President’s Message…. Elaine Amenta

In my last piece (you did read it, right?) I was just about to leave for a trip to the vineyards of California. Well, now I am back and I want to talk about something that occurred whilst I was away. The two people I spent my vacation with are not photographers. In fact, one of them does not even carry a Smartphone with a camera. She stated, “Elaine takes enough photos for all of us”. So here I am, trying to capture every perfect sunset and every beautiful wave that crashed on sandy beaches and the other two went wandering off to witness yet another perfect view. At what point do we STOP being photographers and just become tourists taking snapshots? Sometimes it is just about enjoying the scenery. I have 394 photos to process; this is after I have deleted over 250 because of bad timing or imperfect lighting. Next time I am just taking my Smartphone!

Another subject that has me thinking: a new executive! Yes folks, it is time to start thinking about giving back to NPC. Giving back to this wonderful club that holds FANTASTIC workshops and invites EXCEPTIONAL speakers and takes you on EXCITING outings. A few of the executive members will be finishing their terms this year (June 2014) and we will have positions to fill. We look forward to reaching our goals for this year and passing the baton to the next team. What are those goals? Well, the designing of a logo is important and we are working on that. Also, having some incredible speakers come out to our meetings. Alasdair Gillespie is our Program chair and he is a Rocket Man when it comes to booking speakers! Some photos from my trip are displayed below. My husband and my best friend are nowhere to be seen in these shots. They were onto the next vineyard!
Howard Goodfellow !!!

Place of birth: Northumberland county - grew up on a family dairy farm.

Occupation: Professional Engineer - consulting and technology developer in the air pollution control field. Professor Emeritus University of Toronto, Dept of Chemical Engineering. Co-supervisor of five graduate students. Director of Strategic Planning for Tenova Goodfellow Inc

Places I have travelled: more than 50 countries on business. I always had a camera with me but never enough time to capture all the pictures that I wanted.

Recent travels with my wife for pleasure include South Africa, Mexico, Europe, Australia, Japan, Finland, Machu Picchu, and the Galapagos Islands. Mediterranean, Caribbean and Alaskan cruises as well.

What are some of your favorite hobbies or pastimes?
Collecting primitive pine furniture, old tools, first editions of Stephen Leacock.
When/how did you develop an interest in photography? I attended a Nikon School of photography more than 30 years ago and purchased my first 35mm Nikormat camera. This rekindled my interest. When we moved to Cobourg 5 years ago I joined the Northumberland Photography Club.

Howard Goodfellow.....

I have enjoyed attending workshops of Richard Martin(2), Freeman Patterson, Mary Talbot and guest lecturers as well as club workshops.

When/Where do you do most of your image capturing? Mostly on my travels, throughout Northumberland county and at our cottage at Mazinaw Lake, Bon Echo Park.

What camera equipment do you usually use? Two Nikons. A D50 and a D90 with my favorite lens, the telephoto 70-300mm and a new macro lens, the 105mm f/2.8.
Howard Goodfellow: Featured Photographer!!

What are some of your favorite subjects or topics? Nature, architecture, landscapes, and lots of family fun pictures of our five grandchildren!

Can you share with us an amusing story somehow related to your photographic adventures?

Several years ago I spent about a week travelling through different parts of Norway on business, taking lots of pictures with my 35mm film camera as I travelled. When I was at the airport waiting to catch my flight back to Toronto, I saw this photo opportunity of an unusual looking plane that had just landed. I took out my camera and started taking pictures with my telephoto lens. Soon after, I was arrested at the airport by two security guards and escorted to a small room for about an hour of questioning. They wanted to know why I was so interested in taking detailed pictures of a new, sophisticated military plane that the country had just purchased. I had to hand over all of my five exposed rolls of film of Norway plus the film in my camera. I was then able to catch my flight. Lesson learned: DO NOT TAKE PHOTOS OF MILITARY PLANES IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY!!! I have never seen my pictures of Norway!!!
I first met Freeman Patterson while sitting at my desk at Northumberland CAS. I looked up one day and saw for the first time that the image that had been staring back at me for several years was indeed Freeman’s. It said so in big letters along the bottom edge of the poster. I had not seen the details, only the ship on the horizon and the wave rolling up on the shore.

