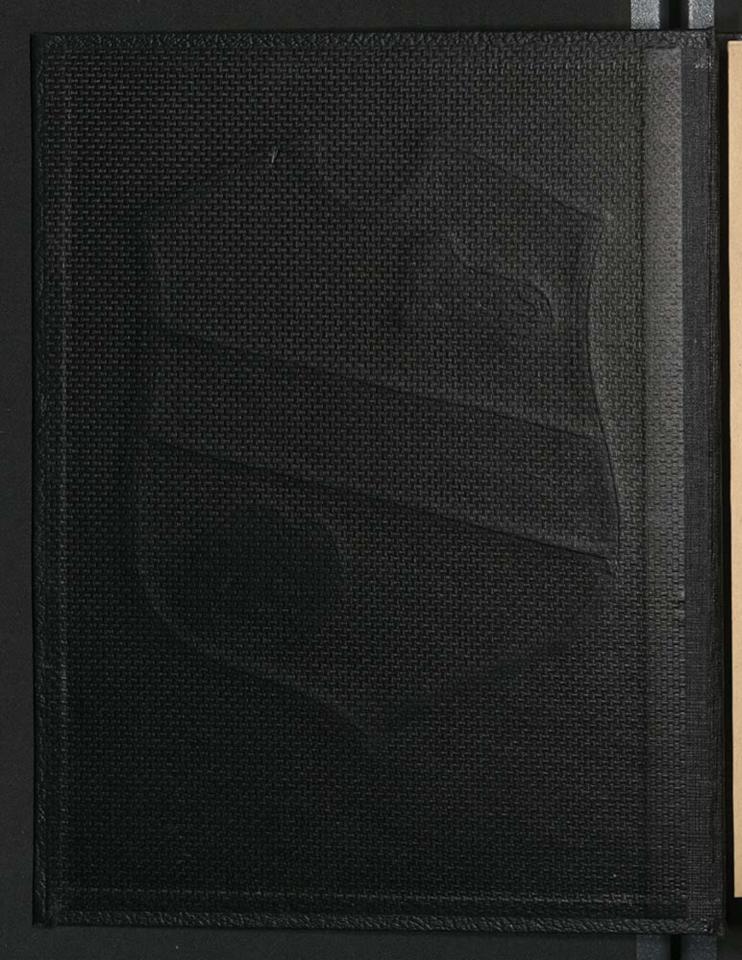
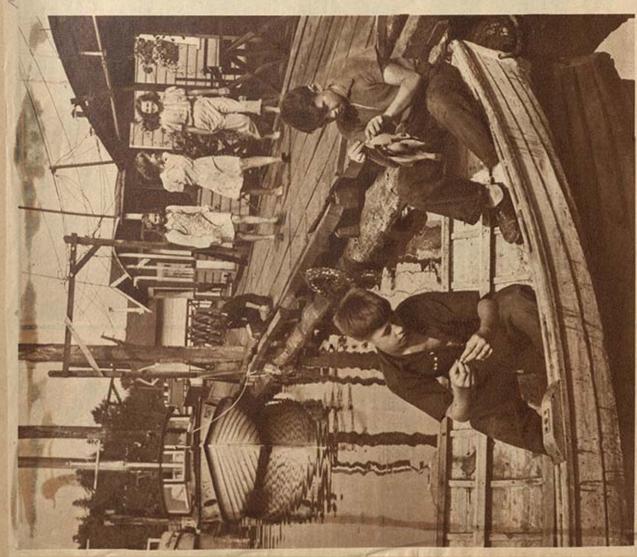
ScrapBook





THREE CIRLS STRIDE down one of Denman Wharf's floating streets. In a small boat anchored to the quay, Billy Elliott and Gerry Dubarry seem to be doing all right with their fishing. Houses lining the "street" are all boats. Nearly every houseboat has its own flower garden built in boxes.

