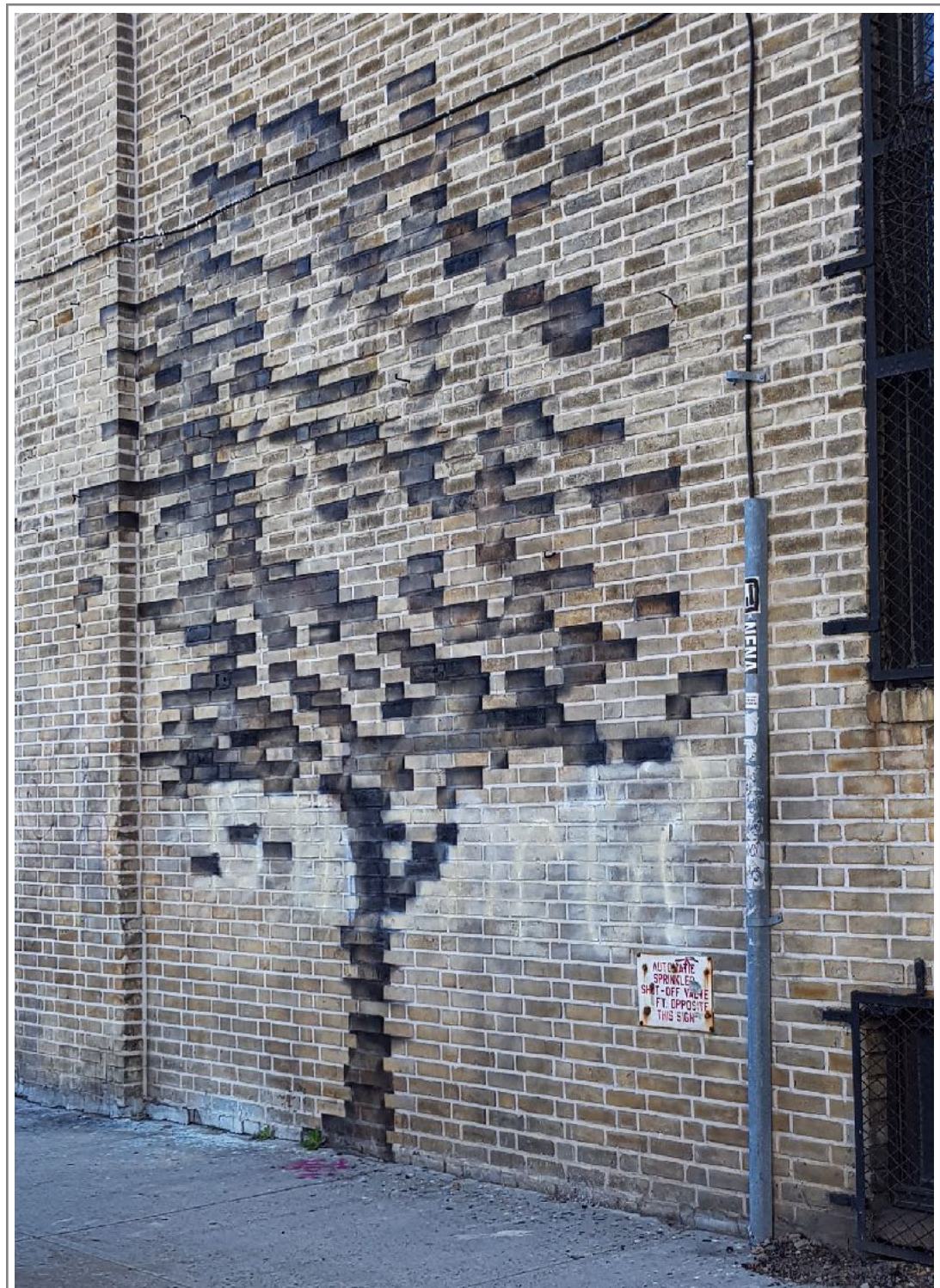
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Street Art, NY Style

When I was doing my research into things to do in NYC, I came across a few images of the *Bushwick Collective*, in Brooklyn. This is a series of street art over several streets. What I should have done is book a walking tour, because despite spending a morning there, I still felt as though I'd missed a few streets. The art work there is absolutely amazing – my favourite is that of a 3D tree, made by blacking out several bricks, from a distance it looks as though the bricks are missing, instead it's just very clever shading, but there are so many to choose from, some colourful and bold, some fun, some more sombre, some memorials to people who have passed. All have been created with a great deal of thought and talent.



I gathered my belongings and took the subway to JFK airport, the friendliness of the New Yorkers evident right to the end, one elderly lady took great pains to point out that I shouldn't get a certain train because it wouldn't take me all the way to the airport, and then a young man, no older than late teens, insisted I took his seat (Maybe I look older than I think!) As the plane taxied to the end of the runway, before taking off and affording me my last glimpse of this wonderful State, my final thoughts were, "I'll definitely come and visit you again"

... And no, I never did get the internet sorted!!"

Words and Photographs by Clare Trewick, 2020



Next Month's Showcase Feature

T R A N S P O R T

Don't miss your opportunity to have a favourite transport photograph included in August's Newsletter.

Submit your photos (and stories) to the Editor,

at newsletter@northfylde-ps.co.uk or blaze.5840@gmail.com

Make sure you submit them before 10th August to guarantee inclusion.

