



Underwater Images

Mike Greuter presents: How Hups has Improved My Photography

By Greg Grimes

Join us on May 7th at Bayland Community Center at 7:00 p.m. as one of our most experienced and yes, one of our most adventurous members Mike Greuter will be making a presentation on how HUPS has changed his shooting style. He will discuss some of the skills we talk about each month and how it has paid off in so many ways by improving his composition, the placements of his strobes and much more. Mike will include examples of his before and after works and how by using these skills properly they can also improve your image making as well..

As many of you know several HUPsters will be in the Philippines during the May 7th meeting for the club trip. With that in mind, both Mike Greuter and Lance Glowacki will be leading the meeting so please arrive early to assist in setting up the room for the meeting. As usual there will also be an after meeting dinner at Don Carlos on Southwest Freeway for those of you who would like to participate.

HUPS Workshops – Recap & Upcoming

By Greg Grimes

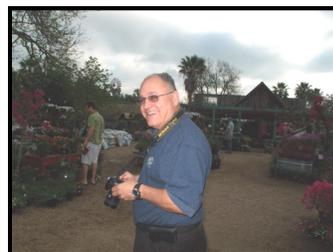
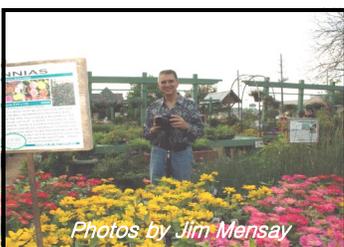


On April 1st the beautiful Enchanted Garden in Richmond opened their doors to several early rising HUPSTERS for the annual “ Stop and Smell the Flowers photo shoot. The event was capped off by a brunch hosted by one of favorite and fellow members, David Lenderman at his amazing home. HUPS would like to thank the Lenderman family for their hospitality in hosting this event. Since I was not available for this event President Jim Mensay took over as group photographer and provided the photos of the event seen



herein.

In our upcoming workshops, please save the date of July 21st from 12:00-3:00 p.m. at Bayland Community Center as James Wiseman will be our facilitator as he leads a discussion on Photoshop, Lightroom and the plug in Nik Software to enhance both your underwater and topside photography. Details about the workshop can be found at the HUPS website . Please sign up at the HUPS meetings, on the forum or send me an email at: greg@theworldinaflash.com. We look forward to seeing you there.





President's Message

I can't believe that we are taking so much gear on a HUPS Dive Trip to the Philippines, some 100 pounds of stuff (give or take 10 pounds or so).

We are taking SOMETHING OLD! That old set of Polar Tec dive skins was one of the best purchases I made about 10 years ago. It is neutrally buoyant but it is starting to show its age, with a couple of holes in it here and there. Just can't seem to throw it away.

We are taking SOMETHING NEW! Are you kidding, in this digital age, there is always a new play toy for us underwater photographers. This time it is a new Sola spotting light with a built-in red filter. It is permanently sealed, so it doesn't even have a chance to get flooded (we hope!). We will meet NEW friends at an incredible vacation and dive spot, and hopefully see and photograph something NEW that we have never seen before.



There will always be SOMETHING BORROWED on a HUPS trip. That is one of the great advantages to going on a HUPS club trip. If you need ANYTHING, someone in the group is always there to lend it to you.

There is also always SOMETHING BLUE on every HUPS trip. It is the clearest and bluest of oceans and skies. Just what a good picture needs and deserves. And just what a tired body and mind needs to make a perfect vacation.

For next year we are looking at a couple of possible Caribbean destinations for a club trip. I hope to present a trip option back to Little Cayman perhaps in May or June of next year. The Little Cayman Diving Lodge is very photographer friendly and an easy place to get plenty of bottom time.

Wish you all were joining us on this club trip to the Philippines. We'll report back next month and of course will have plenty of pics to prove where we have been.

Meet you back on the boat.