# LOATING

TEN MINUTES FROM MIDTOWN VANCOUVER

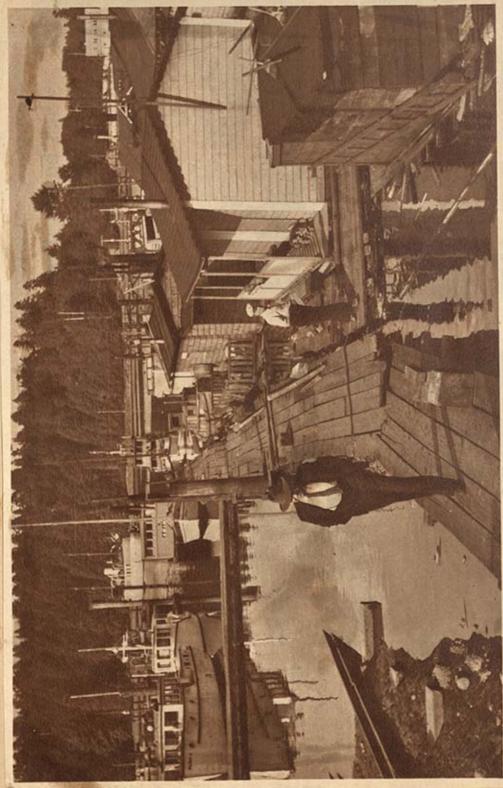
IS A PICTURESQUE TOWN ON THE WATER

VANCOUVER'S DENMAN WHARF HAS A real "floating population." Facing famous Stanley Park, less than ten minutes from the center of the city, some 250 people live an enviable life aboard a miscellaneous collection of launches, houseboats and float houses—bungalows built on floating logs. About its floating sidewalks stroll people from every profession imaginable. Artists, retired sailors, telegraphers, inventors, mechanics, aircraft workers and people who just want to live near the sea and have had courage to put their convictions into practice. At Denham Wharf they live in a truly Bothemian atmosphere, where the average monthly rent, water and electricity bill is \$10 and there is no food problem.

MORE PICTURES ON NEXT PAGE

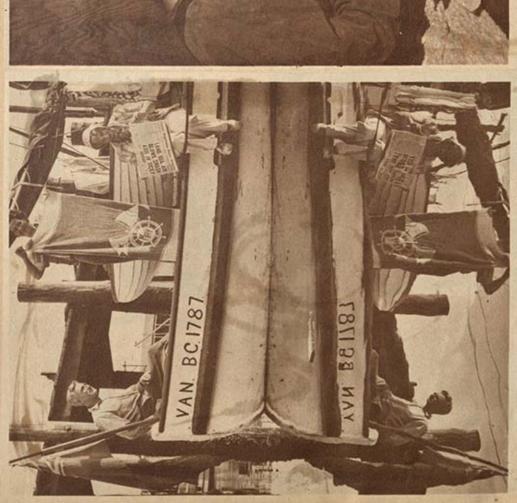


LIFEBELTED RICKY MARZOCCO talks to his tavenite puppy. Children wear life-saving jackets and there has never been a drowning.



MOTOR LAUNCHES and houseboats nestle close to a floating street at Denman Wharf. Motor launch owners extol virtues of their homes because they can move at will but houseboat owners point to benefits of more living space. Launches are moored at standard wharfage rate of ten cents a foot

per month which includes electricity. Lately the housing shortage in Vancouver has added to Denman Wharf's population. There is no fuel shortage since plenty of driftwood comes and goes with the tides, householders simply spear a likely piece of wood as it floats past the front door.



**NEVER DID O. R. HANNAH** do any carpentering till one day he decided to build himself a sea-going launch and live aboard with his wife. Three years later it was finished. Here he relaxes with his wife and a house-guest from Australia.

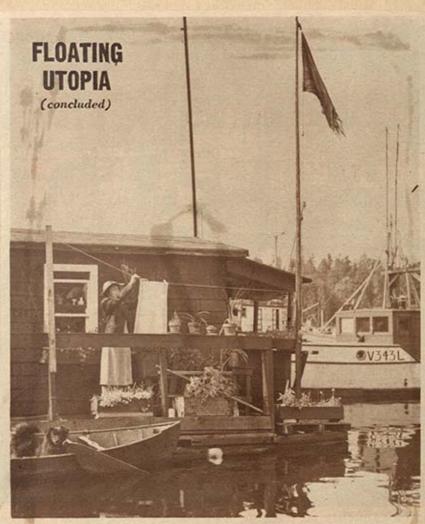


TYPICAL LAUNCH-LIVING FAMILY are the Byron Sheridans who live in their 33-foot "Lady Byron" for less than \$5 a week, They move house week-ends, take short cruises when ration permits. With them is Daughter Doris, who likes to draw.

