



Internet Users Group

2009



IUG -- a photo venture

At home and abroad we found interesting and beautiful things to exhibit in print. We've put them here to share with you.

Enjoy

The Internet Users Group

Internet Users Group – a photo venture –

The Internet Users Group, which meets monthly at the Davis Senior Center, is a gathering of people who come together to learn about the Internet, share their experiences, and be of support to one another. The group is co-sponsored by the Senior Center, but our membership includes a range of ages. The monthly programs range from the very basic to the quite complex. We strive to explore the multitude of uses to which the Internet lends itself. In the Fall of 2009, we chose to learn about publishing our photos -- both online and through web services to create printed books. Hence this tome.

Group members were asked to provide several photographs each, and twenty-one of them did. Samples were examined by the group, and their choices were incorporated into a draft, which the group again reviewed before settling on the final design. This book was assembled on a Macintosh computer using iPhoto with the 'Formal' book theme. Two members curated the venture -- arranging the photographs, colors, and captions -- and the book was printed by the Apple Company. The Internet aspect of the project involved initial emailing of the images to the two compilers and then uploading the final version of the assembled book to Apple for printing.

We are quite pleased with the results and are proud to present a copy of our book to the Davis Senior Center in appreciation of their support to community groups like ours.



Enthusiastic members of the Internet Users Group -- ready, set, click!



The Davis Senior Center,
corner of 7th & A streets



For most of us, Davis is home. A mural on the Carousel building (2nd & F) and the building at 3rd and B (south end of Central Park) in downtown Davis.



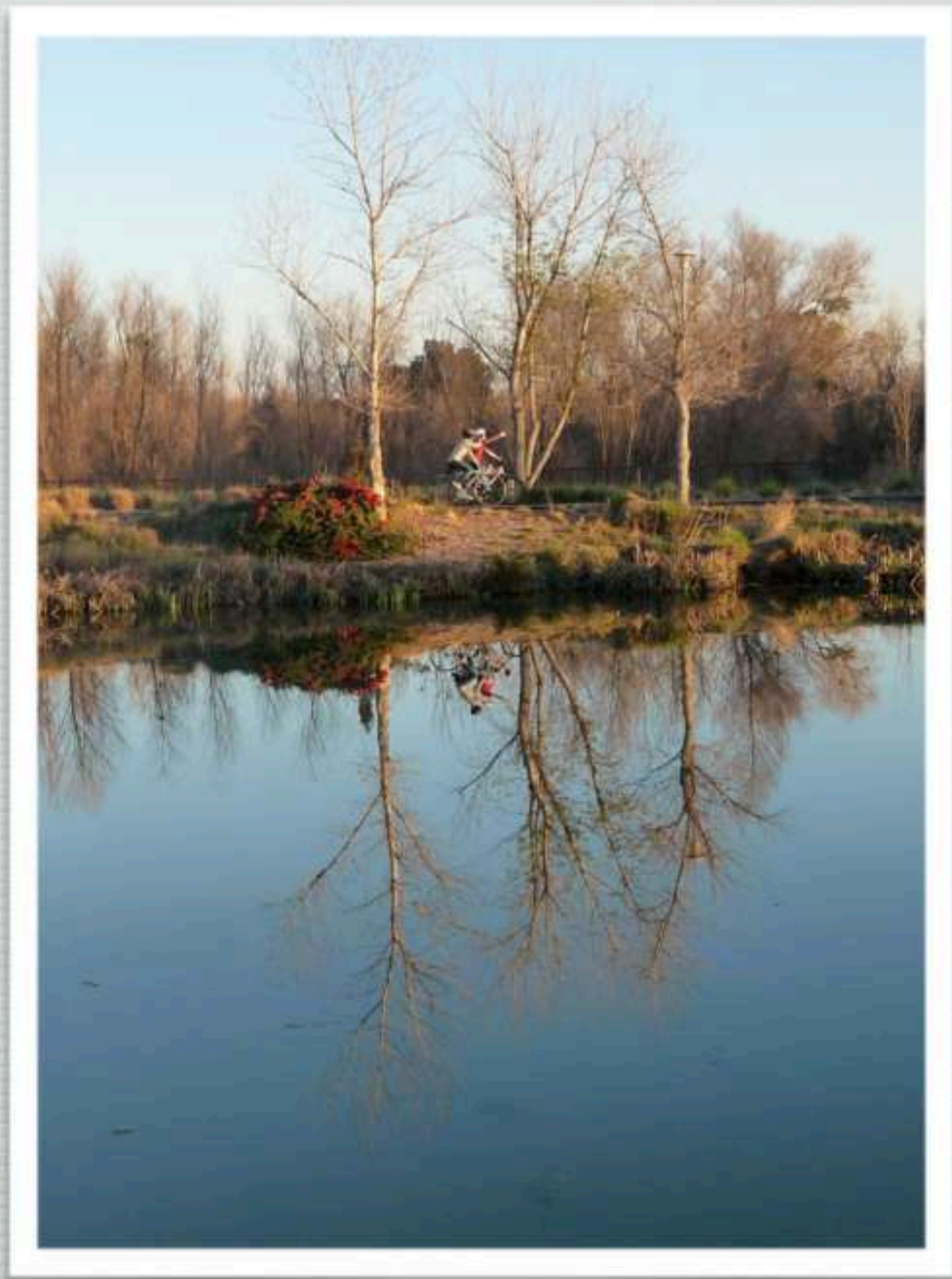
Davis Farmers Market during
the UCD Centennial Celebration



UCD's sports field on Russell Blvd
during the Centennial Celebration



The UC Davis arboretum is one of the best photo-treasures in the area.
It extends from downtown for 3 miles along the old north channel of Putah Creek.