So began my journey in “seeing” that has been guided over nearly a decade and across four continents by one of Canada’s most renowned photographers. I have changed because I met this inspired and compassionate man. To show my gratitude and respect, I headed off to Fredericton and St John, New Brunswick, in early October of this year, to be present at a Gala Tribute being held by the Beaverbrook Gallery.

A friend and I drove through Quebec to the Maritimes and managed to get lost several times but not without much laughter. In Fredericton, we visited the Beaverbrook Gallery to see a retrospective show of Freeman’s work that opened on Saturday Sept 29th. It will be at the Gallery until Jan 2014.

Those of you who were fortunate enough to see Freeman’s work at the Art Gallery of Northumberland in 2007, will appreciate how compelling his contribution to the world of photography really is. This new exhibit at the Beaverbrook shares over one hundred images from many parts of the world. Their vision takes my breath away. Their story is filled with compassion, insight, beauty and engagement with creation.
Bjn photography......

Walking the galleries took me to a place that I am often oblivious too, a place that sheds light on darkness and spreads joy through its exposure to the light. I am changed when I have the opportunity to see anew and Freeman’s work brings me to that place.

On leaving Fredericton, I wove my way along the Trans Canada Highway through the autumn colors ever vigilant that a moose could emerge from the bush at any moment. I reached the exit for the ferry to the Kingston Peninsula and found my way to Shampers Bluff Road.

Freeman had invited me to attend an open house at his home at Shampers Bluff on Oct 2nd. Shampers is the location for many of his workshops. From the deck of his home, which is on a hill overlooking the St John River, your eye is led down the trails in the front fields to the river. On that day, oranges, and golds and tawny browns melted together and stood in contrast to the river’s deep blue. The sun shone, the guests mingled and walked through acres of azaleas and rhododendrons that Freeman and his helper, Joann, had planted. The ferns were golden in the bog and the roots of the cedars looked like tangled webs along the paths. This place is tranquil and beautiful. It stirs something deep inside, something that is important to the creative process.

That night I stayed in St John. The harbour area is a bustling place that is reached through a warren of streets that all seemed to be under construction. I had found accommodations in the heart of things so I would be near the Trade and Convention Centre for the tribute dinner.
planned for the next evening. On Thursday Oct 3, 2013, the Beaverbrook hosted a Gala Tribute to honor Freeman’s life work. Four hundred people showed their respect for this artist’s many contributions. New Brunswick’s society rubbed shoulders with ordinary folks from around the world who recognized the importance of this man.

As the speeches gave way to a silent auction, I found myself thinking that this felt like a retirement party but the life work of the key player was the ground for the persona of the central actor. It was Freeman, the person, as much as Freeman, the artist, that we had gathered to honor. His words and his images were projected on three giant screens but his presence filled the room.

As the evening drew to a close, guests picked up copies of Freeman’s new book, Embracing Creation, which contains most of the images from the Beaverbrook Exhibit and much of what was said at the gala. (This latest publication and other works by Freeman are available through www.freemanpatterson.com.)

I have studied the work of many photographers and have taken courses and travelled extensively with some. I highly recommend the work of Freeman Patterson to all who are striving to see the world more clearly. Your eyes will be opened. Your artistic representations will be influenced and your heart will sing.
Northward Bound !!!

Text and photos submitted by Brian Hart.

Northward Bound

As a young person I had an insatiable hunger for books about the early explorers of Canada, especially those who ventured to the west and north. The journeys of the likes of David Thompson, Alexander Mackenzie and Samuel Hearne were amazing feats of courage and endurance and the land they “discovered” seemed so exotic and mystical. It became an item on my bucket list that one day I (we, meaning Joanne and I) would be able to venture north and experience that country first hand.

In 1999 we made our first venture in that direction by driving to Yellowknife to visit friends who lived there and it was at that time we started to contemplate a trip up the Dempster Highway to Inuvik. Fourteen years later that finally came to fruition. Plans came together around three couples in two vehicles rendezvousing in Edmonton and heading north. The business of making reservations began in January and had to be completed well ahead of the trip because hotels are in scarce supply in Yukon and NWT.