Scuba Jim



HUPS Archive Article From the Past

Photo Tips

By Jesse Cancelmo

Since several of us are preparing for our upcoming trip to the Philippines and the rest of the HUPS I am sure will be blowing bubbles soon. I thought it might be nice to revisit a wonderful article from Jesse Cancelmo, who in my opinion is one of the best to learn from. Here is Jesse's archive article that even though it is from HUPS past still holds true today.



Pre-Trip:

- 1) Make a pre-trip checklist for photo gear. Don't forget tools, plenty of batteries and a backup solution for you're "what if my camera flood dilemma".
- 2) Always bring more film (today Memory Cards) than you expect to use.
- 3) Consider the length of your trip and the remoteness of your destination when deciding on what and how much spare equipment to take. Remember Murphy's Law hits hardest when you're farthest from home.

On – Site Equipment Check:

- 1) Inspect o-rings every time you open your camera (or strobe). Clean and re-lubricate if dry or dirty. Lubricate lightly with clean fingers.
- 2) When possible load film (memory card) in a dry place.
- 3) Put camera and strobe together in your room. Test fire strobe in air and do a second test fire while-dunking your rig in a pool or dunk tank.
- 4) After entering the water, check the front lens element for clinging bubbles and wipe with fingers if necessary.

When Shooting:

- 1) Relax and use your buoyancy control to keep steady.
- 2) Squeeze the shutter-slowly- Don't bang it.
- 3) When photographing subjects on the bottom, find a clear patch to position yourself on the bottom, keeping your legs still.
- 4) Be considerate of marine life. If you remove a critter from a crook, replace him or her when done. Try not to bump or damage the corals and the other invertebrates.
- 5) Don't chase fish, stalk them. Be careful of stirring up silt.
- 6) Be considerate and give plenty of room to other photographers.
- 7) When you spot an exceptional subject, you shoot first; then let your buddy shoot. When done, tap your tank to let others know of your find.
- 8) When waiting your turn to photograph that exceptional subject, give the photographer plenty of room. Wait down current and don't stir things up.

For wide angels shots:

- A) Move in close and fill the frame.
- B) Check distance and parallax correction for viewing.
- C) Hand hold strobe. Hold up and back and aim just behind your subject.

For diver portraits:

- A) Get close and fill the frame.
- B) Have posed diver look past you or at a fish or other subject. Never mug the camera or wave.

For a good subject try lots of variations and bracket. Remember film (memory card) is your cheapest expenditure.

Post dive:

- 1) After rinsing camera system in fresh water, rewind your film (take out memory card) and open camera to search for leakage.
- 2) Log your photo data. (offload your images).



India's North Triangle

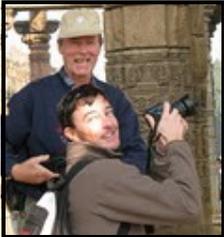
Final of a 3 part series

Dr. Brian Tulloch



Once the Medieval world realized that the earth was round and not flat, traders addressed the issue of a sea route to the Orient for its riches of Silk and Spice. Somewhat before Columbus headed west, the Portuguese navigator Vasco Da Gama had sailed South to round the Cape of Storms and sailed stepwise up the East Coast of Africa eventually to reach India. Other European nations entered the scene and soon the trading colony of Portuguese Goa had rivals in the French and the British. Anglo-French military rivalry peaked at the battle of Pondicherry, which decisively turned the tide of Indian dominance towards Britain. The brothers Chardon, two French soldiers who had survived Pondicherry but, doubtless Huguenots for whom Catholic France had few attractions, decided to remain in India and start in the fledgling indigo business. Indigo is a rich blue-purple dye extracted from a flower which had few rivals until the late 1800's, when German industrial chemists discovered how to make stable color pigments from aniline. The Chardons married into an evolving Anglo-Indian society of missionaries and professionals and continued to prosper. Their servants remained loyal and protective from the massacres of the Sepoys' revolt in 1860, when others of British background were much less fortunate. Their multi-generational grand-daughter Emily Louise Chardon married Walter Sydney Bremner, a Scots-Indian engineer whose designed bridges, water dams and schools were dotted around northeast India, and so it came that in 1909 their 3rd child, Audrey Madeleine Chardon Bremner, my mother, was born in India. Hers was a childhood free from any formalities of the occupying British Army, and recollections from her early years reflect the tranquility of long years of stable relations with the local community (if interested see her Early Memories attached).