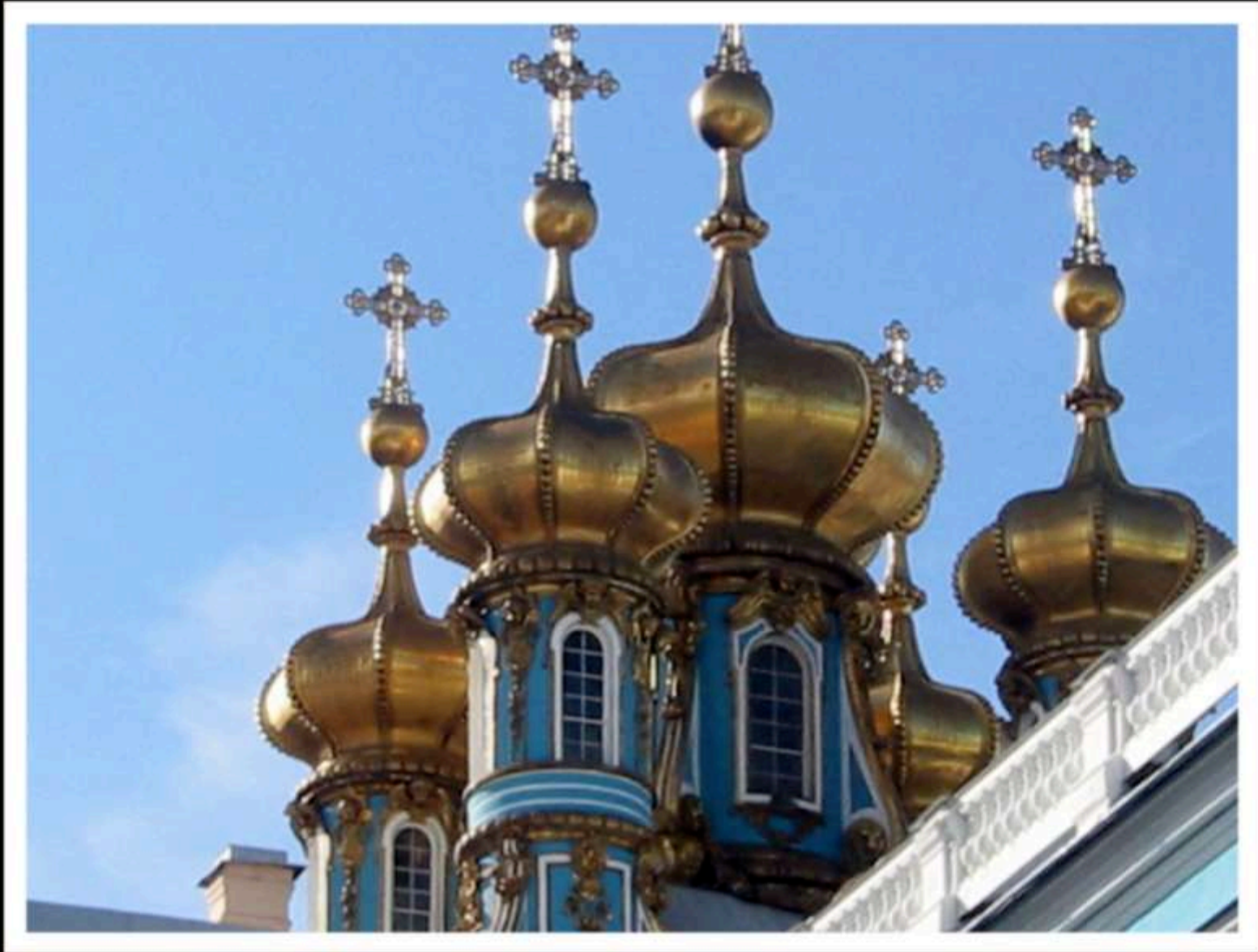
Sometimes we bike around the North Davis Pond (facing page)
and other times we walk in distant places.



Whether we travel by airplane, auto, or paddlewheel, many of us take photos when we leave Davis and venture into the wider world.



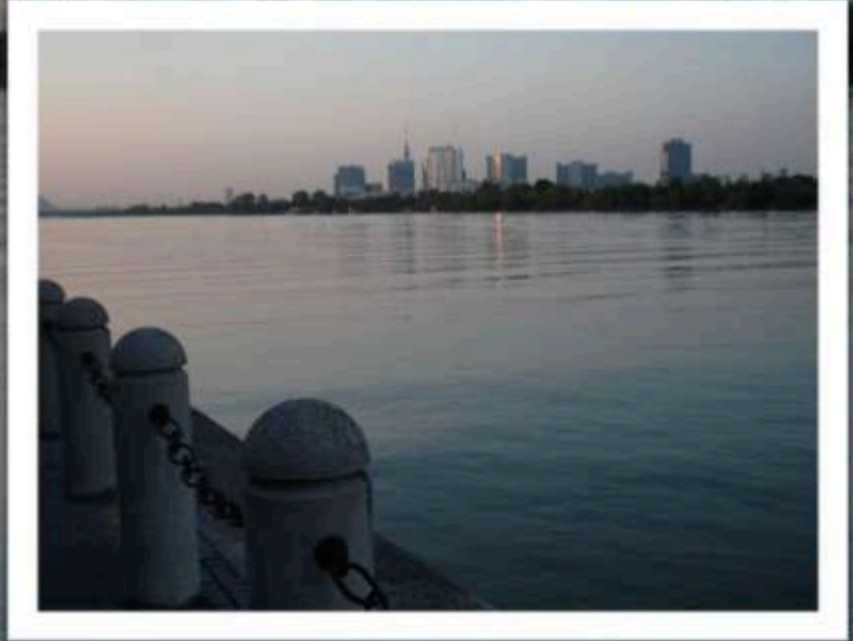
Views of London: the Union Jack (national flag of Britain), the London Eye ferris wheel, and a gate at Buckingham Palace



