

TOP SHOT 2021



Top Shot Image of the Year 2021

Title: Wheels

Author: Eddie Lim

Our Top Shot was judged by David Glazebrook APP, M. Photog, Dip. Photo Imaging. Congratulations to all the winners and runners up. To all our members who entered their images, keep up the great work. There was some wonderful images, which was a task in itself considering the last (almost) 2 years we have all have to deal with, so well done. Our presentation night will be on 4th February 2022 at Camden Sports Club, It's a great night with fun to be had by all.



TOP SHOT 2021



Colour Image of the Year Brett Atkins Surf's Up



Highly Commended Colour Image Brett Atkins *Pastel Morning Surf*



Monochrome Image of the Year Eddie Lim Wheels



Highly Commended Monochrome Image Diane Mulley Droplets

DECEMBER

MPS President's Message.



Dear Members, we have come through yet another year of disruption and uncertainty. It would appear that this is the "new norm", at least in the short term. We have learnt to deal with whatever comes our way, and we have adapted to the situation, no matter how frustrating things become.

At Christmas, it is the time of year to celebrate, catch up with family and friends, have a holiday or just stay at home. Whatever your Christmas is, embrace it and enjoy it. Most importantly, stay safe and I look forward to seeing you all in the New Year.

Merry Christmas, a joy filled New Year and happy Photo Snapping.

Kind Regards

Peter Sherlock
President



Image By peter Sherlock

COMMITTEE

The Executive Committee

President	Peter Sherlock
Treasurer	Tony Law
Secretary	Neil Loomes

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Program Coordinator	Eddie Lim
Member Liaison Officer	Eileen Neville
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Cable Release Editor	Jenny Delaporte
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Committee Support Team

Provisions Officer	David Williams
Webmaster	Neil Loomes
Digital Projectionist	Brett Atkins
Club Photographer	Christine Maidment
Sound Technician	Vacant

COMPETITIONS

December Top Shot Results

Competition Secretary's Report

December 2021

Points Score 2021

Projected Colour Images

1 st	Brett Atkins	70 Points
2 nd	Eddie Lim	58 Points
3 rd	Lisa Everett	46 Points

Projected Monochrome Images

1 st	David Williams	55 Points
2 nd	Brett Atkins	53 Points
3 rd	Eddie Lim	43 Points

Themed Subject

1 st	Brett Atkins	43 Points
2 nd	Christine Maidment	32 Points
3 rd	Kristina Took	29 Points

Image Of The Month Member's Choice

Bruce Wallace's Projected Colour Image "Mungo Stars Composite"



COMPETITIONS

December Top Shot Results

Competition Secretary's Report

22 members entered a total of 125 images as follows:

Projected Colour Images 64 images

Projected Monochrome Images 61 Images

The awards were as follows:

Projected Colour Images

1st Place	Brett Atkins	<i>"Surfs Up"</i>
Highly Commended	Brett Atkins	<i>"Pastel Morning Surf"</i>
Commended	Christine Maidment	<i>"Launched"</i>
Commended	Eileen Neville	<i>"My Bowl Your Pool"</i>
Commended	Tony Law	<i>"RAAF Flypast"</i>
Commended	Tony Naumovski	<i>"Covid Temperature Gauge"</i>

Projected Monochrome Images

1st Place	Eddie Lim	<i>"Wheels"</i>
Highly Commended	Diane Mulley	<i>"Droplets"</i>
Commended	Bruce Wallace	<i>"The Climb"</i>
Commended	Christine Maidment	<i>"Airborne"</i>
Commended	Jenny Delaporte	<i>"And The Winner Is"</i>
Commended	Tony Naumovski	<i>"Windows"</i>

Top Shot 2021

Eddie Lim's Projected Monochrome Image *"Wheels"*

R Rosee

Competition Secretary

TIPS AND TRICKS



Using Aperture Priority Mode

Aperture Priority gives you direct control over the aperture, and as a result the depth of field (DOF). Fast prime lenses, such as 50mm f/1.4 and 85mm f/1.2 enable you to choose very large apertures for a shallow depth of field. This can help you create those creamy-smooth, out of focus backgrounds that give portraits a professional quality.