Five years ago, while Mother was still alive, my sister Jean and her husband Pete visited those sites of mother's early memories to find many were still flourishing; the Sports club featured weekly Tennis and community activities while the church where she was a choir girl had recently been re-painted.



Our trip this Xmas therefore was to visit those areas of historic North India that can be seen in a 14 day flying visit. The Houston-Heathrow British Airways connection functioned flawlessly, unlike the chaos that a snowstorm was to bring only 24 hrs later. A 2-30am Delhi arrival time seems unkind until one realizes the area is 12 hrs ahead of Houston, thus we had arrived < 24hrs from our 5pm Houston departure, and the Houston time was actually 2-15pm.

Any visit to Delhi, the capital city of the Great British Raj merits first a view of their fine architectural heritage. The Government Ministries were crafted in 1912 by Sir Edwin Lutyens and modeled after Wren's palace of Greenwich. The Houses of Parliament are housed in an impressive circular building in classical Greek lines by Sir Herbert Baker, designer of London's Houses of Parliament. Nearby, the huge India Gate commemorates India's many fallen soldiers from World War II, while the memorial gardens are home to bird-bathing Indian Mynah birds and red-buttocked Rhesus monkeys ever ready to beg for an edible morsel.

Next day we saw just how far back the history of India stretches at Delhi's Qutb Minar mosque, built in 1193 by Turkish-based conquerors. Its minaret reaches skyward a good 210 ft and its red sandstone courtyards are still surprisingly well preserved; their intricate carvings providing nooks for nesting red cheeked parakeets, flashing brilliant green plumage as they return to feed growing nestlings. High over a peaked stone arch, a brown Spotted Owlet peered sleepily at visitors below, doubtless awakened by the chatter of brightly uniformed schoolchildren noisily paying homage to the National religious treasure. Within the complex a wrought iron pillar built in 400AD continues to puzzle scientists with its 99% purity, standing 21 ft tall and rust-free still.

For variety, we next braved a hair-raising bicycle rickshaw ride through the bustling heart of Delhi's Chandni Chowk Bazaar, an olfactory treat as the pedaller wended his way past incense-burning silk stalls and a spice market loaded with treats for the adventurous chef. It was Friday, Moslem holy day of prayer, so appropriate for a walk through the 1644 mosque Jama Masjid, designed to hold 25,000 worshippers by Shah Jahan, builder also of the Taj Mahal and the Peacock throne in the Agra fort. Its fine red sandstone courtyards are well matched to the colors of the nearby Red Fort, a huge structure whose frowning castellations loom over chattering throngs in the bazaar below.

India's freedom from British rule was won slowly by a brilliantly successful and new approach of passive resistance architected by Mahatma Gandhi, revered leader who was assassinated at the peak of his fame during the throes of India's partition into two religiously distinct halves. The shots were fired not by a Muslim but by a Hindu fanatic. True to his self-effacing modesty, Gandhi's tomb is the small black marble slab on which he was cremated, now situated in a rose-covered Garden of Remembrance, and beautifully decorated that day in honor of the Chinese premiere's visit.



The road to Jaipur stretches southwest through fertile croplands tended by peasant farmers still practicing the hand-hoed methods of their ancestors. A light mist covered the first stop to view the roadside temple honoring Hindu's three major gods. The well-metaled track wound on thru picturesque villages with roadside stalls offering colorful wares and past hillside forts until finally stopping for lunch at Chomu Palace—a lovely 16th century Mughal masterpiece now sold by its Maharajah owner to a major hotel chain. Ours was the good luck to share the facility with a large Indian wedding for whom dancers and drummers gave vibrant color and rhythm to the main courtyard. Nearby a troupe of puppet artists playfully mimed an ancient Hindu fable ending with the prince bravely overcoming a realistically large black cobra.





