

# ***The View finder***

Newsletter of the Pikes Peak Camera Club

Member of the Photographic Society of America (PSA)

Volume 20-12 December 2008



"Past Presidents"  
Pikes Peak Camera Club



## December 2008 Events

### Meeting/Competition

**Where:** Living Springs Worship Center  
604 Manitou Blvd.  
Colorado Springs, CO

**When:** 6:00 PM  
Tuesday, December 2, 2008

**Competition Subject:** *Annual Salon*

### December Meeting Agenda

The annual Salon dinner will be held beginning at 6:00 pm. Anyone willing to help set-up, please arrive by 5:30.

### Board Meeting/Travelogue/Workshop

There will be no club activities (travelogue, workshop or board meeting) other than the Salon in December.



"Sandhill Crane in Flight"  
T.W. Woodruff

## Snazzy New Camera

by member Bob Deffeyes

Why can't folks learn NOT to buy a fancy new camera just before leaving for a trip of a lifetime?

Back in 1950, my buddy, George, used an Argus C3 and was very skilled with it. His family was going to drive the Alcan Highway starting in Casper, Wyoming, to Alaska and back. WOW. What a trip! George took his C3 and his dad bought a new three-turret movie camera for the trip. The lenses boasted an all-new technology anti-glare coating. Off they went. Well, on the way to Montana, the shutter spring in the C3 broke. Although the camera seemed to be operating the shutter never opened for the rest of the trip. However, dad with the new high tech movie camera had no such problem. The shutter worked perfectly. The problem was that the lenses came with mirror polished stainless steel lens caps. Dad thought that the mirror finish was the new anti-glare coating. He took all his movies with the lens caps on! George's little sister with a baby Brownie got great pictures, but you probably didn't want to hear that.

In 1979, our company held a meeting of our European distributors. We took along an industrial psychologist to interview the distributors. She was very excited about the trip, as she had never been out of the country. Her office building had a camera shop and as she left for the airport, she bought a snazzy new camera for the trip. On the flight over, she read the instruction manual. As we arrived in Geneva for the meeting, she hit the ground burning film. Our Swiss distributor took us all to lunch in Ivorie, France, using his magnificent boat to drive us across Lake Geneva. It was a great day and the lake was beautiful. Halfway across the lake our psychologist went psycho. She took the 36th picture on the roll, rewound and opened the camera back. OOOPS. She did not understand the rewind procedure and there was her roll of exposed film basking in bright sunlight.

Rotary International has a program where half a dozen young non-Rotarian business people go to a foreign country for about six weeks at Rotary's expense! We hosted a team from Brazil. Their visit was in the glory days of film cameras. Remember film? Film was that funny stuff rolled up in a little metal box. One Brazilian bought a used camera in a hockshop the day before he left Brazil. He took LOTS of pictures in southern Colorado for five weeks. Then I had the pleasant duty of driving with them to the top of Pikes Peak. We stopped along the way for photos and he wanted to use my tripod. Go ahead, but WHY. He had a 50mm lens and knew not to handhold the camera at speeds slower than 1/50 second. But he was using ISO 400 film at f:2.8 in bright sunlight. OOOPS. The hockshop battery was dead. We got a new battery, the camera then read f:16 at 1/400 second in sunlight. However there was not much you could do with his five weeks of exposed film.

Now a story about someone who tried to do things right. A lady in Fort Worth, TX, was going on a trip of a lifetime. She went to a camera store and told them that she wanted the very best camera and cost was no object. They sold her a really snazzy new camera and signed her up for a photo class at the local junior college. The camera did everything you could imagine, but it was just too complex for her to learn to run in the few weeks before she left.

So the snazzy new cameras are great, but they aren't for everyone, particularly not for those who are going on a trip of a lifetime.