Using Window Light

Working with such a narrow band of sharpness means that you need to be accurate with focusing - the entire portrait will look soft if you don't focus accurately on the eyes. You don't need an expensive home studio lighting kit to take amazing portraits - a window and a reflector can help you achieve stunning natural light portraits without spending too much. Position your model at an angle to the window and use a white or silver reflector to open up any shadows across their face. A silver reflector will give a crisper quality of light than a white one, although the effect won't be as subtle. Be aware of any colour casts that may be introduced by features on the other side of the glass as well - a lush green lawn can give skin tones a sickly quality, while late evening sunlight on a patio will reflect lots of warm light.

TIPS AND TRICKS



Photographing Children

Taking photos of children is fun but challenging. Keep a kids' portrait session short and entertaining. Play games with them: ask them if they can see their reflection in the front element of the lens is a good way to get some eye contact. Fit a wide-angle lens and shoot without looking, poking the camera into their face. Get them used to the shutter sound and not having to look down the lens and smile. Make the most of opportunities when they're still for a moment, such as when they're concentrating on a toy. Chat to them as you would with adults and once you've taken a few photos show them the results on the LCD screen, so that they feel involved.



Family Photo Posing Ideas

Think about how your arrangement of people in a group family portrait can tell a story about the relationship between the different members. A simple idea is to place the emphasis on the patriarch or matriarch of the family, or the newest arrival. By grouping the rest of the family around them, you'll be able to create a clear focal point. For larger family group photos, use furniture - whether that's a sofa for indoor shots or a gate for outdoor portraits - to break the group up. Sit the children in front of it and have the adults standing behind it

EVENTS

On Sunday the 28th of November, 13 of us ventured out for a fun filled day at Kangaroo Valley. We met up with local resident Colin Talbot, who has presented and judged at our club. He generously donated his time to us and told us a few places to go for photo opportunities and some safety advise then left us to our own devices for the next few hours, We spent that time chatting, laughing, and clicking to our hearts content. Afterwards we headed back into town for lunch at the pub. Wow what great meals. We filled our bellies, quenched our thirsts and chatted about our day so far. Colin met up with us at Jing Jo Café and Gallery where he was exhibiting some of his wonderful work. He took us through a demonstration on matting and framing images for not only competitions but also for exhibiting our own work. Nothing we asked was too much for him. A lovely man that was only too happy to share information and ideas with us all. I am sure we all took something from the day and would only be too pleased to return to the area to explore what we missed due to time constraints. I had a great day and came home with a big smile on my face as I am sure we all did.



Images by Christine Maidment, Lyn Forbes, and Jenny Delaporte

EVENTS

Just a couple of images from our members from the day



Image by Christine Maidment



Image by Lyn Forbes



Image By Peter Sherlock



Image by Jenny Delaporte



Image by Eddie Lim



Image by Heidi Bester

FEATURED MEMBER continued.....



Part: 2 Tibooburra Road Trip 2020 with Eddie Lim and Peter Sherlock

Tuesday 7.7.20

Today's agenda is a drive through Sturt National Park, an enormous reserve that covers 325,000 hectares, an area larger than a number of European countries. Before we depart, we call in at the National Park and Wildlife Office in 'downtown' Tibooburra. The desk is unattended but when we ring what looks suspiciously like a large town crier's clanger, a young man, looking slightly disorientated, appears. He gives us advice on a 380 km loop around the park, indicating various places of interest. Distances here are measured in exorbitant numbers, and no one bats an eyelid.

The first stop is at Mt Wood Woolshed to view a sheep station, no longer functioning but carefully preserved. Outside the corrugated iron walls of the shed, copious wooden pens were used to house sheep before they were ushered inside to a dozen or more stalls, waiting to be sheared. All that is in the past. Today, It is eerily silent in the absence of both animals and shearers. What tales the walls would tell if they could speak?

At the Gorge lookout, we pause to gaze into the valleys covered in baked, orange earth, before continuing on to Horton Park Ruins. There, we see a desolate farmhouse standing defiantly against time, surrounded by dead trees, the doors locked, the windows barred, The dwelling, uninhabited, conjures up images of, perhaps, a once happy home for a farmer and his family. A door clatters, a water tank groans, and tree branches scratch faintly against the iron roof, in a gentle breeze. Around the back of the house, a car lies on its roof, rusting silently in the dappled shadows of the afternoon sun.