On July 27, the trip got underway by making a six day trek to Edmonton via Sault St. Marie, Thunder Bay, Winnipeg and then the Yellowhead route to Battleford and Edmonton. Along the way we did some family history exploration in St. Lazare, Manitoba at the confluence of the Assiniboine and Qu’Appelle Rivers. Finding the tiny graveyard in Section 25 Township 17 Range 28 Meridian W1 (not easy for an Ontarian) took us onto the prairie side roads and opened up the skies and landscape to where we could stand in magical swatches of blue sky and golden canola.

There is never enough time to take photos! The prairie was so enticing. The sloughs were full of water, the canola was ripe and vivid, the skies filled with growing cumulus clouds throughout the day and the land rolled gently from horizon to horizon. I didn’t regret the investment in a polarizer and a graduated neutral density filter to capture these scenes. The prairie wind is always an issue. If it is not buffeting the camera it is whipping the grain around so there has to be a compromise in exposure settings.

Another side trip fulfilled a long time desire to see Batoche, the National Historic Site north of Saskatoon related to the Riel Rebellion.
It was a thrill to see the church with the bell that was recently recovered from the Legion in Millbrook.

(Image #3) Church at Batoche National Historic site with bell restored.

In Edmonton we met up with our fellow travelers, one couple who had flown from Ontario and another who had driven from their home in La Paz, Baja, Mexico, formerly from Yellowknife. Our first destination was Fort St. John, British Columbia, a few kilometers past Dawson Creek which marks the start of the Alaska Highway. It was an eye-opener that a four lane divided highway existed to Grande Prairie and that it was full of traffic, mostly trucks and heavy industrial equipment moving north to feed the new fracking sites. The Peace River carves an impressive broad valley through the landscape at Fort St. John.

(Images #4 & 5) The Peace River Valley near Fort St. John, B. C.

Teslin Lake between Watson Lake and Whitehorse

We were now travelling the Alaska Highway which was completed in 1942 in an amazing feat of effort by the United States Army during WWII. The road stretches 2200 km. from Dawson Creek, B.C. north to Whitehorse and on to Fairbanks, Alaska.

Over the years the route has been straightened and improved and it has evolved from gravel to being fully paved. It is a first class road that is now safe to drive and there are enough stops along the way that food and fuel are always within reasonable reach. It was a surprise to experience so little traffic on the road. It appeared that the long lines of RVs and campers talked about so much in the travel books must have been a June and July phenomenon and that we were to enjoy a more open road in August. A day’s trip was determined by where accommodation was available and not necessarily on how far you could drive in a day. The reasonable distances between Fort St. John, Fort Nelson, Watson Lake and Whitehorse meant that there was plenty of time for stops to take in the scenery and wildlife.

(Images #6, 7, 8) One of many rivers and lakes along the Alaska highway; Along the Alaska highway on a section under repair; one of many bison seen along the Alaska highway.
Whitehorse, the capital city of Yukon, proved to be a modern and vibrant community situated on the Yukon River, transfixing as it raced by at breakneck speed! The food was great at Whitehorse, the museums interesting and the people friendly. Leaving the Alaska Highway, we proceeded north on the Klondike Highway to Dawson City. The feeling of being “in the north” was really settling in as we got deeper and deeper into the Gold Rush country. The familiar names were coming fast and furiously; Carcross, Lake Labarge, Carmacks, Bonanza Creek and the spirit of Sam McGee. Our arrival in Dawson City gave us the feeling that we had accomplished the first major milestone in our journey.

(Images#9 & 10) Dawson City at the confluence of the Yukon and Klondike rivers as seen from the Midnight Dome: The only building style in Dawson City. Note the plank sidewalk because of permafrost.

(Image #11) Cariboo along the Dempster Highway.