## Winner Gallery

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"Milkweed"

Bob Card

"The Flowers in the  
Fields Appear"

Bob Deffeyes



"Cows & Windmills"

Bruce du Fresne



## Winner Gallery

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"Wind Power"

Jerry Moldenhauer



"Wire, Drops, Windmill"

Bruce du Fresne

## Miscellaneous

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### **Monthly Competition Rules**

Please refer to the yearbook for rules regarding the monthly competition for prints and slides.

### **Projected Digital Image File Requirements**

JPG format  
Max size - 500 kb/longest side 1024px  
Colorspace - sRGB  
Compression - 72dpi/7-10 quality  
Naming structure - 08\_01\_Open(or subject)\_Title\_YourName  
Questions? Contact Tim Starr (719-683-4347)  
timstarr@falconbroadband.net

### **From the editor**

All members are welcome to submit content for the newsletter. I try to get the newsletter published a few days prior to the monthly meeting. If you have something to contribute, please let me know at least one week (more if possible) prior to the monthly meeting.

### **Winners and Field Trip Galleries**

Currently the majority (if not all) of the images in the "Gallery" section of the newsletter are the digital and/or slide winners from the previous month's competition.

If you'd like to see your print competition winner printed in the newsletter, just send me an electronic version. Of course, prints made from digital images are easy. Just send me the file at (preferably) 240-300 dpi. Prints made from negatives will just need to be scanned and then sent to me. Again, 240-300 dpi will work nicely. This also applies to field trip images. Feel free to submit anything you like.

deb

## 2009 Competition Subjects

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### **January**

***Curves*** - Scene containing at least one curve

### **February**

***Shades of Gray*** - An image depicting shades of gray

### **March**

***Bovine*** - An image containing anything related to bovines (cows or oxen)

### **April**

***PSA/Spring Scavenger Hunt*** - Subjects to be announced

### **May**

***Walking the Dog*** - Image containing any scene related to walking a dog

### **June**

***Cute*** - Anything you deem as cute

### **July**

***Outhouses*** - Scene containing at least one outhouse

### **August**

***Flowering Trees*** - Scene containing any part of a flowering tree

### **September**

***Florissant Fossil Beds National Monument*** - Any image depicting a scene at the monument

### **October**

***Fall Scavenger Hunt*** - Subjects on previous page

### **November**

***At the Farmer's Market*** - An image containing anything relating to a farmer's market

### **December**

***Salon*** - Subjects to be announced later in the year

## Winner Gallery

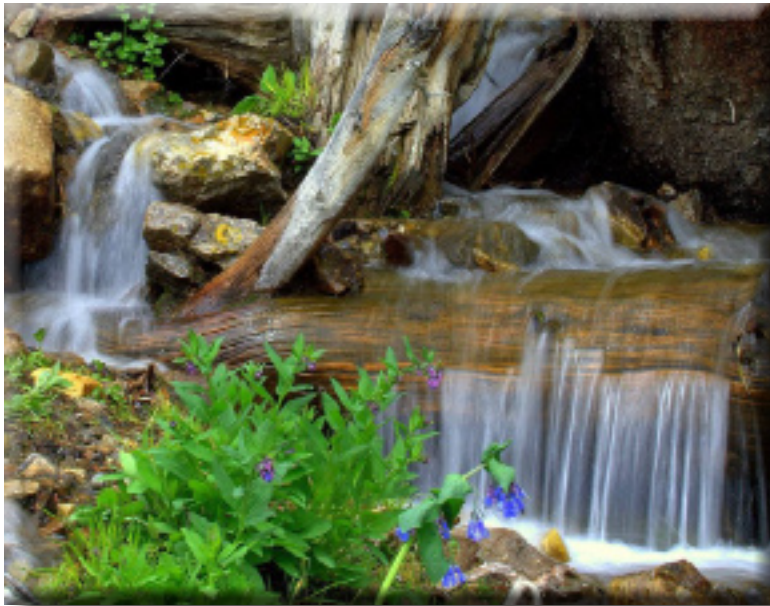
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"Facing Wind"  
Andy de Naray