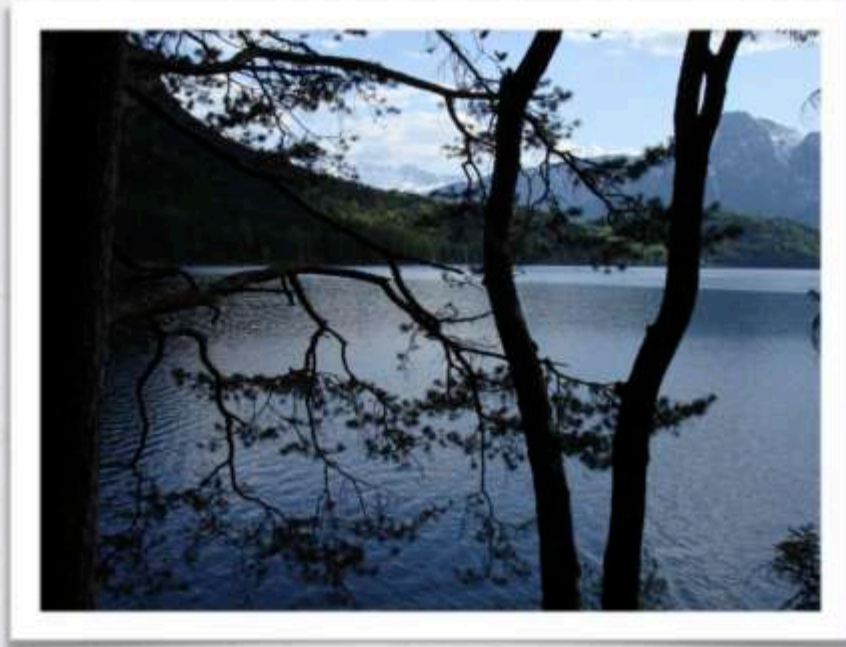
St. Petersburg, Russia



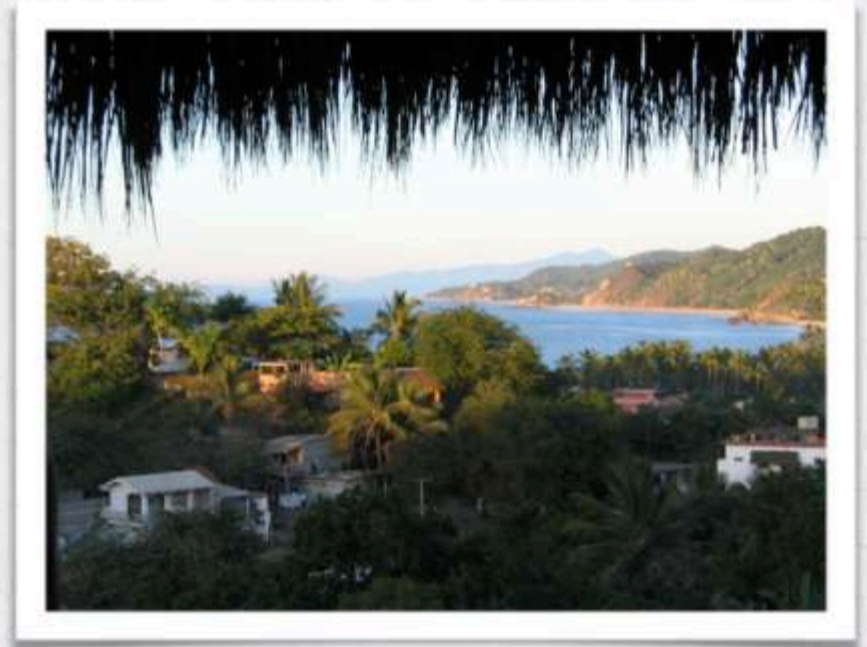
Fishing nets in Poole
harbour, England



Sunset over the Danube,
Vienna, Austria



Altaussee in the Austrian Alps



Casa Colibri, Sayulita, Mexico



Macchu Pichu, Peru



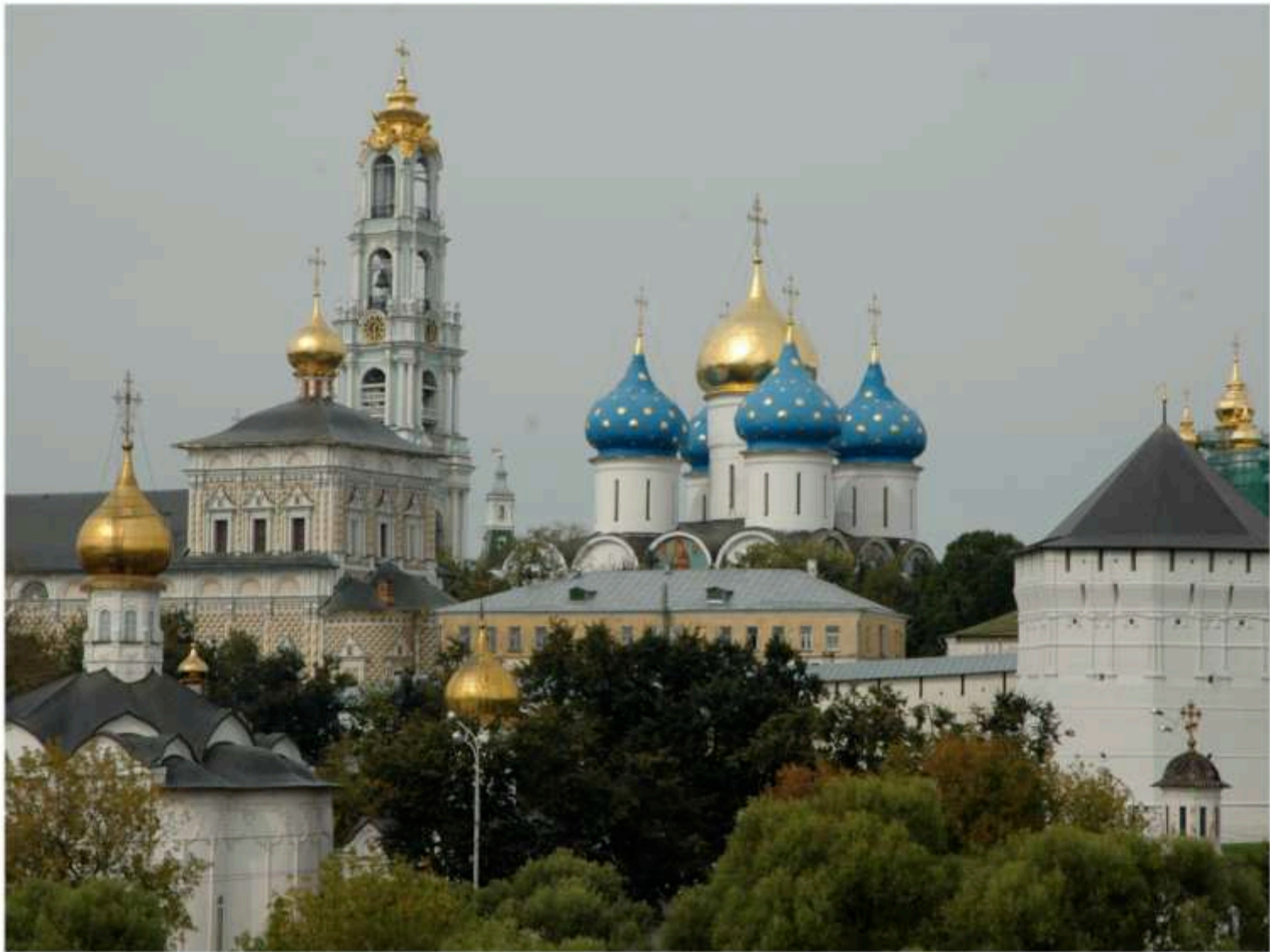
The Isle of Skye, North West Scotland



The Greek Island of Mikonos



Venice, Italy



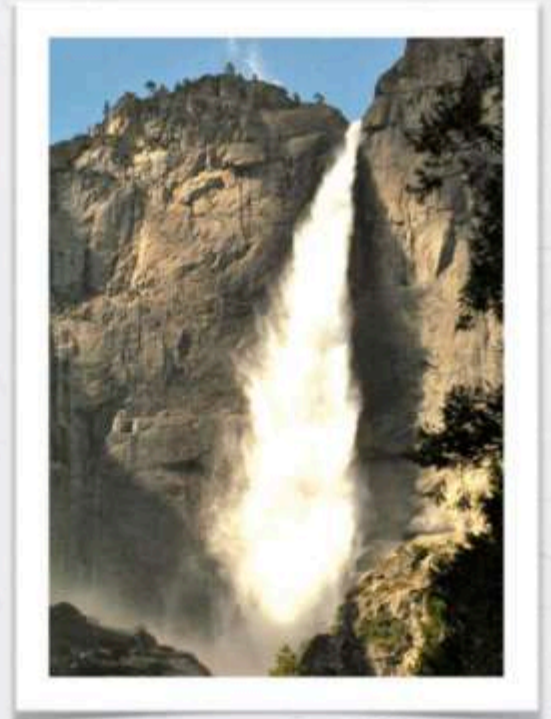