After a few days of soaking up the sourdough spirit we hit the road again heading north on the Dempster Highway. This is a gravel road that construction started on in earnest in 1979 to service the north and reinforce Canadian sovereignty in light of the American oil developments on Prudhoe Bay in the Beaufort Sea. Throughout its 736km. length it is raised about six feet above grade on a gravel berm to insulate the road surface from the underlying permafrost. The granular shale material has the unfortunate ability to cut tires to ribbons and over the years it has been topped with a more forgiving gravel. Unfortunately, the probability is still there that you could get a flat so it does create some anxiety. Tombstone Territorial Park, located on the lower section of the road, provided majestic sweeping mountain scenery to inspire us and intrigue us as to what would follow. The further north we travelled the trees became thinner and smaller as we witnessed the transition from taiga to regions of tundra. Apart from trying to absorb the scenery we were also continually scanning for wildlife. It took a keen eye to pick up caribou in the distance and in many cases I needed a much longer lens than I had available to produce an interesting image. Besides caribou we also saw foxes, black bears and grizzlies.

<< (12) Rainclouds over the Tombstone Mountains.

(13) The winding open road of the Dempster Highway >>
Half way along the Dempster is Eagle Plains, the only safe haven along the Dempster providing accommodation and services. Primarily built as a safety stop for truckers in winter, it is also a perfect spot for tourists to stop over and make it a two day trip to Inuvik. The scenery here was spectacular and the very low sun on the horizon combined with forest fire smoke in the air to create a soft red backdrop to the mountain ranges that seemed to stretch to infinity.

(Images #14 & 15) Evening sun along the Dempster Highway. Wilderness through the haze.

Just north of Eagle Plains we crossed the Arctic Circle and celebrated with a bottle of Champagne and feasted on the blueberries underfoot! Beautiful scenery followed all the way to Fort McPherson where we took a ferry across the Peel River. A little further on there was a bigger ferry crossing at Tsiigehtchic where the mighty Mackenzie River meets the Arctic Red River. Getting from there to Inuvik was just a matter of putting our heads down and keeping on the road. The land was flat and tree covered and nothing could be seen past the right-of-way but the effort was worth it as we finally arrived in Inuvik. The town is situated on the eastern side of the Mackenzie Delta and is a supply depot for much of the far north. As the Northwest Passage opens up it may play an increasingly important role in trade and defense. Water and sewage services are all run above ground in heated ducts to protect the permafrost. This makes the appearance of the town totally different from anything we are accustomed to in the south. Buildings are either raised above the ground or are built on pads that are specifically designed to prevent heat from being transmitted into the ground. It is also in the land of the midnight sun. A group of young people were playing baseball behind the hotel at 1:00 a.m. – without lights! Overcast weather and a low ceiling prevented any possibility of taking a flight over the delta to Tuktoyaktuk. (Image #16)Fireweed and a view of the taiga. (See bottom right) On returning to Dawson City we enjoyed a few days without driving and took the time to explore more of the town including a trip to the Midnight Dome for a magnificent overview of the town. There was a lot of activity and the town was full of people to participate in their Discovery Days celebrations. Following our break we then set out on the Top Of The World Highway that runs directly west to the Alaska border. The word spectacular cannot be used enough to describe the scenery along this 100km. stretch of road. It follows the mountain ridges in a way that the land falls off on both sides of the road providing amazing views everywhere you look.
When we set out, the clouds were low and dropping into the valleys creating mystical scenes. The boundary crossing into the U.S.A. was, needless to say, a lot less formal than what we are familiar with along our border to the south! (Images 17, 18. Above the clouds on the Top Of The World Highway; View Along The Top Of The World Highway, Roadway On Left) The Taylor Highway took us south to reconnect with the Alaska Highway at Tetlin Junction. From there we, in a sense, turned for home heading back to the Canadian Border at Beaver Creek where we stayed for the night. The next day took us on a journey parallel to the Kluane Wildlife Sanctuary and Kluane National Park and Reserve. Unfortunately we were not blessed with good weather. Rain and low clouds obscured the magnificent high peaks of the Saint Elias Mountains; however, the views that did open up around Kluane Lake made the day worthwhile. The mountain tips that we did spy from Haines Junction gave an indication of what must have been absolutely spectacular but in the long run we considered ourselves lucky that this was the first day the weather had negatively impacted us. (Above Images 19, 20. Abandoned Floating Dredge At Chicken, Alaska; Simply Majestic) At Whitehorse we diverted to Carcross, a touristy town at the terminus of the White Star Railway that runs from Skagway on the coast. This rail line roughly parallels the Chilkoot Trail that was made famous during the gold rush days. Each miner was required to transport a ton of supplies up the pass to ensure survival for at least a year in the wilds. (Images 21, 22. Mystical Mountain Scenery Along The Alaska Highway; Spirit Lake Near Carcross, Yukon.)