The Past in Black and White

Words and Photographs by Dave Bibby

Last month I told the story of how I got to grips with scanning some (ie. *lots of*) old black & white negatives. Well, perhaps unwisely, Alison asked me if I could carry the story forward and perhaps share some of the results with you, so here they are.

After a couple of years as a member of the Photo Soc. at Norcross I decided to try my hand at black & white. Two things helped: 1) other members of the society were only too keen to pass on their knowledge, and 2) we had a fully-equipped darkroom on site at Norcross, a real benefit to society members.

My early photography concentrated on landscapes. I started climbing mountains seriously in the 1975 and I saw some wonderful sights which I thought I ought to record for posterity. My first “proper” camera was an Olympus OM1n which was ideal for the job being light, relatively small (compared to Cannons!) and with a built-in light meter. Best of all, it was fully manual so could continue taking photographs even with a dead battery.

I soon discovered that “bad” weather was often the catalyst for good photography, so as soon as the winter snows came I was off with my camera. The photograph of Grisedale Tarn illustrates this well, although being a lone walker meant that a judge’s comments were mainly around lacking scale and needing a figure.

G r i s e d a l e T a r n



K i n d e r i n W i n t e r



A favourite area of mine is Kinder Scout in Derbyshire and on one memorable camping (!! weekend in temperatures that never rose above freezing I had one of the most memorable days ever. I was fortunate that when I took the picture of the view from Kinder Downfall there were a couple of other walkers who fortuitously stopped in just the right place.

S c h o e y i n A c t i o n



T e x t u r e



M o r n i n g P a p e r s



As I've mentioned many times before, my main 'tor' (mentor) was Graham Schofield. Myself and Graham used to go off all over the place at weekends to take photographs. One thing Graham taught me is that to get better photographs sometimes means going the extra mile, or in this case the extra few feet out into Coniston Water, to get a photo.

'Texture'. I was quite proud of this photograph at the time. B&W is great for portraying texture and this photograph of a hook and chain is a pure photographer's shot – who else would even look at it? The best thing was that Schoey was with me at the time and didn't even notice it. Ha ha.

I've never got into studio photography, but I do enjoy photographing people, especially candid like this old newspaper seller at Newcastle Central Station back in 1982. The yawn is pure luck!

K a r e n i n P a r i s



While on the subject of people, photography is all about memories and on one memorable trip to Paris after nearly 24 hours on a coach we arrived at the Trocadero just in time to see the sunrise. Magic! Also, I thought I should include a picture of Karen in this story....

*Those who know me well will wonder why there are no railway photographs included above. Spoiler alert – next month you will be in luck. *You have been warned.*

SHOW CASE

Standard Advice for setting up your camera to shoot decent fireworks photographs is pretty straightforward:

The *photography students' course book** advises:

- Use a tripod
- Set ISO to 400
- Aperture to f/16
- Set shutter on 'bulb' setting

which the *Nikon Website** further refines, adding:

- Use a wireless remote trigger/cable release
- Turn on long exposure noise reduction
- Try ISO at 200, aperture at f/11
- Turn off autofocus, manually focus at infinity
- Shoot the highest size/quality file you can





Image, Peter Slater

*Sources:

Barbara London and John Upton, *Photography (fifth edition)*,
Harper Collins, NY. (1994), p.102

Nikon Website (c 2020 Nikon Inc), featuring Lindsay
Silverman, *Taking Pictures of Fireworks*, 12/7/20 [https://
nikonusa.com/en/learn-and-explore/a/tips-and-techniques/
taking-pictures-of-fireworks.html](https://nikonusa.com/en/learn-and-explore/a/tips-and-techniques/taking-pictures-of-fireworks.html)





This image, Peter Slater:

Aperture f/8

Speed 2-4 seconds

ISO 400

Linsay Silverman's Card Trick for Maximum Camera Steadiness

- "I set my camera on the tripod, on bulb setting and hold a black piece of cardboard, about 4 inches square, in front of the lens. I open the shutter using the cable release, wait about five seconds and then move the card away from the front of the lens...when the card is taken away, the exposure starts, and when I decide the exposure is done, I move the card back in front of the lens, hold it there and close the shutter with the release." (Source: *Nikon Website*, as before)



Peter Slater, *New Year's Eve*

Aperture f/11

Speed 2 -4 seconds

ISO 800





Rachel Wilson, *Fireworks over North Pier*

Framing the action from further away can bag you a beautiful panorama, as here Rachel captures the crowd scene and atmosphere of a fireworks display.







Bob Sapey, *Fireworks in Garstang*, 2014

'Post shoot' editing. Bob Sapey offers this tip on what to do once you have a few precious pictures:

"I took lots of long exposure photos using the bulb setting on my camera and a wide angle lens from a position below the firework display. I used colour select in Photoshop to extract the fireworks and pasted them onto a silhouette background I had created."

Alison Bonner, *Dance Moves*, 2019

This and the following image are the result of ignoring all the good advice to use a tripod and are taken with the camera hand-held instead.

I favour the hand-held over the tripod where fireworks are concerned, as the naturally occurring camera shake makes the fireworks resemble flowers, or fabric and other natural forms.

Contrary to my usual practice, neither image has had any form of editing in Photoshop™ performed on it.

This image:

Aperture: f/14

Speed: 1 second

ISO: 400

Image next page:

Aperture f/14

Speed 2 seconds

ISO 400







Alison Bonner, *Firegarden: Strange Blossom*, 2019