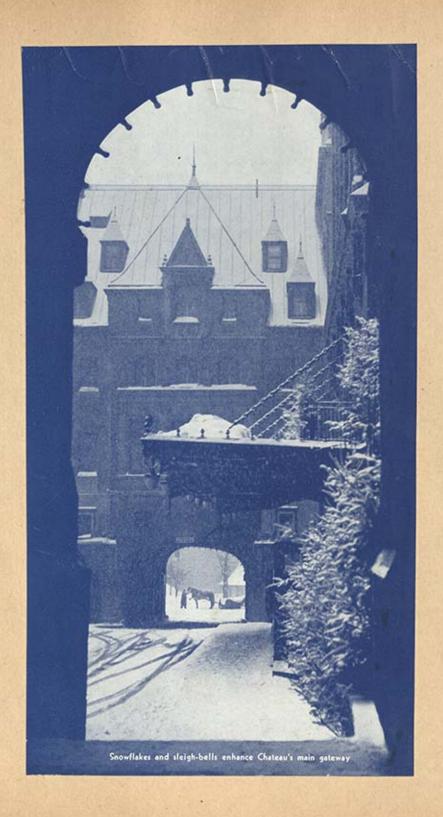


A WELL-EQUIPPED HOUSEBOAT belongs to Marie Saniger, who likes to paint. Two daughters live with her and work in an aircraft plant. This top-notch house-boat boasts a frigidaire, fine bathroom and even a photographic darkroom





A HOUSEBOAT OWNER hangs a dishtowel on a clothesline. Almost all house-boats boast small flower gardens blooming from boxes. Launch-home at right carries naval license numbers. Ships lacking license cannot leave harbor.



### HE'S B.C.'S OYSTER KING



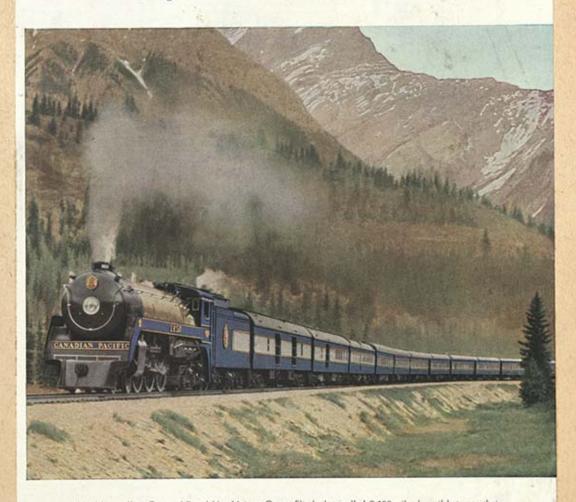
MONARCH OF ALL he surveys is Walter Jones of Oyster Harbor, Vancouver Island. He is B.C.'s cyster king and is standing with his rake at low tide on part of the 80 acres of tidal flat and reef he controls. He visits his beds daily "in months that have an R," but eats very few cysters himself.



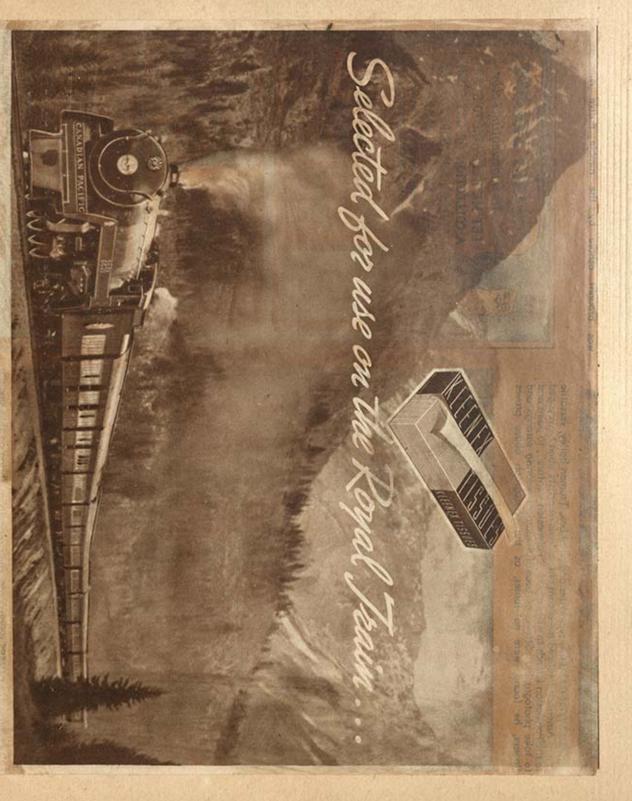
Mrs. Nicholas Morant combines pretty girl, pattern, and low camera angle.