From there it was a matter of retracing our steps to Edmonton and then on to home. Overcast skies and the loss of flowers on the canola gave the prairie a completely different and less attractive face than it bore on our outward journey. We were on the road for a month and travelled 15,000 km in the process and managed to keep on schedule so as not to cause complications with our pre-arranged accommodations. We were exhausted but it was worth all the effort in that we fulfilled a dream that we never really expected to come true. Now, the hard part of sorting out all the images begins! Also, the winter clothes never got unpacked during the trip as the temperature stayed in the 20’s the whole way!
Upcoming events, for sale items, Websites, Workshops, Anything of Interest to Our Members!!!

1. **For Sale 😊 Hoya Pro1 Digital Filters:**
   - circular polarizing 72 originally $130 + tx, NOW $60
   - UV 67 originally $70 + tx, NOW $30
   Call Patricia Calder 905-355-3005

2. **Notice:** The location for the NPC November 4th meeting has been changed from the Pine Academy to the Capitol Theatre at 20 Queen Street, Port Hope. It is just south of Walton Street, on the west side of Queen Street.

3. **A Message from librarian Dawn Knudsen:** “Our club library will be open for business in January. We are in need of photography magazines, books, CDs and DVDs. Please bring donations to me at the library table before the meeting starts and I will record their titles. Members may borrow these items for a month until the next meeting. During the break, members may write their names, signatures and the titles of the items they wish to borrow on the sign-out sheet. There will be a separate table for magazines as they will be ‘freebies’.”

4. **Theme Challenges for January 2014 to September 2014**
   - **January** - Ice, Snow, & Away We Go; **February** – Bridges; **March** - Give Us a Smile; **April** - Fog, Mist, or Haze!; **May** - Funny or Not!; **June** - Down By The Water; **July** - Macro Mania; **August** - Up in the Sky; **September** - Abstract

Juan de Fuca Trail  Long Beach, Vancouver Island
Photos submitted by Dawn Knudsen
Walking along the aisles in one of our local stores, the other day, I was surprised to see both Hallowe’en and Christmas decorations vying for shoppers’ attention. From Hades to Heaven, I thought, not sure which side of the aisles I should be on. Soon after, I found myself contemplating my Santa Wish List, figuring it might be wise to beat the crowd and get it in early. In previous years I have delayed doing this, thinking: I have been good, Santa will look after me, only to be left feeling, later on, that maybe I could have been better or perhaps the old boy got me confused with someone else. Better to be safe than sorry!

Dear Santa, I have been such a very good boy this year (ask anyone) and would like the following:

1. A large bottle of Australian Shiraz wine
2. Someone to look after refreshments at our photography club meetings
3. The Pine Academy to get its plumbing problems fixed so we can return to holding our meetings there
4. Five of our members to volunteer to take on executive positions next May
5. A generally agreed upon venue for our Christmas Dinner next year
6. Some judges who can get their act together for next year’s CLIC Eastern Ontario Show ‘n Sale
7. A “How To” guide to help some of our members get accepted at the CLIC East. ON. Show ‘n Sale
8. Some booklets on the advantages of upgrading for members who only use ‘Point ‘n Shooters’
9. Some suggestions on how to tolerate comments from those members who only use ‘Point ‘n Shooters’
10. More members to submit photographs and other materials to our incredibly wonderful newsletter
11. A long sought after piece of equipment that only a close relative knows about
12. More members willing to be the monthly Featured Photographer in our newsletter

Furthermore, Santa, if sagging economic conditions, or other considerations, are pressuring you to leave me with just one of these twelve items, the large bottle of Australian Shiraz will do just fine!

Next meeting, 4 November, 2013 at the Capitol Theatre, Queen Street. And many thanks to those who submitted photographs and other materials for this edition of our newsletter. Your names have already been passed on to Santa!