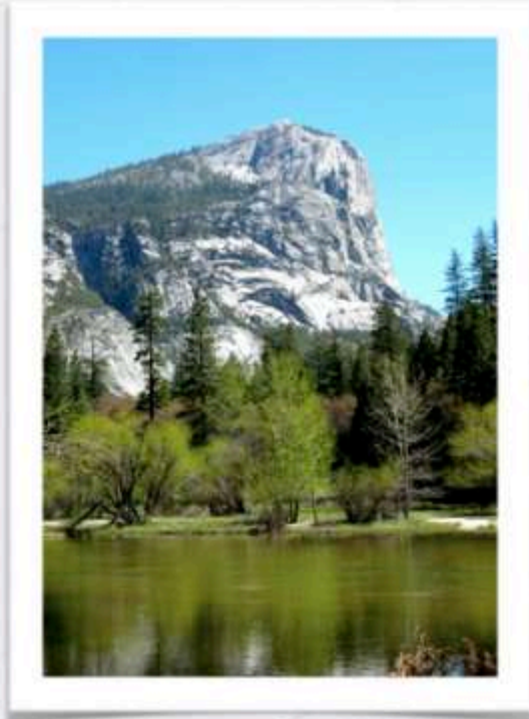
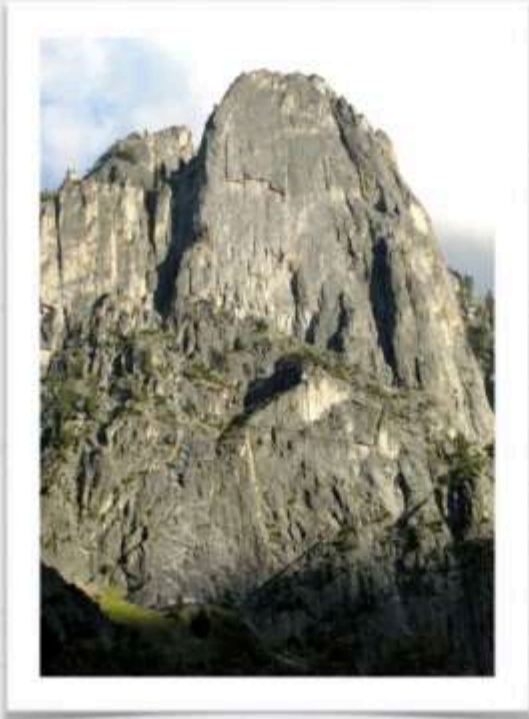
The Trinity Monastery of St. Sergii, Sergiev-Posad, near Moscow, Russia



Sunset, Balstrand, Norway



Niagara Falls from an airplane, July 1955
The Falls straddle the border between
Ontario Canada and New York USA

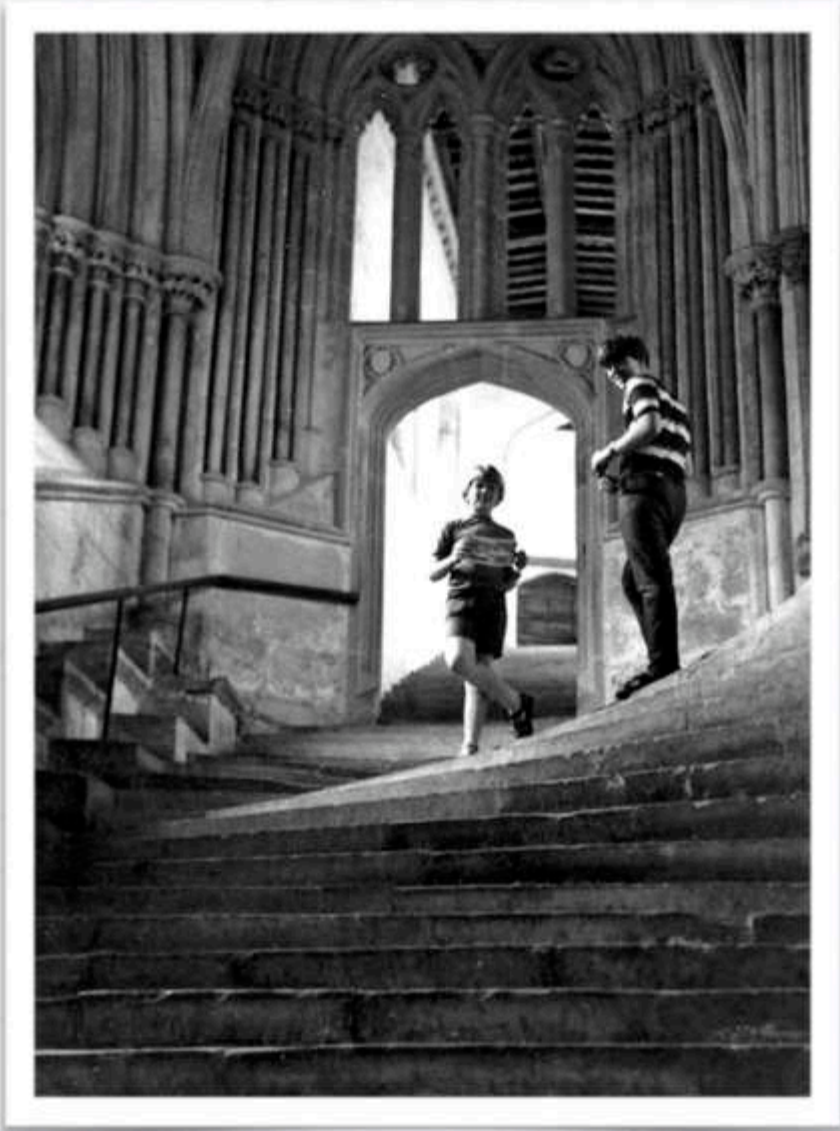


Left to right: Signal Peak, Mirror Lake, and Upper Falls
-- all in Yosemite National Park, California