Nearby was a village market, replete with cart-pulling camels, wandering zebu cows dressed in pale grey with splendid shoulder humps, and loud-calling stall traders ever touting their neatly lined colorful wares. Here was a stall overflowing with sun-ripened tomatoes, there a cart overladen with orange tangerines and huge guavas neatly laid out beside a brimming tray of bright green limes.

The OAT Travel folk work hard to give their wanderers as close a contact with the locals as feasible, but some considered the next item to be a step over the pail, as the bus lumbered down a rough eroded track to stop by a line of low-slung mud huts, home of an extended family of gypsy snake charmers. Their most successful product seemed to be small children, of which we saw almost 2 dozen sharing tiny huts with an equal number of baby goats, bleating excitedly as they butted the ankles of visitors as their way of asking to be picked up and cuddled. Soon the snake charmer pulled out his flute and fired up a tune in high-pitched reedy tones. The music was picked up not by a snake but by a tiny precocious 8yr old dressed in belly-dancers garb, who proceeded to give a passable mimic of the dancing steps we'd just seen at lunch. Soon after her final bow, the lid of a small wicker basket slipped off, and up popped the threatening hoods of two 6 foot long Indian black cobras, purple tongues flicking in the air as they swung slowly around looking for the source of the vibration. For a full 5 minutes they swung back and forth, ostensibly in response to the flute, but soon they were gently tucked back into their wicker home as the snake charmer smilingly held out his hand for a dash.

Jaipur has been a centre for strong military rule since the days of the Mughal Emperors, when in the 1500's their military hordes poured thru the Khyber Pass from Uzbekistan. The first Mughal Emperor Akhbar the Great, grandson of the mighty Genghis Khan from his father and Tamberlane (from his mother), ordered the construction of the Amber Fort by his Rajput commander Maharajah Man Singh. It stands high on a walled mountain ridge overlooking a peaceful lake, necessitating getting there by elephant or safari jeep ride. Extensive honey-colored courtyards featured lovely 5-curved arches over intricate floral paintwork, surprisingly well preserved, and a Hall of Mirrors famed from ancient times. His grandson then built Jaipur City on the plain below; the grid-planned town squares fortified behind huge gates and ornate city walls. In the 1860's, the whole city was painted pink in honor of Britain's visiting Prince of Wales, later Britain's King Edward VII, so Jaipur is still known as the 'Pink City'. Jaipur's City Palace featured a half-acre Solar/Lunar Observatory with a huge sundial capable of measuring time with 2 second accuracy. The "Palace of Winds" allowed Pordahed wives and concubines to observe military parades from behind >500 lattice windows set in a fine pink sandstone facade.

OAT trips feature an evening with a local host family and in Jaipur our gracious hosts were of the Maharajah bloodline, now rendered without title by the arrival of Indian Independence. Theirs was a lovely city house replete with fine furniture and snapshots of predecessors' successful tiger hunts. The hostess now devotes her considerable talents to a school and orphanage caring for children with AIDS.

From Jaipur the party drove SW thru fertile farmlands to a mountainous area, once the tiger hunting preserve of the Maharajah of Jaipur. Now a National Park with hunting fully outlawed, the challenge has been to protect tigers from poachers as their teeth and gallbladders carry great commercial value in Chinese folk medicine.

Close to a border of the Ranthambore National Park, a Maharajah relative has built a lovely modern hotel in Mughal palace style, The Nahargarh Hotel features pure white marble courtyards and large spacious rooms tastefully decorated with period furniture. Game-viewing sorties were organized in camouflaged open multiseaters, allowing excellent views of the reserve's denizens. By way of introduction, those with stamina braved the 323 step climb to the hilltop Ranthambore Old Fort, built in 1057 AD to facilitate the ruler's taxing of passing Silk traders. Its thick walls and great height over cliff-side fortified gates had guaranteed security against all comers until the arrival of gunpowder. Morning and dusk game viewing produced wonderfully close sightings of many wild Indian species, including Spotted deer, males with 4 foot long antlers still sporting shining velvet, huge Samba deer closely resembling bull elk, shy Indian gazelle and beautifully plumaged wild peacock, peacefully feeding by the roadside. Overhead, black-faced lemurs chattered and scolded their young. All were potential food for local tigers, from whom fresh footprints in the roadside dust and warning cries from alerted deer were all our luck was able to produce. The reserve is inhabited by 33 known tigers and similar numbers of leopard, but by daylight we discovered that Big Cats are shy and hard to find.