Mrs. Nicholas Morant of Westmount, Que. Can., used a 3½x4½ Anniversary Model Speed Graphic and a 13.5 cm Zeiss Tessar f4.5 lens, exposing 1/15 second at f11 on Ansco Isopan. The filter used was an Aero No. 2. The photograph was made in Nova Scotia.

### Royal Train in Canadian Rockies



His Majesty King George VI and Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth travelled 9,150 miles by rail between their arrival in Quebec on May 17th and their departure from Halifaxon June 15th. Their "home on wheels during this period was a twelve-car train, whose royal blue and aluminum exterior is familiar to millions of their subjects in this Dominion. It is here seen travelling at speed through Canada's mountain playsround, hauled by the Canadian Pacific Railway's locomotive 2850. This "queen of the rails" achieved a remarkable record on the tour, steaming without change a distance of 3,100 miles from the Atlantic at Quebec to the Pacific at Vancouver. This engine and its tender, which weigh 657,000 pouhds, are now on display at the New York World's Fair with the Coronation Scot and other notable locomotives.



THE ROYAL TRAIN IN THE "ROCKIES"-Winding through the Canadian Rockies, the Royal train is shown near

Field, B.C., with the green-clad slopes and snow-capped peaks of Mount Vaux as a beautiful background.

The Star Weekly, Toronto, March 7, 1942

# EIGHT SMART DOGS AND A CAT WHO IS SMARTER



**SEVEN LITTLE PUPPY DOGS** sitting on a fence. Dobermann-Pinscher pups sired by Reo of Kamloops, B.C., are being trained to follow in the footsteps of their famous father and will become valuable R.C.M.P. dogs in a short time.

# HALIFAX GIRLS PROVE THEIR PROWESS WITH RIFLE



TWO OF THE Halifax girl rifle shots who have good reason to be proud of their prowess at the targets are Agnes Gatchell (left) and Jean Ferguson. Strict rules govern all the shooting tests. It can be seen that Jean and Agnes have both made their share of bull's-eye hits.

CAPTAIN MELDA WALTERS, head of the Halifax women's unit, gives Gladys Allan a few tips on how to keep a rifle in trim after practice on the ranges. After their course, girls knowhow to look after a rifle as well as shoot.

READY TO TAKE the place of men in whatever field of war activity they are called on to assist, a group of business girls in Halifax have banded together as the Women's Canadian Service Corps, and for several months have been training intensively in first aid, transport driving, rifle shooting, map reading, signalling, and army field tactics. Such activities indicate the girls are really in earnest about their job. Here is the picture story of how they excel especially in their ability as marksmen.



HERE'S THE mark set up by Miss V. Fenton. Eight shots in 10 were bull's-eyes.

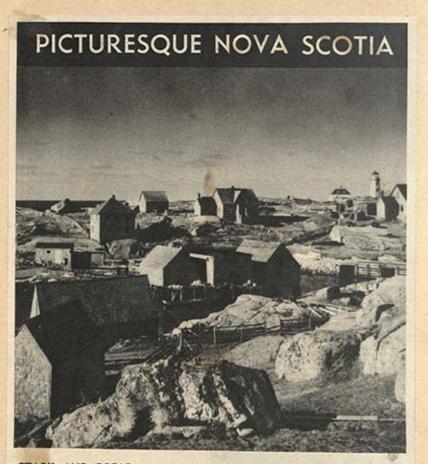


LOWERING HER RIFLE between shots in the range, Jean Ferguson gives the cameraman a better chance to snap her smile. Possibly she's just heard of the score on her target. Like the other girls, she studies and drills at night.