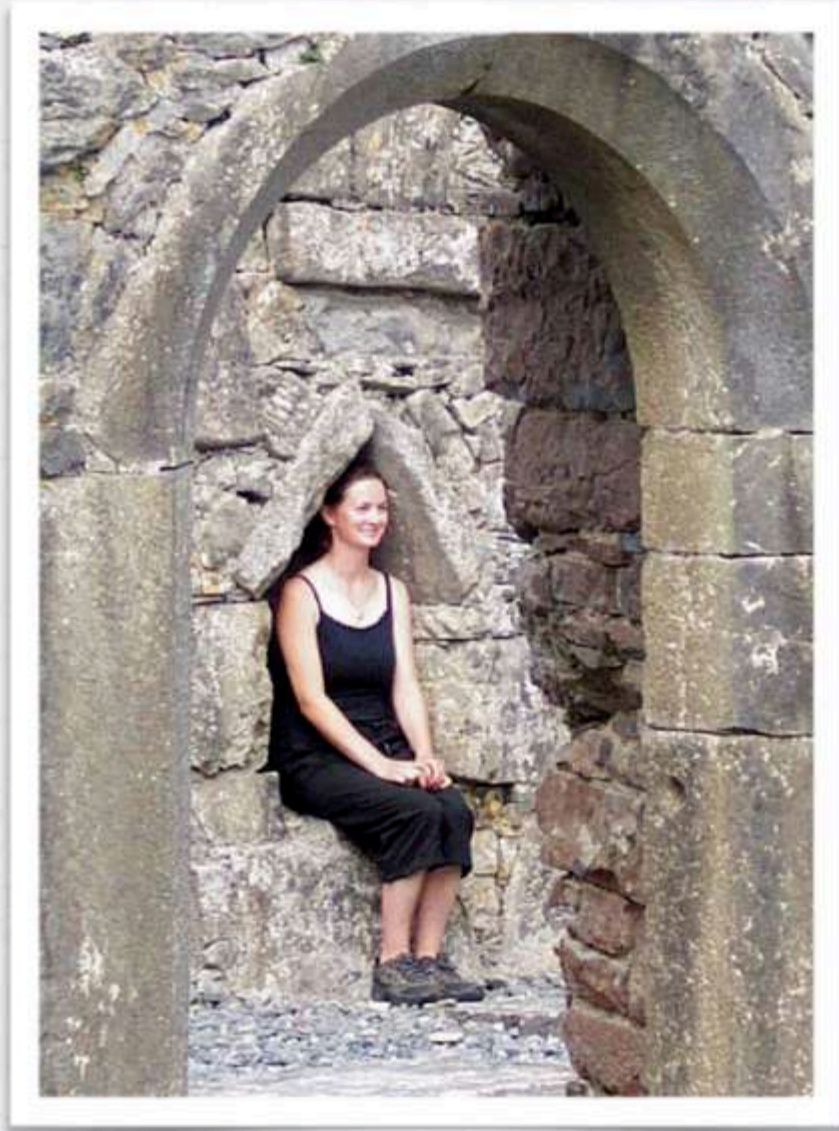


We not only saw some impressive sights, we met some interesting people.

Here a young man sleeps in Tiananmen Square in China.



The Chapter Room steps
Wells Cathedral, England



Inishmore, an Aran Island,
Galway Bay, Ireland



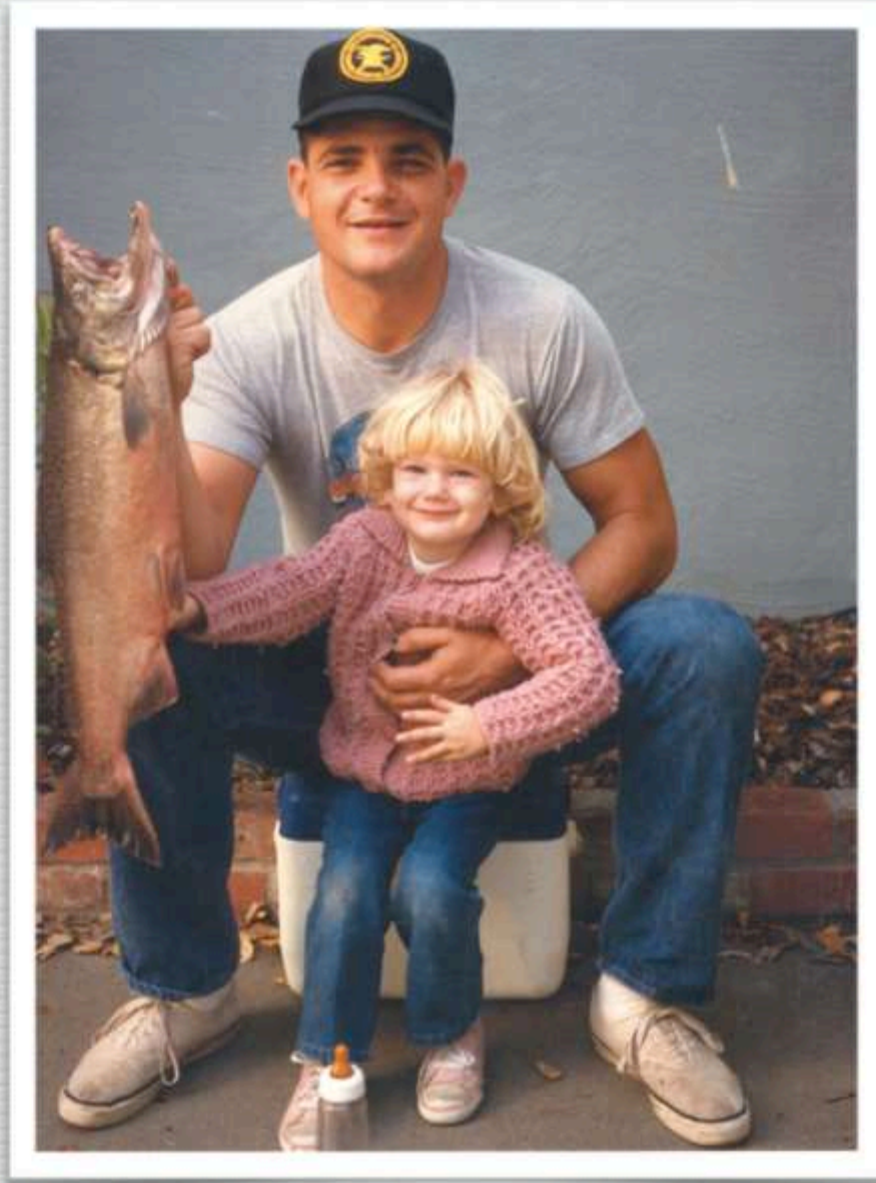
Young ballerinas prepare to go on stage



A street scene in China
(Davis isn't the only bicycle city!)



Isabel and Clarissa



Fishing Trip



Toddlers being "babysat" by the merchandise as they play outside their mother's shop in Lhasa, Tibet



Practicing a fan dance in a public square in China



Horse and cart at the California State Fair

EXCERPTS FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY L. A. BIGGER
AND PUBLISHED BY THE HUTCHINSON NEWS, KANSAS ON DECEMBER 2, 1912.