When the Government annexed the Tiger reserve, a number of peasant farmers were forcibly moved off the land to new villages yet to be provided with school facilities, a deficiency that has been partially overcome by a grant from the OAT Travel Agency funding our trip, so a visit was arranged to give travellers insight into progress so far. Barely 2 yrs from initial funding, the dedicated young headmaster has an intact brick 2-storey building housing 6 classrooms, with teachers and an attentive group of 129 eager scholars aged from 4 to 12yrs. They were lined up, seated according to age, then in unison smiling faces excitedly recited an opening prayer followed by a noisy dedication to a United India.

Above the school classes Temple Monkeys gamboled over the rooftops, watching water buffalo contentedly chewing the cud while the scholars' parents, energetic farmers, prepared for the day's field work. Visiting a village family, we travellers shared in preparing parathas over an open fire from whole wheat dough and served them with clarified butter and chai masala tea. Overhead the temple monkeys peered down from the open roof, mischievously eying the plates of fresh cookies and parathas before the whack of a stick on the rooftop sent them scampering away.

To complete a peasant experience we drove on to the next village where a camel ride soon had us holding tightly onto the saddles as these garrulous, bad-tempered ships of the desert swayed over farmers' green fields & past byres where cows and water buffalo were tethered for the evening milking. A short distance from the peasant houses lay the fenced circle of white tents with central food hall where we were fed well before retiring into comfortable camp cots for a night memorable for the barking of village dogs and plaintive howls from a pack of Indian jackals.

An early morning departure had the bus stop at the famed 10th century Hindu worship site which was a series of steep ornamental steps 60ft deep into the ground and 80 ft across that allowed pilgrims to bathe in holy water at the bottom. Ornate gates and walls surrounded the holy site, now somewhat less ornate after desecration by Moslem fanatics in the 13th century, but rebuilt by the local Maharajah in the 16th century. The beautifully carved arches of the worship site was shared by troops of temple monkeys and a large flock of the ubiquitous Indian Rock pigeon. Nearby a Village potter sat at a hand-spun stone wheel, turning small religious pots from the reddishbrown local clay as he practiced his timeless art.

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India's North Triangle Continued

By Dr. Brian Tulloch

A dusty bus drive to the led us bustling city of Agra, home to the Taj Mahal, Shah Jahan's stunning memorial to his wife of 18 yrs. Mumtaz Mahal was lost in childbirth after delivering their 14th offspring. A classic first view of this World Heritage site is to watch the sun rise over its dome of shining white marble. However North India is apt to thick wintertime fog, and that day it made early viewing of the mausoleum impractical. First stop instead then was Agra fort, a large hilltop structure in red sandstone which is still 2/3rds occupied by the Indian military. The balance includes a fine courtyard designed for public petition, site of India's peacock throne before its removal to Iran in the 17th century by an invading Persian monarch. The combined cost of Taj Mahal and the Peacock Throne nearly broke the Kingdom's treasury and the Shah was deposed by his own son, when he tried to take on the building of his own black marble Taj Mahal across the river from his beloved wife's tomb. In Agra Fort also are the quarters where Shah Jahan was imprisoned for the last 8 yrs of his life, the balcony clearly allowing a view of his wife's beautiful mausoleum in its pure white marble.