"Fallen Leaf"  
Bill Holm



"Flowing Water"  
Bill Holm

## Winner Gallery

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"Cathedral Rock & Footbridge"  
Bruce du Fresne



"Dallas Divide"  
Tom Moldenhauer

## Print Competition thru November 2008

Entrants	Subject	Maker Made		Commercial		Total	
		Current Month	YTD	Current Month	YTD	Current Month	YTD
Boone	Ramona	0	17	0	22	0	39
Card	Bob	18	64	0	51	36	115
Card	Marjorie	0	48	0	75	15	123
Deffeyes	Bob	15	15	13	13	28	28
James	Deb	12	159	15	165	27	324
Lloyd	Bill	0	59	22	95	22	154
Meisenheimer	Carol	0	30	0	34	0	64
Meisenheimer	David	0	31	0	35	0	66
Saj	Andrew	0	103	20	140	20	243
Snow	Dick	0	0	0	7	0	7
Stanley	Bill	14	148	0	0	17	146
Steinhauer	Rita	18	143	0	0	19	157
Starr	Tim	0	19	0	14	0	33
Stewart	William	0	50	0	139	0	189
Swanson	Al	0	14	0	16	0	30
Van Namee	Jim	0	7	0	0	0	7
Vignone	Jacqueline	0	115	0	0	0	115

## Slide Competition thru November 2008

Entrants	Subject	Open		Total	
		Current Month	YTD	Current Month	YTD
Cellini	Beverly	12	119	14	136
de Naray	Andy	19	153	14	142
Meisenheimer	Carol	0	35	0	40
Meisenheimer	David	0	32	0	33
Moldenhauer	Jerry	17	148	17	156
Moldenhauer	Tom	0	99	22	144
Starr	Tim	0	14	0	14
Stewart	William	13	156	17	160
Swanger	Spencer	0	53	0	61
Woodruff	T.W.	0	51	0	15

### PRINT

#### Subject: Windmills

##### Awards:

Kansas Farm by Rita Steinhauer

##### Honorable Mentions:

The Twins by Bob Card

#### Open Commercial

##### Award

Bulgarian Tomatoes by Rita Steinhauer

##### Honorable Mention

Missouri River Bridge by Bill Stanley

#### Open Maker Made

##### Award

Gettysberg Barn by Bill Lloyd

What's Up? by Andrew Saj

##### Honorable Mention

Marvelous Milk Weed by Bob Card

Monticello by Bill Lloyd

### SLIDE

#### Subject: Windmills

##### Awards:

Facing Wind by Andy de Naray

##### Honorable Mentions:

Wind Power by Jerry Moldenhauer

#### Open

##### Awards:

Dallas Divide by Tom Moldenhauer

##### Honorable Mentions:

Mount Rainier by Tom Moldenhauer

## Winner Gallery

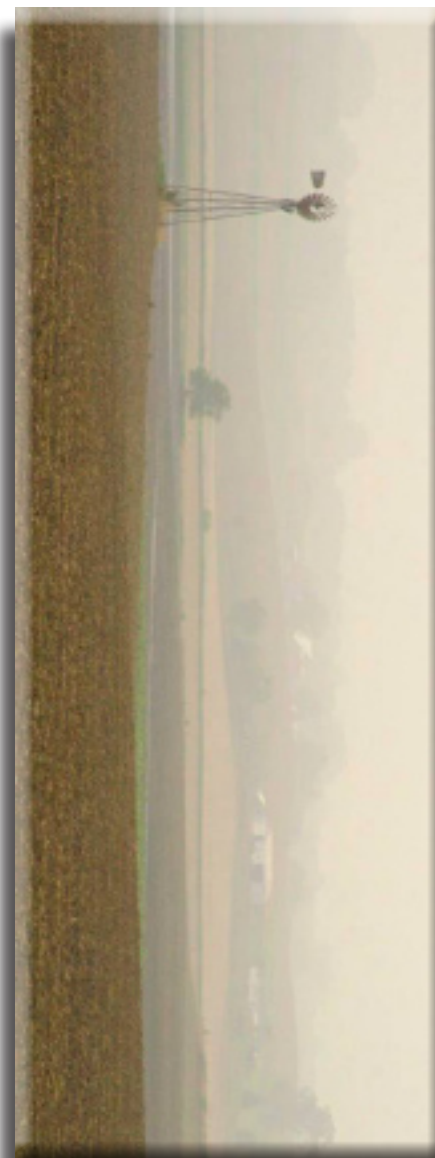
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"Mt. Rainier"  
Tom Moldenhauer