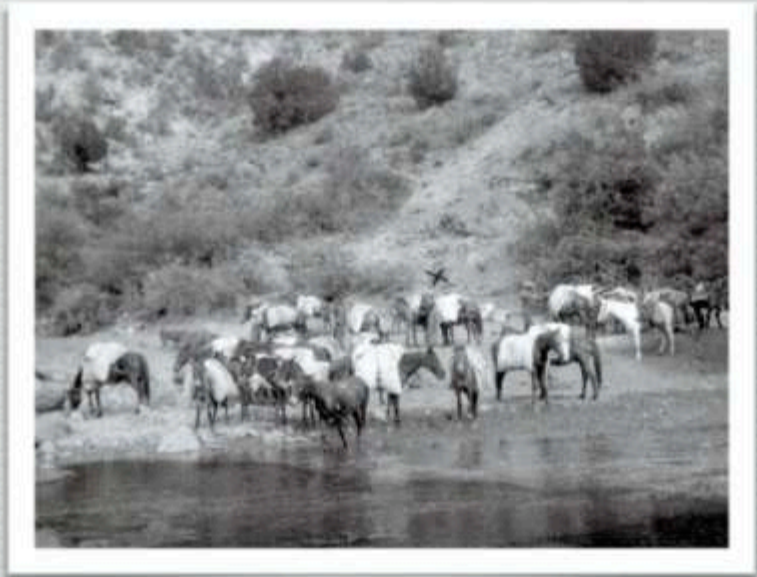
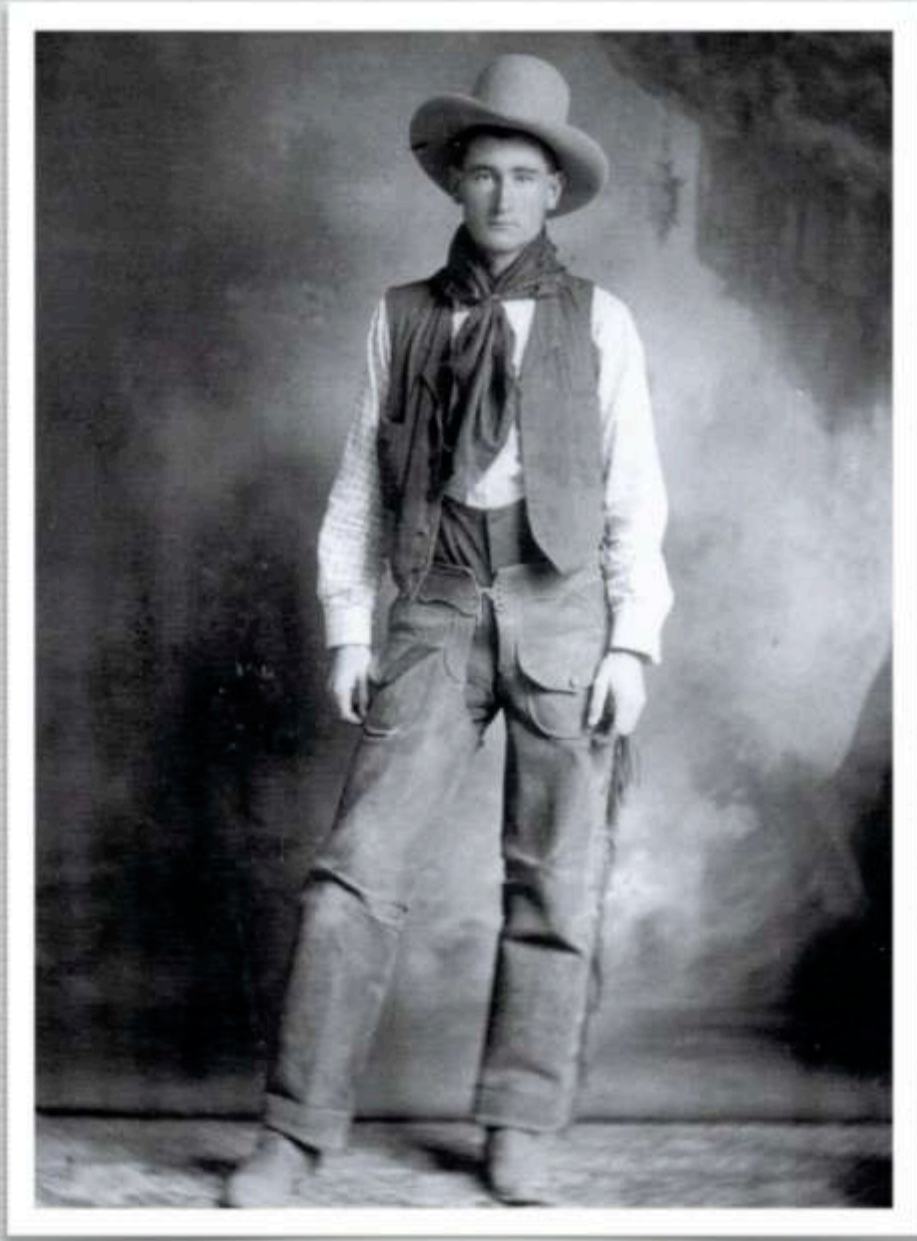
Globe, Arizona, November 14, 1912.

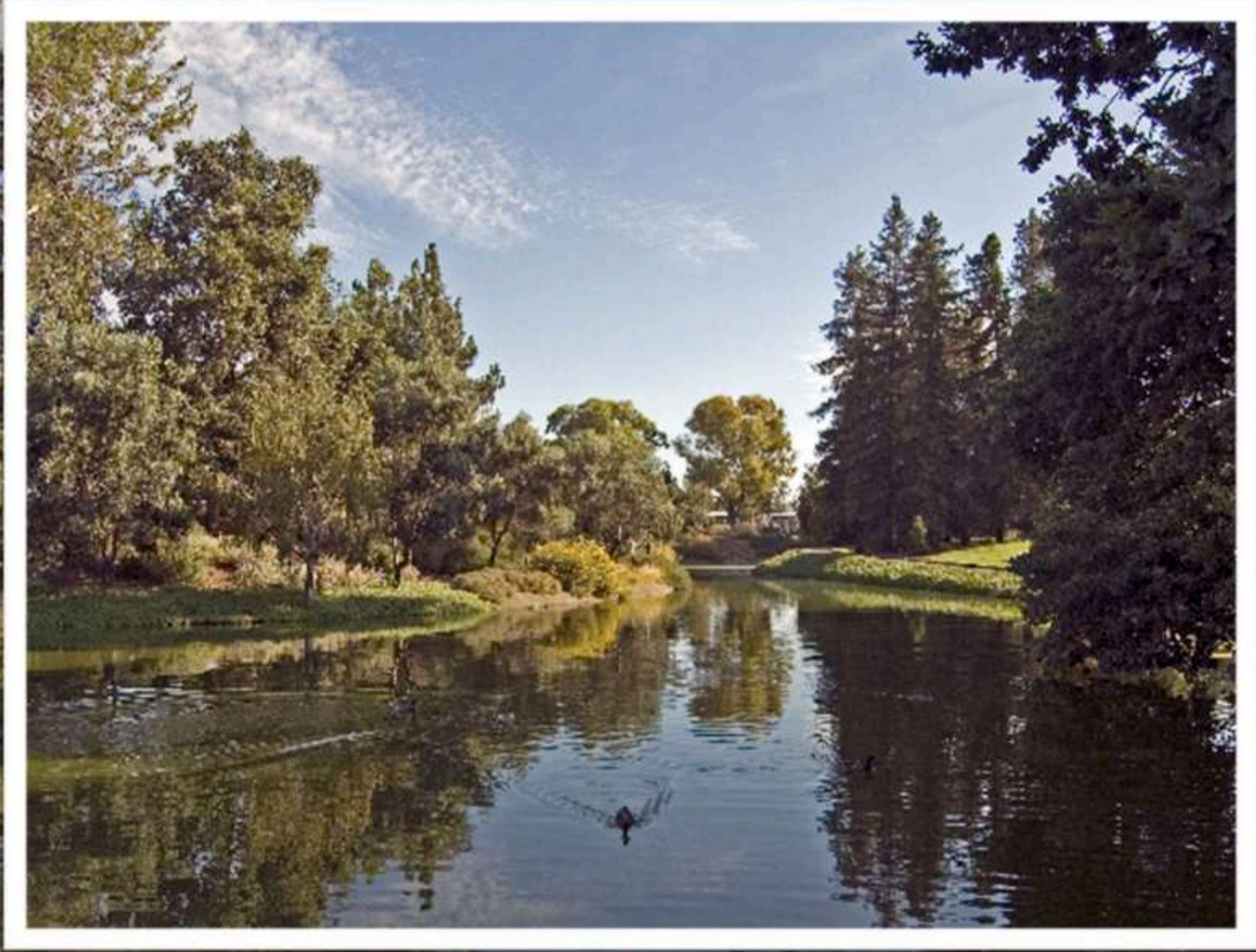
You would surely be delighted with a panorama picture of Black River Bridge and its surroundings. The far famed, much talked of Trosachs do not measure up with this sixty-mile maze of glens and heights, ruffled into such intricacy. You would declare there was no way out. The stars overhead shone with dazzling brightness as we looked at them as if gazing up out of a well. No doubt there are other mountains as interesting as these, but you do not get into the very heart of them as here, into a veritable tangle of lofty hills and hollows so deep the sun can scarcely penetrate them.