At the Olive Downs Campground, we stop for lunch with no one to share our company. The reason becomes obvious. Almost immediately a swarm of flies besets us. These intrusive pests invite themselves, and the rest of their families, to freeloader on our meal. They make nuisances of themselves, invading our sandwiches, faces, and clothes. We eat quickly, holding food with one hand while fanning off flies with the other, before making a hasty retreat for the car. A highlight is the "Jump-Up" Lookout that permits viewing of a gigantic basin through which runs a dry river bed, as it snakes across the flat, ending at the base of a cliff face. Impeded, during the wet, the stream presumably pools, depositing a white expanse of sand. In the far distance, a row of flat-topped hills or mesas breaks the clouded horizon

A further 200 km of the rugged road brings us to Cameron Corner, a compulsory destination for those who venture out thus far. Named after the surveyor, John Cameron, who mapped the state boundaries, it is the meeting point of the borders of NSW, South Australia, and Queensland. We see an intersection of the longest wire fence in the world, built originally to keep rabbits out, now to deter dingoes from attacking livestock. Opening a large, unguarded gate, we step into South Australia. Three separate signs welcoming tourists to the respective states are in evidence and needless to say, are documented by our cameras. Next to the 'Welcome to Queensland' sign is a less welcoming one, threatening a fine of \$66,275.00 for those breaching border closure due to Covid. A strange amount indeed. Dusk has settled by the time we return to Tibooburra, and we stop quickly to capture the sunset over the 'tors' before returning to the pub for dinner. The hotel is not overly busy, but we have to wait for more than an hour for our dinner.

Wednesday 8.7.20

It is freezing this morning when Peter and I rouse ourselves to drive to a nearby lookout to film the sunrise over Tibooburra. Despite gloves and beanies, the cold is unrelenting, and I am chilled to the bone. The sun rises promptly at 7 and we snap to our heart's content watching the town below us slowly awaken. After breakfast, we take the road to Malpinka where we sight relics of an ancient home, roofless, alongside a more modern building housing a jail and police station. An outside dunny stands in isolation, its door unhinged. We take a few photographs and decide to drive on.

Many more kilometres on, Peter spies an enormous salt lake. Wanting to know what its name is, we consult the directory. Much to our dismay, it is simply called SALT LAKE!! We leave the road and follow the furrowed tracks of past vehicles. The lake is seen to stretch for miles, dry and lifeless, its surface covered in a veneer of white, crusty, crystals, sparkling slightly in bright sunshine. In parts, the crusts of the lake have been despoiled by thoughtless recreational vehicles, leaving churned trails of tyre tracks, and laced with heavy footprints of their drivers. We also discover evidence of kangaroo paw prints, and I am awed by the distance between each hop of these marsupials. Despite our photographs, I doubt we will be able to convey the sheer size of this dry lake. We remain on unsealed roads, speeding along Henry Roberts Road, halting again to photograph the hulk of an old model car, one door riddled with bullet holes. Rust has eaten away most of the chassis, the second door has fallen off and the steering wheel is missing. What story lies behind this sorry sight; the skeletal remains of a car, left in an open barren land, out in the middle of nowhere, and punctured with gunshots? Peter opines it is the work of roo hunters. I hope it is nothing more sinister.

A while later, driving through a floodway, we park and dismount to examine a dry creek bed and are panic stricken when, on our return the engine refuses to start. Stranded in the depression of the floodway, we are miles from anywhere, in serious danger of colliding with any car careering down either end of the slope, or worse, risk being washed away in the event of a sudden deluge. Peter fiddles desperately with a screwdriver, somewhere within the car while Vicki and I stand guard anxiously at each end of the causeway, to warn drivers of approaching vehicle. Two cars do come by, slow down and their owners offer sympathetic advice. Fortunately, the car's ignition, after Peter's rectification, restarts and we continue on our way, very much relieved.