## Winner Gallery

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"Windmill in Fog"  
Bill Holm

## Digital Projection Competition thru November 2008

Entrants		Subject		Open		Total	
		Current Month	YTD	Current Month	YTD	Current Month	YTD
Boone	Ramona	0	17	0	44	0	61
Card	Bob	17	17	16	47	33	64
Card	Marjorie	16	36	19	48	35	84
Deffeyes	Bob	16	16	13	13	29	29
Du Fresne	Bruce	22	158	16	158	38	316
Holm	Bill	15	103	20	107	35	210
James	Deb	13	142	13	146	26	288
Meisenheimer	Carol	0	0	0	37	0	37
Meisenheimer	David	0	0	0	40	0	40
Mikolaitis	Laura	0	14	0	13	0	27
Moldenhauer	Jerry	0	7	0	20	0	27
Porter	Art	0	27	0	47	0	74
Stanley	Bill	0	83	0	96	0	179
Steinhauer	Rita	0	74	0	83	0	157
Starr	Tim	15	86	15	86	30	175
Swanson	Al	14	90	15	97	29	187
Vignone	Jacqueline	0	20	0	14	0	34
Woodruff	T.W.	0	136	19	157	19	293

### Digital Projection

#### Subject: Windmills

##### Awards:

Cows & Windmills by Bruce du Fresne  
Wire, Drops and Windmill by Bruce du Fresne

##### Honorable Mentions:

Windmill in Fog by Bill Holm  
Flowers in the Field Appear by Bob Deffeyes

#### Open

##### Awards

Sandhill Crane in Flight by T.W. Woodruff  
Fallen Leaf by Bill Holm

##### Honorable Mention

Flowing Water by Bill Holm  
Cathedral Rock & Footbridge by Bruce du Fresne

## Gannett Peak Trip Report

The following is Tim's harrowing account of his climbing accident while attempting to climb Gannett Peak, WY earlier this year.

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Born in October of 1960 in Rockland, Maine, I am an Electrical Engineer now from Colorado Springs, Colorado living with my wife Gail and two sons, Eric (20) and George (9). I have been trying to climb the highest point of each state for about 20 years. I have completed a total of 48 so far, just getting off a 4 day ascent of Granite Peak in Montana the week before. I have only Alaska, which I am not planning to attempt (but will go see it), and this one, Gannett of Wyoming remaining. I am also trying to get all the 14ers in Colorado (45 out of 56 so far) and have an intense interest in photography. My main reason for trying to climb highpoints is seeing new places and trying to record the trips with images.

Gannett Peak is 13,804 and is located deep in the Wind River Range of central Wyoming. It is usually done in 4-7 days, backpacking in to progressively closer camps and then trying the summit in a single day with less equipment. This is some of the most gorgeous scenery on earth!

I started the backpack Aug 6, 2008 with guide Eddy of Jackson Hole Mountain Guides and another client, Doug, an airline pilot. We traveled about 12 miles 1st day. The weather variably cloudy and we dealt with lots of mosquitoes while traversing the beautiful scenery. We had only partial loads as we hired horses to transport our heavier gear to our first camp.