Let me tell you of Clarence Duke, our cowboy host at Black River. Duke is a young chap of about 30, living here with his wife and month old baby. Their house is down in a gulch by the bridge, a gulch so deep that the sun does not touch their roof till ten and vanishes at four. No town within 80 miles, no white neighbor within 20 miles either way save the Indian trader. Except for a few cowboys who ride the trails to guard the 30,000 cattle of the Three C's (Cherry Cows Cattle Company), a forest ranger or a cavalryman riding by on some errand, or an occasional wild eyed motorist like ourselves thundering up these lonesome hills, his family sees nothing of the outside world.

Duke's ideas are curious. He thinks that every man over sixteen ought to go around armed with knife and revolver; then if he is insulted the offender would know what to expect, and all hands would be on their good behavior. This is really a sort of Mafia-doctrine. Yet, Duke is a kind hearted young fellow who helps his wife prepare the meals, cares tenderly for the baby, and bestows upon a big lame Newfoundland and a decrepit cat blind in one eye a gentle attention to be expected only from a sympathetic woman.

No stranger passes his door hungry, money or no money, and his dogs feed on better steak than is sold in the average meat market. Duke is simply a type of western cowboy with an ethical code as strict as that of Knights old. The clan is disappearing with the frontier and soon they will be known only in charming literature. At sunrise we were up and off with a heart goodbye to our host and a genuine regret that the world is not full of such people.

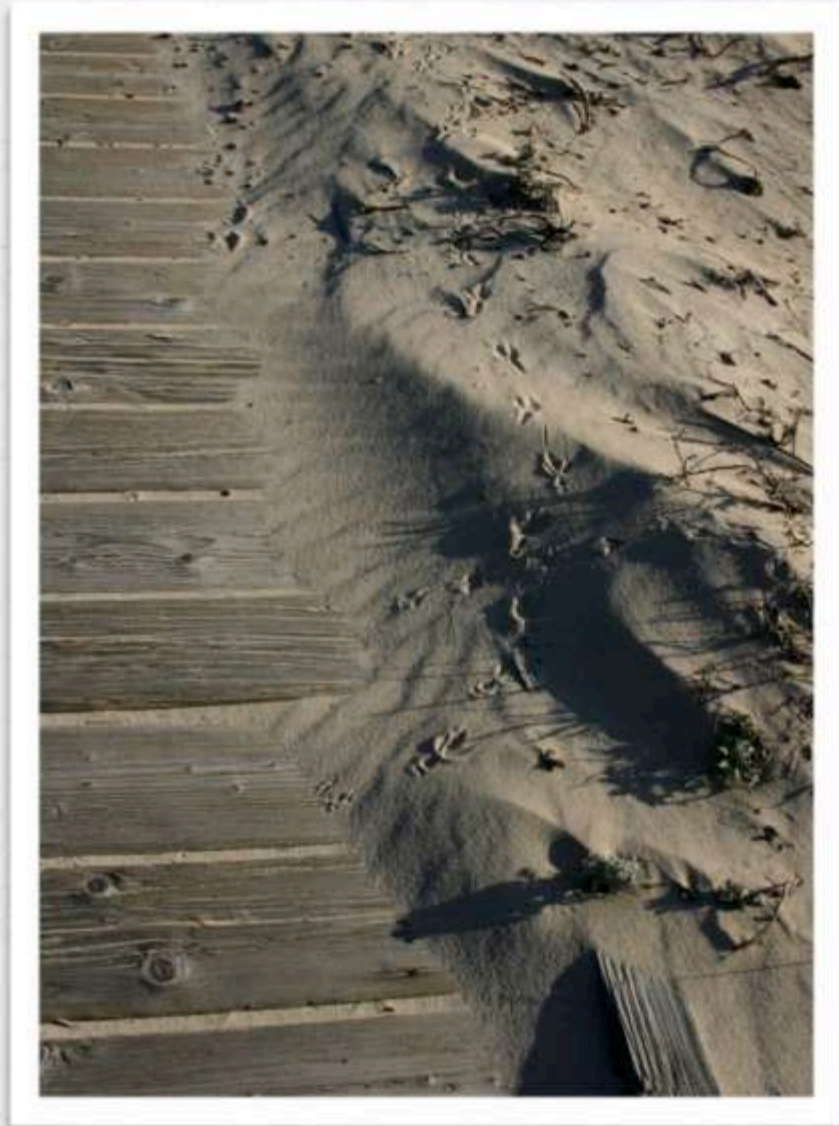




Wherever we are, we can find beautiful things ...



Lake Tahoe,
when it was clear!



Asilomar dune boardwalk
and bird tracks



Carousel horses being loaded after Yolo County Fair, California, 2007



Carousel horses stored in an abandoned fun fair, Birmingham, England, 1960



Ship Creek, Alaska
(an infra-red photograph)