White Cliffs appears on the horizon, and we wheel into, yet another dusty town surrounded by hills decorated with piles of diggings from opal mines. The motel we are to stay at bustles with visitors and CHILDREN. This is the first sighting of ankle-biters on our trip, despite the fact that school holidays have started. It is startling to hear their shrieks and laughter, noises that I have not missed for a week. I suspect they and their parents are either on their way, to or from Tibooburra more than 300 km away. We make a 'grand tour' of the town later in the afternoon, and, as I suspect, there really is nothing to commend this miserable little place. It is a graveyard of a town. The only notable compensation is that the hotel serves a good steak, even if it again takes more than an hour for the meals to appear.

Thursday 9.7.20

The White Cliffs Motel has really been a most unhappy place to stay. The floor is dusty and creaks, and the furnishings seem to have been unloaded from an Op Shop. There are no cups or kettle, and I resort to sitting on the bed, as no chair is provided. An old painting hangs askew on the wall, above the bed, with a little tag marking \$150.00. The woman at the desk told us yesterday that a buffet Continental breakfast would be served at 6. She lied. The door with a sign 'dining room' remains locked at 6. Much later, after gaining access, the 'continental breakfast' is nothing more than some packets of instant coffee and teabags, with juices, bread, and cereal secreted in the refrigerator. There is no one for us to return our room keys, so we leave them in the doors and abscond. We pay a short visit to an opal mine, in a setting that looks like a junkyard awash with pipes, dismembered cars, engine parts, rolls of wire, timber, cables, and other untidy paraphernalia that would have done the Steptoe's proud. Peter and Vicki purchase a small packet of rock samples, containing a green fragment, which later turns out to be a beetle. Their hope for instant riches dissipates.

We leave White Cliffs behind in a haze of dust and head east to Cobar. The sky is leaden, but the temperature is a comfortable 21 degrees. We make Wilcannia easily in an hour, noting but a rickety old bridge across the Darling River, a much sturdier, modern companion alongside. After refuelling, we spend a little time admiring the majestic sandstone buildings that house the court and police stations. Wilcannia has an unenviable reputation of being a town rife with crime. Drugs and alcohol promote a high rate of unsavoury activities and deter visitors. The town is deserted on our visit with most of the buildings devoid of people, including the police station and the post office, even though it is late morning. The last time I was here, it was more intimidating, with padlocked and grated shops, some reduced to burnt-out wrecks. A shame really because it is now quite a tidy looking town with a presentable park. There are still many vacant buildings carrying 'For sale' signs. We see a pretty little cafe, nicely renovated but now vacant, with an estate agent sign on the door. At the nearby river, we peer at the dry watercourse, almost reduced to a few waterholes.

Even nature has abandoned the town. On that sad note, we set off for our next destination. From Wilcannia to Cobar, we ride comfortably on sealed roads, observing increasing greening of the scenery from trees and ground vegetations along the way. Herds of feral goats feed contentedly along the grassy verge as we cruise past. I wonder how much damage these pests are doing to the local fauna and flora. Not a kangaroo or emu to be seen. At Cobar, we are delighted with the Central Motel Inn, which is appealing, clean, and well furnished. Why, there are even tea, biscuits, and Wi-Fi availability in the rooms. Dear God, this is the Hilton, compared to the substandard lodgings we had to tolerate in the last few days. And it turns out to be the cheapest accommodation so far.

As it is only 3 in the afternoon. We make our way to the Fort Bourke Lookout where we are granted a commanding view of an open cut goldmine which I had seen on my last visit. The massive cavity gouged out of the earth has grown larger, seen through a chain fence that hinders photography. Down in the depth, a giant truck, dwarfed by the monstrous mine, crawls laboriously in a spiral fashion up a road carved out of the sidewall. It is really quite impressive, especially highlighted by the multicoloured wall towering from the floor of the pit. With darkness closing in, we head out to the local reservoir, said to be a magnet for birdlife. Alas, it is in deep gloom when we arrive and although we hear busy birdcalls, the sources could not be identified. The moon peeps at us between tree branches, as darkness settles. We leave, intending to return tomorrow. Dinner at the Golf club, across the road from the motel, is Chinese, provided for us by a family, with Dad the chef, Mum the food preparer, and three daughters waitressing. The bar and dining room are busy, the tables suitably separated for social distancing. Food is plentiful and scrumptious, capping off a rewarding day.