By mid-morning, there was partial lifting of the mist, and entry thru closely guarded security metal sensors opened access to the temple gate finished in ornate red sandstone and contrasting dramatically with the now-shimmering white of the marble dome of Mumtaz Mahal's memorial as it rose out of the residual mist. The approach path stretched past well-manicured rose gardens edging a central reflection pond leading up to the mausoleum's entry gate. Patient crowds were beginning to queue beside the tomb entry. Soon shoe-less, we were standing beside the central gravesite of the Queen, centered in the place of honor with the Shah's crypt set assymmetrically beside to the left. Both were in white marble with jet black inlaid script reciting verses of the Koran. Outside are two matched buildings-on the left a finely wrought mosque for visitors to the queen's gravesite, to the right a matching structure functioning as a guest house for same.

Hindu temple worship long antedates the wonders of Muslim shrines. At the tiny village of Kujaraho in 1845 a wandering British traveller was shown the remains of 88 Hindu temples dating to the 8-11th centuries. When the jungle vines were cleared, out came wondrous Hindu carvings depicting horse-and elephant mounted troops in battle, but most shocking to the Victorian eyes were the unashamed depictions of various sensuous positions of the Karma Sutra. Modern more broad-minded eyes note depictions of careful sensual foreplay, tender caresses and multiple Karma positions carved in high relief around the red sandstone altars. In honest amusement the sexual frustrations of serving soldiers are shown, finally leading one soldier to demonstrate that at times of deprivation a horse can function as a man's best friend!

The final days visit was to the Holy Hindu city of Benares, now renamed Varanasi, site of Hindu pilgrimages of cleansing and cremation for over two thousand years. An evening boat-ride allowed a gentle drift downstream to the Great Crematorium, funereal flames rising skyward from half a dozen pyres carefully tended by the chief mourner, the most senior male of the family, and the hired "dohm", a member of the untouchable cast, whose job was to tend the flames such that the beloved was completely converted to treasured ashes, collected after cooling for sharing among caring relatives. Thereafter the aarti ceremony had 7 Hindu priests put the mighty Ganges river to sleep for the night with much incense and loud ringing of temple bells. Next morning, before dawn, the rowboats headed us upstream to watch Hindus, stripped down to loincloths, perform their ritual washing in waters of the holy Ganges, by custom facing East to the light of the rising sun. Overhead Siberian gulls wheeled seeking food-scrap snatched from the river surface, while on a bluff a solemn white-gowned Guru gave morning blessings to the passing worshippers.

So visitors to North India start with a view of the remnants of the Mighty British Raj and end with an image of the time-less rituals of Hindu worship that antedate all conquerors of this fascinating sub-continent, be they Turkish, Mughal or British soldier. Modern India offers a low-crime, tolerant society with an ever-fascinating cross-section of colorful peoples from a wide variety of castes and ethnic backgrounds.

Even for those without Indian family connections this is a visit not to be missed at some stage of any ardent traveller's life.

April's Photo Contest Results



Tom Collier—Advanced



Mike Greuter—Intermediate

Contest results through April 2012		
NOVICE		
1st	Greg Grimes	245
2nd	Mike Fernandez	244
3rd	Bess Bright	220
4th	Lance Glowacki	188
5th	John VanAtta	87
INTERMEDIATE		
1st	Jim Mensay	244
2nd	Mike Greuter	223
3rd	Debbie Mensay	212
4th	Monica Losey	103
5th	John Petty	50
ADVANCED		
1st	Tom Collier	267
1st	Ken Knezick	252
3rd	Dennis Deavenport	248
4th	Terry Moore	232
5th	Ken Bean	208