The next day we hiked about 5 miles, passing by lake after idyllic lake and had about the same weather but less bugs. We stopped at a camp below the snowfield leading to the top of Bonney pass.

On summit day we rose well before dawn, got some breakfast and hot liquids into us and started up Bonney pass with headlights. The weather was cloudy, moist feeling and occasionally drizzly, but we agreed to assess conditions at the top of the pass. The pass required snow climbing and some rock scrambling to get about 1 mile and 1800 ft of elevation gain. We roped up for safety.

At the top of the pass it was getting lighter and we could see the unstable weather. Eddy, the guide, thought it would hold long enough for our climb, and Doug, the airline pilot, said nothing could really happen because there were two layers of clouds, keeping the lower layer from heating up and causing a storm. I thought it looked too dicey for a climb like this, and if on my own I would have taken some photos, descended back to camp, and tried the next day (these guided trips are planned with two possible summit days). A little uneasy, I went with the more educated opinions.

We descended down to the glacier over a boulder field. It works out that I am more comfortable and faster over boulders than snow/ ice, where Doug is better at snow/ ice. Once on the glacier it was obviously soft and there were the sounds of rock fall and glacier creaking not so far in the distance. Eddy noticed new crevasses as we made our way to the base of the first snowfield/ glacier we needed to ascend. I questioned the conditions but was assured the day was safe for the climb.

Once at that glacier, we roped back up and primarily used the snow to ascend, not using the trail that existed alongside the glacier. Eddy felt that snow was much more stable and safe than the scree trail.



We traversed between glaciers on rocks at a couple of junctions but kept proceeding up for about 2 hours when we reached the very steep section just below the bergshrund (the point where a glacier breaks away from the mountain, revealing a very deep crevasse). The weather had deteriorated into a drizzle/ sleet situation, and I pointed out that we could still turn back if conditions were not optimal. The decision was made to keep going. As it worked out, the bergshrund was in good condition and posed no problems. After crossing over the 1 foot crevasse the snow got very steep for about 50 yards. At the top of the snow (about elevation 13,000 ft) the route traversed to the rock where the remaining ascent is class 4 climbing then a class 3 scramble across the summit ridge to the top.

As I started to traverse from the snow to the rock, three boulders, each about 3 feet long, 2 feet wide, and 8 inches thick came loose. I do not remember touching them, but Doug says I did. Anyway, the first one hit me in the head (no problem – wearing a helmet) then hit my right leg, bruising it. I was still standing. The second one hit me square in the chest, breaking 3 left upper ribs and collapsing my left lung. I was still standing. The third one hit me high on my left shoulder, breaking my scapula and tearing a shoulder tendon – this one knocked me over. As I fell backwards my right ankle caught under a rock and I was hanging by it, head down the glacier, for several seconds until Eddy tightened the rope. All I remember saying was that I knew my left arm was in bad shape. Over the next few minutes, Eddy, with help from Doug, got me upright in some rocks. The storm had gotten worse and was kind of raining ice. Eddy examined me for bones sticking out and any signs of internal bleeding, which luckily turned up negative. Next, it was time to discuss our options. I apologized to Doug as I knew I could not go on and I had just ruined his chance for the summit (he was trying for all highpoints also). My main concern was my left ankle, not knowing if I could put weight on it. I suggested getting me somewhere somewhat sheltered and then climbing to safety (the weather was looking real bad for about half an hour) but Eddy told me it was crazy talk and we were going to get down together. I do not believe it was so crazy, but his help was instrumental in getting me down and I appreciate his professionalism to a degree I cannot express. He told me a rescue would be very hazardous to a chopper and its crew so I figured he was right and we made a plan to get off that hill.