Friday, 10.7.20

We return to the Newey Reservoir in Cobar at daylight, in time to catch the sunrise and to see flocks of noisy honeyeaters feeding among the red flowering gums. Compared to previous mornings, the temperature is only moderately cold. Wispy clouds are replicated in the reflections of the lake below and ducks float happily on the peaceful water. All is well with the world. Leaving Cobar, we choose

the scenic route rather than the highway to Parkes, the detour taking us through Condobolin. It means returning to unsealed roads, this time, a little muddy from the overnight rain. It is rewarding though. At a tiny village called Nymagee, we stop to photograph another derelict house, precarious, it's interior trashed. Non-photographers may never understand our obsession with ramshackle houses, and probably see them as wrecks to be demolished. The fields we pass are lush in rich green, in sharp contrast to the rusty plains that we left behind a few days ago. We revel in the lack of dust that makes progress so much more pleasant. Additionally, it gives us an unhindered view of the picturesque Lachlan Valley drifting by.

At Condobolin we stop for lunch, entering a town busy with cheerful pedestrians and shoppers. We watch with empathy, a pregnant woman striding the pavement with purpose, at the same time, shepherding four restless children under 8, like a mother duck with her brood. The girls in the cafe which we choose for lunch smile welcomingly and wish us a happy day ahead when we leave. In a field on the outskirts of town, a large flock of galahs is seen arguing loudly as they feed on a fenced paddock. They quieten when I open the car door. With my camera ready, Peter toots the car horn, and the birds explode in a spectacular flare of grey and pink.

A few kms beyond Condobolin, we come across an outdoor museum exhibiting a dozen or more Holden Utes, creatively painted. Some are upended, some part buried, all carrying captions and images that are humorous and whimsical. What an ingenious idea, instead of burying them in landfills! This is a charming little town I would wish to visit again. The road to Parkes is as straight as an arrow and we ride through some of the most attractive landscape imaginable. We make several stops, trying to capture the panorama on our cameras, not entirely sure that we will be able to do justice to the grandeur of the scene before us. An overcast sky accentuates the hues of emerald fields and turquoise hills that flash by.

Parkes, another tidy township known widely for the CSIRO radio telescope and the annual Elvis festival, greets us at 4 in the afternoon. We rush to have a quick look at the massive dish, 20 kms out of town, arriving just in time before it closes for the day. It reminds me of a giant colander as it turns ponderously at dusk. Radio Telescope, Parkes Newey Reservoir We spend the night in Parkes, knowing that our trip is near an end. Tomorrow, we will travel, via Forbes, Grenfell, Cowra, Boorowa, Yass, and Goulburn where we will join the M31 to go home.

For me, It has been a compelling trip, travelling to the outback again. I am blessed to be able to see and experience, for a second time, the dryness and unforgiving nature of the arid, rugged plains, the hills, and valleys, amidst the omnipresence of red dust, boulders, rocks, stones, and stunted vegetation. It is a 'must- do" adventure for everyone, especially city slickers, to see for themselves the harshness of life for flora and fauna and to learn the resilience needed to survive in this brown, inhospitable land.

Eddie Lim

THE END

Images Off Eddie and Peter's Tibooburra trip.



Jump Up Lookout



Tibooburra



Mt Wood



Walgett



Nymagee

All Images by Eddie Lim

THE CLASSIFIEDS

Expressions of Interest

MPS ROAD TRIP 2022 SNOWY MOUNTAINS REGION, NSW



Image courtesy of <https://www.bushwalkingblog.com.au/>

Macarthur Photographic Society will be undertaking an extended photographic road trip for members next year – proposed dates are 23-30 April 2022, and we will travel to the Snowy Mountains in southern NSW. A rough guide to the route we will take is to travel in an anticlockwise direction from Tumut around the Snowy Mountains District in NSW over the 7 days. We will visit Kosciusko National Park, and take in such places as Thredbo, Jindabyne, Yarrangobilly, Talbingo, Adaminaby and surrounding areas, staying in a range of accommodations throughout. Please see the attached itinerary for a little more detail.