Ken Knezick—Advanced



Greg Grimes—Novice





2012
Meetings

Meetings & Presentations

Month	Date	Presenter	Show Title & Synopsis	Contest Topic
January	9th	Terry Moore	Terry Moore presents Afghanistan to Bonaire	Turtles
February	6th	Jesse Cancelmo	Capturing & Publishing Cave Images of Texas: (Goodenough Springs)	Angelfish & Butterfly Fish
March	5th	Dennis Deavenport	Underwater Composition	Two or More of a Kind (but less than a dozen)
April	2nd	Dr. Brian Tulloch	Safari Serengeti—Tented camp safari	Nudibranchs & Worms
May	7th	Mike Greuter	How HUPS has Improved My Composition	Real Small Macro
June	4th	Kandace & Jim Heimer	Lembeh Resort & Buyat Bay	Wide Angle
July	9th	Frank & Joyce Burek	TBA	Fish Portraits
August	6th	HUPS Members	Under Water Video Night	Leading Lines
September	10th	HUPS Members	All In Night	Gobies, Blennies, Jawfish, Triplefins
October	1st	HUPS Members	Philippines Trip Recap	Cute/Funny
November	5th	TBA	TBA	Divers & Snorkelers
December	3rd	HUPS Members	HUPS Christmas Party	Best of HUPS & Creative

Workshops & Education

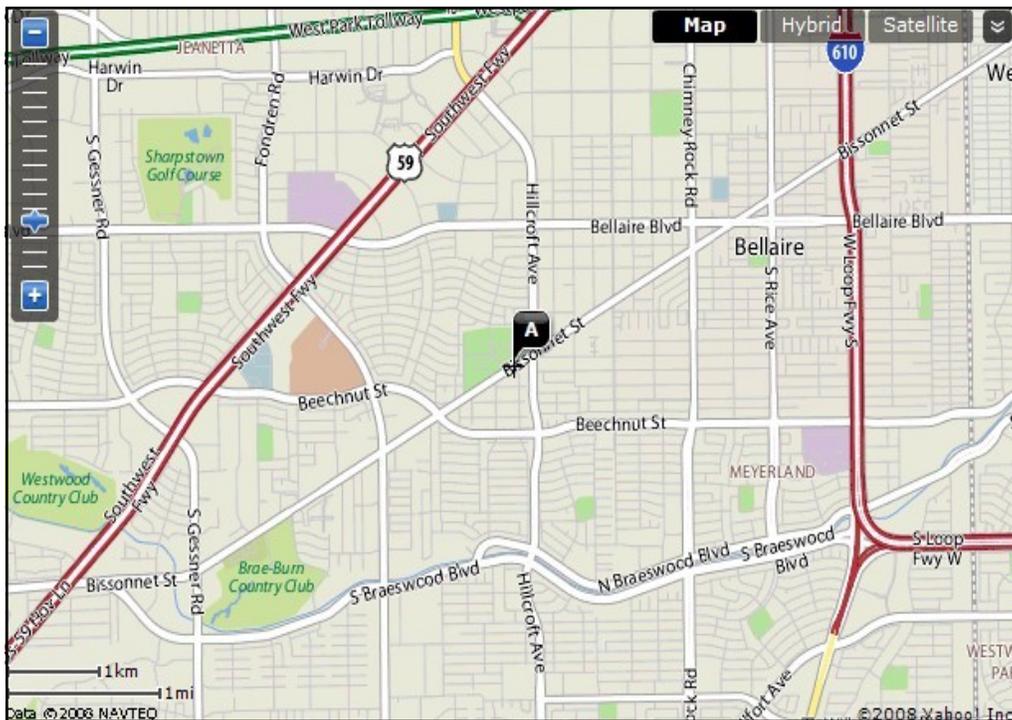
Event	Date	Instructor/Leader	Online Info
Photoshop, Lightroom 4 and Nik Software Plugin	July 21, 2012	James Wiseman	http://www.hups.org/Workshops/Workshops/2012-Post_Processing_Basics.htm

Keep up to date with all workshops at <http://www.hups.org/Workshops/Workshops.htm> and on the forum at <http://www.hups.org/forum/index.php?>



*The Houston Underwater Photographic Society meets at the Bayland Community Center starting at 7:00 PM.
(Social time begins at 6:45)*

*(6400 Bissonnet, near the Hillcroft intersection)
Visitors are always welcome.*



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Greg Grimes

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HUPS on the Web



<http://www.hups.org/>



<http://www.youtube.com/user/HUPSdotORG>



<http://www.facebook.com/home.php?%23!/group.php?gid=174168478778>

HUPS

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