I put some weight on my right ankle and it hurt, but was useful. That was a big deal, without me being able to propel myself things would have been much worse. Eddy took my pack (Thank You so much!) and at first we tried lowering me with the rope with Eddy doing a boot belay. But it was very painful, with limited control that made me very nervous. I finally talked Eddy into letting me climb down on my own with him doing a belay on a somewhat tight rope. The first 50 yards down the very steep section took an hour, with me kicking steps only a few inches at a time, then implanting my ice axe a little lower so I could start the process over again. Once in a while I would miss a step and the rope would tighten. I am not sure if I could have done it alone, I probably would have slid down that section. The run-out (where I would slide at the bottom of the very steep section) was a bit questionable; the wet snow may or may not have stopped me before the rocks. I think at that point adrenaline was masking a lot of the pain, although I had no use of my left arm and was breathing very shallow. In a bit of a comical note, I think Eddy thought I was in shock from my short breaths, and kept encouraging me to breathe deeper. I was not in shock, but my (unknown at the time) collapsed left lung was causing my shallow breaths. I only responded with "I am doing the best I can". We got past the real steep part and continued to descend snowfields and some areas of exposed rock,

retracing the route up. My left side was getting more and more useless, and my pace was slowing. Doug was great, he was helpful when needed, and did not complain about not getting the peak or try to get me to move faster.

Eventually we got to the base of the large glaciers to where the route to our camp broke off. Eddy wanted me to try and get back over Bonney pass (1200 feet up over boulders then 1800 feet down over snow and boulders to reach camp). I was sure I could not make it in any reasonable amount of time. By now the drizzle/ ice storm had stopped, but it looked like a thunderstorm was going to form before the day was out and I did not want to put the party in a situation where we were exposed up high during it. The plan ended up being for Doug to stay put while Eddy and I continued downhill hoping to find some help or at a minimum get me to the trees where I could spend the night somewhat out of the elements and a chopper could land safely.

We had seen two other climbers on the mountain near the bergshrund and we had thought of stopping at their tent and waiting for them to return. This was a questionable idea because they had seen me fall, but offered no help or even acknowledgement that they had witnessed it. I am not sure if these two were the kind to give someone a hand. Oddly enough we never saw them descend. They were doing the hardest part in the worst weather when we saw them last. Luckily we found a couple who were camped 3 miles below in the trees who agreed to take care of me until Eddy could get help. Because of my left side being in such great pain, and the unstable terrain, I was falling quite regularly. I now know the body has a limit to the amount of pain it will allow one to feel – it is like a ceiling where the pain increases then hits this limit. Interesting. On some of the falls I actually screamed out in pain. I could not help it. Another interesting point about pain. Anyway, when Eddy saw the couple he went on ahead, anxious to get back to Doug I am sure. I was trying to follow and came to a crevasse I could not cross. I yelled to Eddy on what to do, and he said to go on the rocks. These rocks were very steep, and I fell so hard that I lay on the ground a few minutes trying to get the energy to get back up. Eddy says he did not hear that scream.

Once Eddy gave my pack to the strangers (I forgot their first names, and even though I repeatedly requested they write down their name and address and put it in my pack I never found such information) I started hiking to their camp while Eddy left me to start back up to get Doug. I did not see Eddy again until the hospital visit. The route to the camp was over yet more boulder fields. It seemed never ending. I had gotten to the state where any change in elevation hurt tremendously, and my steps could not be more than a few inches at a time. My friends were trying to scope out the best route, but no way was easy, with many of the rocks unstable. I am now bathed in sweat as I still had my warm clothes and shell on, but did not want to take the time to stop and take them off, or endure the pain of taking them off. I was quite stubborn at times, as they wanted me to rest, but I chose to keep moving, knowing that I needed to get to a chopper safe area before the storm came in or night fell. I had a ski pole for the trekking sections of the climb, and it was now substituting for my left side. My friends wanted to help, but I had to do it on my own. That pole is now a souvenir of this adventure.