The dates and itinerary are not confirmed – at this stage we just want to invite expressions of interest, and once we know how many are interested, we can all get together and do some detailed planning, allowing all of us some input into itinerary and dates. We are looking at hiring a small bus, but if you are interested in coming along and would prefer to take your own car, feel free to do so – bearing in mind that over a week or more, the bus option will be cheaper with petrol costs being shared, and you can sit back, relax, and enjoy the scenery as well as the camaraderie experienced with fellow members in an extended bus trip. If you're interested in attending, please inform the Social Secretary, Lisa Everett, at socialmpsinc@gmail.com by 31 December 2021. If you have any questions about the trip itself, please email the assistant secretary, Marie McLaurin, at secretarympsinc@gmail.com.

MPS ROAD TRIP 2022 WHERE: The Snowy Mountains Region of NSW

WHEN: APRIL 2022 DURATION: 7-9 days

ACCOMMODATION: To be confirmed

TRANSPORT: Small bus or drive your own car

COST: This will vary greatly depending upon transport and accommodation options chosen. A budget of up to \$200-\$250 per day (for accommodation, food, and transport) should cover it, plus your own spending money



THE (DRAFT) ITINERARY

Places of interest in Tumut, approx. 4 hours from Camden

- Adelong Falls Mill - Gold Mine Ruins
- Kiandra – small village also with gold mine ruins
- Old bridge
- Old buildings
- Pioneer cemetery
- Brindabella Station
- Rosewood / Tumbarumba area
- Paton's Hut o Paddy's River Falls
- Khancoban Pondage
- Pioneers Woman's Hut Museum
- Braymont Gardens
- Round Mountain Hut Walking Track
- Rosewood Rail Trail Cooma – approx. 3 hours from Tumut



Image courtesy of <https://www.aussietowns.com.au/>

Places of interest in Cooma

- Snowy Hydro Discovery Centre (Cooma) open daily (Saturday 9am-2pm, Sunday closed)
- Cooma township – lots of heritage listed buildings
- Snowy Mtns Scheme Museum (Adaminaby) open on weekends only
- Travel to Yarrangobilly Caves
- Travel to Old Adaminaby Jindabyne district – approx. 1 hour from Cooma Places of interest in

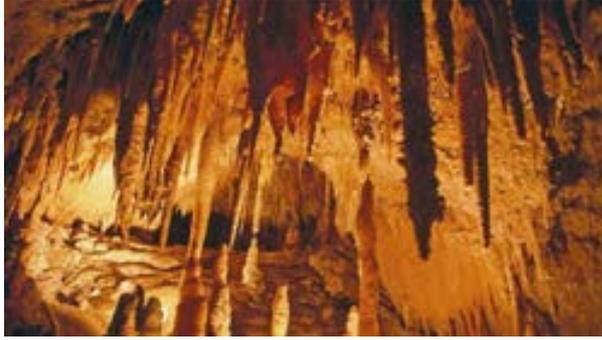


Image courtesy of <https://www.escape.com.au/>

Place of Interest Jindabyne area

- Dead Horse Gap (beautiful walking trails)
- Thredbo River (including Thredbo River Track) the Cascade Trail (includes hut/s)
- Charlottes Pass lookout
- Lake Crackenback
- Paddy's River Falls



Image courtesy of <https://www.australiantraveller.com>



Image courtesy of <https://www.pinterest.com.au>

PHOTOGRAPHIC OPPORTUNITIES

- Snow gums
- Heritage listed areas and buildings
- Boardwalks
- Alpine flowers
- Wildlife
- Lakes and rivers
- Snowy River
- Old huts
- Old Adaminaby remains – this heritage listed area was once a town in a valley, which was flooded to make way for the Snowy Mountains Hydro-Electric Scheme. The flooding formed Lake Eucumbene Dam
- Caves
- Museums and areas related to the Snowy Mtns Scheme
- Hiking tracks
- Creeks and riverbeds

Be aware that there could be late changes or cancellations due to Covid, weather conditions or any other unforeseen circumstances.