Roses behind glass



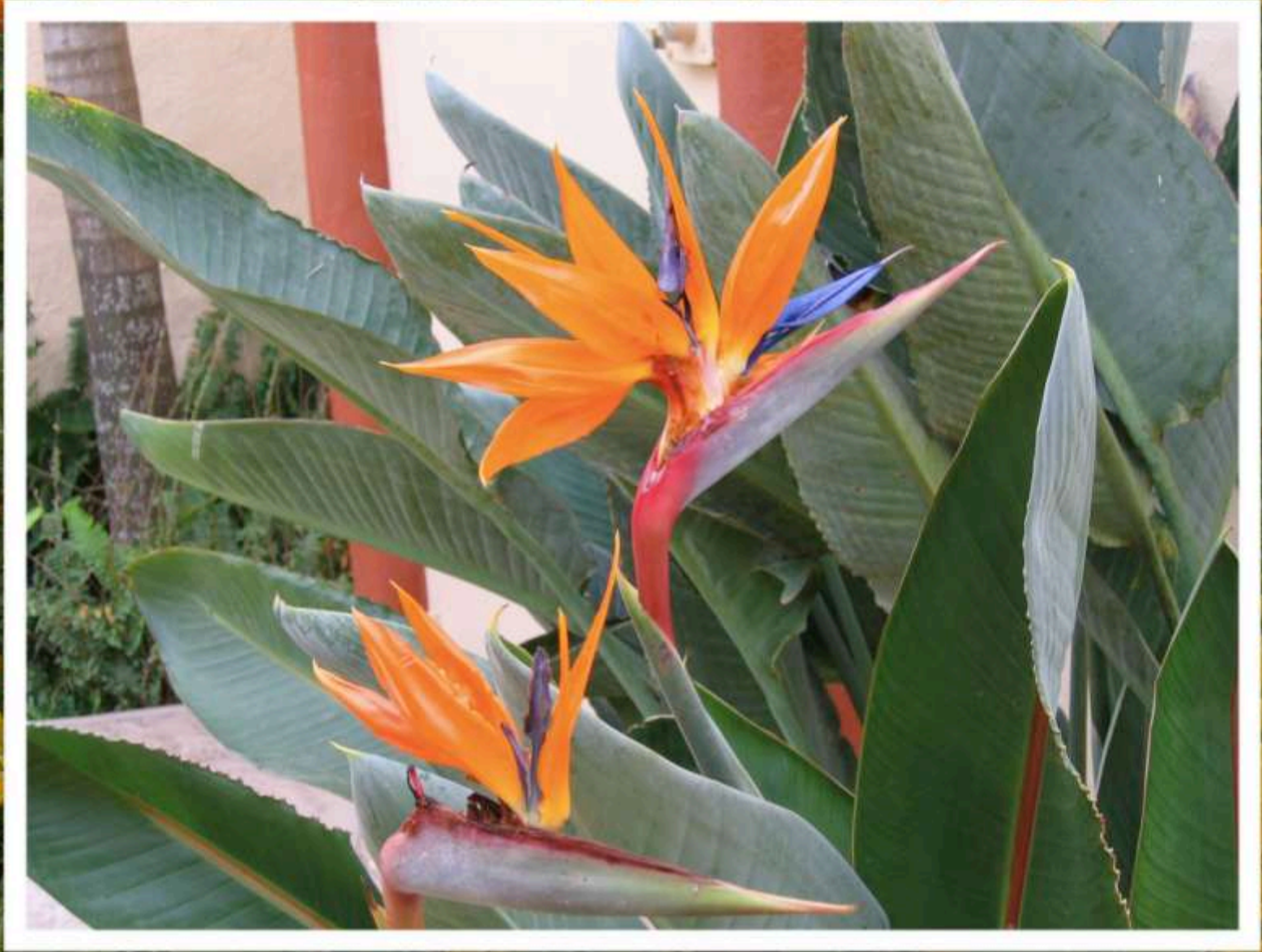
Display at the Nut Tree



Glass artwork in a
San Francisco exhibition



Daisies and a butterfly



Bird of Paradise (Strelitzia)



Lupines and Poppies, Davis, California



top, Passion Flower;
bottom, Hibiscus





Pam Green's Hummingbird Encounter

One September morning, when I got up and started towards the door to go outside, I discovered a hummingbird flying around in my front room. The poor thing was flying desperately around the ceiling and then perching for a while and then flying again but never going near the opening to outside. I shut the door to the rest of the house, so she wouldn't get deeper into the maze. I didn't have a butterfly net, which would have been my first choice. Then I thought about trying to herd it out with a dust mop; or lure it out with a red item on top of a long stick; or, as a last resort, try to catch it by hand. The red lure didn't work, as the bird would orient at it only briefly. But when I got out my "Webster" cobweb remover -- which is a softly-bristly thing on a long pole -- to try to use it to 'herd' the bird towards the open door, she latched onto it. She probably found herself somewhat stuck to the Webster because of all the cobwebs on it. Anyway, she was attached and that let me take her outdoors. Since she couldn't seem to get detached by herself, I very cautiously and gently got her to transfer her tiny feet to my finger. As she clung to my finger, I moved up next to a port on one of my hummingbird feeders and she drank a lot. Then rested. Then drank. Then rested. She obviously badly needed re-fueling!

She didn't move as I gently pulled off the bits of cobweb from her feet and body. Eventually she was able to preen her own wings. Later I took her to some of my flowers to drink, still carrying her on my finger. After maybe half an hour of resting and drinking, she was recovered enough to fly away.

This was a very small hummingbird; probably female as it had no throat color, although it could even have been a young male. I'd guess this was a Black-chinned Hummingbird, since they are known to live on my property, but it could have been any of a number of species.

When it became obvious that the bird was not going to leave my finger any time soon, I was able to step back into the house to get my camera. And here you can see her for yourself.





Saltkammergut meadow, Austria

Brown Pelicans
Black-necked Stilt



An American turkey!



California quail in the chaparral



Bouvier dog herding sheep. Sheep and cattle move away from herding dogs because they recognize the dog as a predator, a genetically modified wolf, who is not actively hunting but is still a bit of a threat. Sometimes the dog's behavior is very toned down and becomes equivalent to “a wolf in sheep’s clothing.”



A sea-going iguana on a Galápagos Island

African lions at naptime -->



Contributors

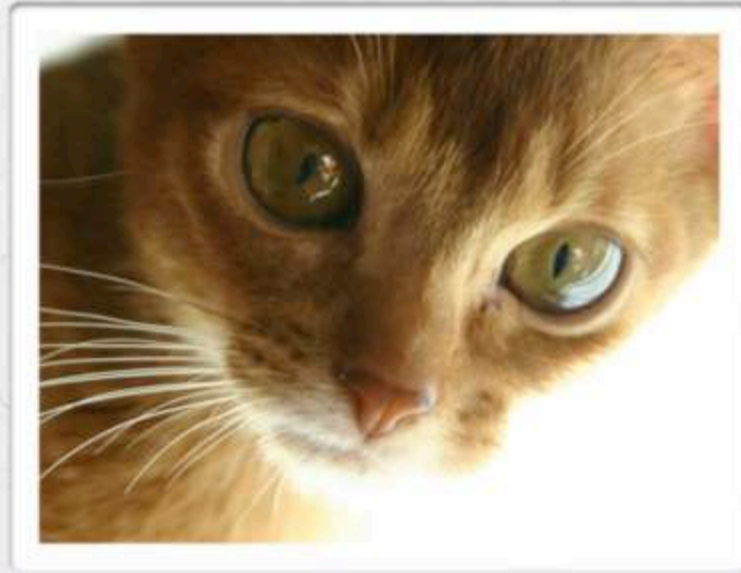
Judith Blum	cover, 22, 32, 44, flap
Jan Damesyn	24, 24
Katherine Domeny	20, 23, 26, 26
Howard Edwards	39, 42, 42, 43
Glen Erickson	6, 14
Gordon Green	25, 27, 34, 34
Pam Green	41, 41, 45, 45
Paul Gulyassi	12, 36, 37, 37
Anne Hance	3, 11, 21, 33
Donald Hartman	3, 4, 4
Lee Hershberger	19, 19, 19
Jim Hutchinson	15, 16
Pat Hutchinson	9, 9, 9, 10
Marcia Kreith	11,12, 37, 42
Michael Lewis	17, 46
Don Martinich	5, 5, 30
Lois Richter	7, 31, 31, 38, back
Jim Richter	8, 47
Eric Thompson	2, 18, 34
Ernst Wenk	18, 29, 29, 29
Fred Woodmansee	13, 21, 35, 35

Photos on page...

Curators: Anne Hance and Lois Richter



...and so our journeys end as they began, with friends and fellow travelers, returning home...



Are you home yet?