After finally reaching their camp I got off my sweaty clothes and literally collapsed in their tent. The thunderstorm started right then. I was afraid Eddy and Doug were at the top of the pass, as Doug is a little slow on the rock sections. It works out they were, but had no incidents. My gracious hosts stayed outside during the storm, and then

all night. Amazing people from Oregon! On occasion they would offer me food or water, but I really could not move to ingest it. I did mange a few sips of water and a power bar during the evening.

I had entered the tent with my head lower than my feet, and it was putting pressure on my shoulder. Halfway through the night I made the decision to turn myself around. It took about an hour, but I got situated better. I got a couple of cat naps through the night, but my mind was a bit distracted as I did not know how badly I was really hurt, or if Eddy had any help coming for me the next day. I was figuring on being there at least another night. The camp Eddy was going to was 17 miles from the trailhead. Even in the great shape he was in, after climbing most of the mountain I did not think he could get out in one day.

What a surprise and exhilarating moment it was early the next morning when I heard the search and rescue helicopter! It works out that Eddy started for the trailhead, but ran across some hikers from Maine that had a locator beacon. They activated the beacon the day of the accident, and summoned the search and rescue chopper. Eddy told them where I was, so sure enough the next day there they were! I wonder why mountain guides do not carry such a device on these remote trips.

These were the nicest group of people you would ever want to meet. They made sure I was in stable condition, and scouted out a good place for the medic chopper out of Idaho Falls to land. This was a fantastic day, no wind, nice temperature and absolutely clear skies! I think the chopper crew was actually enjoying this rescue. Once the medic chopper had located us, the search and rescue chopper left and the medics landed. Again, the nicest people you would ever want to meet. They had to put me on a backboard and get me out of the tent. It was going to be painful, but they had morphine! I got the "full bore" intravenous. Things were really looking up then. They carried me to the chopper and we took off. A bit of irony is that I go to these places to see and photograph the beautiful scenery, but I could not see a thing flat on my back. The crew was sharing a digital camera spouting about how great the view from the air was.

After stopping in Pinedale to refuel we flew to Jackson Hospital where I said goodbye to my rescuers. Once off the chopper I went for a series of x-rays and other examinations. They gave me a phone to call my wife. Not wanting to get her upset I kept the story low key, no big deal. That was going fine until I told her I need to hang up while they put in my chest tube! She got excited and insisted in flying up to drive me home. I was not a good patient. I thought I could drive my self home – only problem was my truck was at the trailhead 60 miles away.

Over the next couple of days I stayed in the hospital re-inflating my lung and getting an assessment of my condition. I thought I was fine and just needed my truck so I could drive home. At one point my MD – Dr. Evil – mentioned that we are not in agreement as to how injured I was. Gail made it up the next day and got a real nice little cabin type room right in town. I had a series of nurses, the last one being Nannette. She was very nice but spacey. On the 3rd day Dr. Evil pulled my chest tube and announced me safe to travel. The day before Eddy and some people from Jackson Hole Mountain Guides paid me a visit and drove my truck up. So I am ready to go, just one more pulse and blood pressure check. Nannette thought it best if I took some meds then, since I would be moving around a lot. I was thinking I had just had some, but she is the nurse, right? I took them, and just when the orderly was going to take my readings I got cold

sweats and dizzy. Wanting to get out of there, and realizing what had happened, I tried to act normal, but Gail saw what was going on. He took my readings, and they were LOW! Not knowing what was going on, he asked who to give them to. I said me and immediately hid them. By the time Gail had them regrouped and they had retested me I was back to a reasonable level. Glad I did not pass out or they would have impounded me! After a cold beer and some pizza Gail and I took a ride through Grand Teton National Park. We stayed the night in the cabin and Gail drove the 10 hours home. Since then I have completely recovered, and never even missed a day at work. I did see a local doctor and completed some physical therapy. Eventually the gear I left in the wilderness was carried back out by the horses and mailed to me. I am planning on climbing more in the years to come, but to stay away from glaciers!

Tim Starr

## 2008 Club Officers

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**THE VIEWFINDER**

Pikes Peak Camera Club

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