THE CLASSIFIEDS

Expressions of Interest

Photo Walk and Leader

Expressions of Interest are invited from interested MPS Members to lead and or participate in a Photo walk/shoot to anywhere, if you have any ideas for a good day out with lots of photo ops, Then **Please** contact Lisa Everitt socialmpsinc@gmail.com



Image by David William photo walk in the city



Image by Marie McLaurin Farm walk In the Macarthur Region



Image By Heidi Bester Photo walk to the State Library



Image by Christine Maidment Photo walk to Newtown

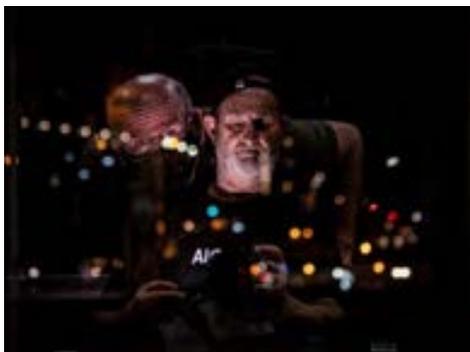


Image by David Williams Night shoot in The City

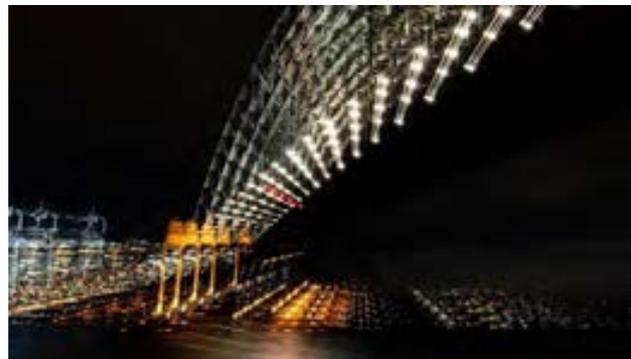
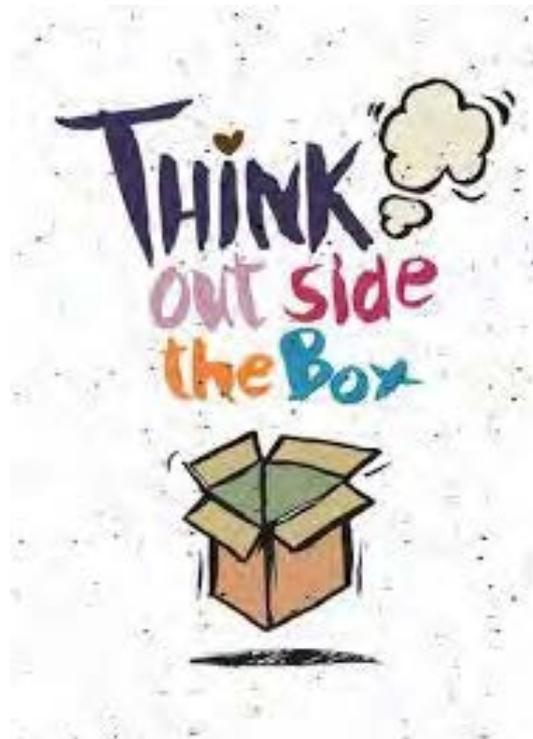


Image by Bruce Wallace Night shoot in The City

Macarthur Photographic Society – 2022 Creative Themes

February	Reflections
March	Looking Up
April	Directional Light
May	Street Photography
June	Intentional Camera Movement
July	Bokeh
August	Framing
September	Creative Beach Photography
October	Vintage Image (looks like it was taken 60+ years ago – subject, lighting, processing, aging etc)
November	Night Scenes



A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

I would like to thank the committee for keeping our club up and running over the last 18 months or so, It hasn't been an easy time for any of us but the hard work by the committee behind the scenes often goes unrewarded. They have all done a wonderful job to keep us in competition and getting our judges and presenters to us on zoom There has also been a lot of work done to hopefully getting us back to the hall in the new year. Every committee member volunteers their time and energy, we should be grateful that we have such a terrific social club, So a huge THANKYOU to all our committee members for all your time and great work. There are plans for some day trips and an extended trip in 2022. So watch this space.

I wish you all a very merry Christmas and a safe, healthy and Happy New Year. I hope to see you all back in 2022. Keep clicking those little black boxes we call cameras. I look forward to seeing some wonderful images next year.



Image Created by Jenny Delaporte