The Star Weekly Toronto, August 8, 1942



"THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE" gets a horse in this picture from Montreal. A baker there figured he had better get ready for more extensive gasoline rationing so he removed the engine, transmission and drive shaft from a truck, put dobbin out front and ran a pair of reins under the windshield.



STARK AND DREAR on a jumble of rocks perches Peggy's Cove, a picturesque fishing village on the Nova Scotia coast just south of Halifax. In winter, it is battered by wild Atlantic gales which hurl on the shores rocks weighing sometimes several tons and destroy the wharves around the cove and the fishermen's work sheds that are known locally as "stores."



THE INDOMITABLE SPIRIT of Peggy's Cove fishermen is well illustrated by Oscar Morash, a life-long resident. Though a storm caused havoc to one of his stores and loss of gear worth more than \$100, a fortune to him, he calmly patched the nets that were left. Photos are by Mrs. Nicholas Morant.

The Star Weekly, Toronto, October 4, 1941



THIS SENTINEL stands silhouetted against the fast fading light of the setting sun. Just as in countless Nova Scotia fishing villages, this Peggy's Cove lighthouse is both guide and friend to the numerous craft on the sea.

BACK in May, which seems quite a while ago, The Guide had a couple of nifty sail boats pictured on its front cover. The original was by Nicholas Morant, well known Canadian color photographer. This month's cover—but here we quote Mr. Morant: The kitten picture should be credited to Mrs. Nicholas Morant, as she set it up and did the job herself. And so the credit goes to the good lady. Wonder if the kitten has found its way down off the pumpkin yet!



TYPICAL of the industrious townsfolk in Peggy's Cove is Belle Manuel, shown here, with one of her hooked rugs in the making. Old sweaters, underwear, and dresses are cut up to provide the material for these beautiful rugs.



"SAVIN' GAS"—that is the answer given by these boys when asked about their novel means of transportation. "Billy" appears quite satisfied to co-operate with his young masters who live near The Pines at Digby, N.S.



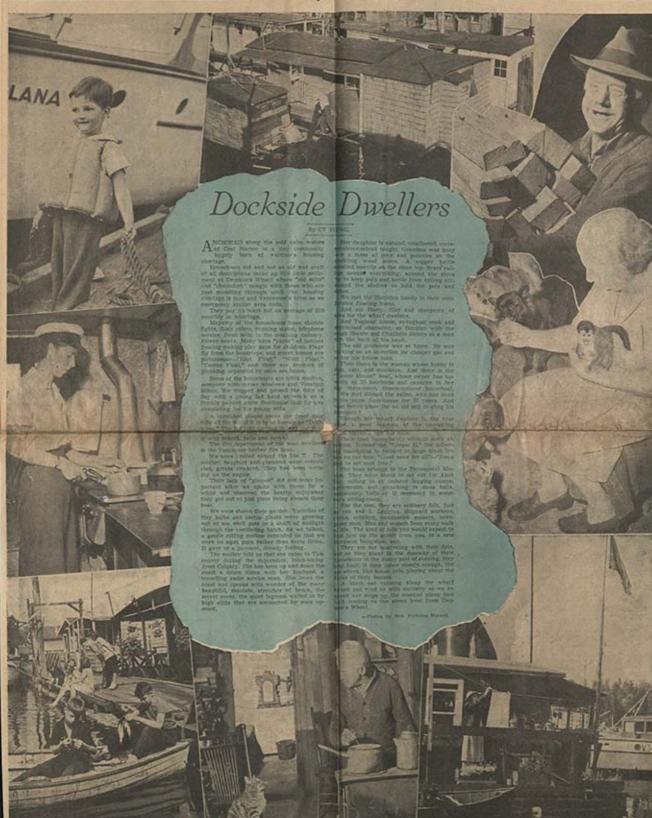
# SPORTS AND G.W. G. 'S F



### THE VANCOUVER DAILY PROVINCE

VANCOUVER, R.C.

Saturday Magazine SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1945



A Guide to Reading

### **PHOTOGRAPHY**

NICHOLAS MORANT



CANADIAN LEGION EDUCATIONAL SERVICES 27 GOULBURN AVENUE, OTTAWA



# Attoor CANADA



(Photo by Nicholas Morant)
Written in the Snow

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DECEMBER - 1946

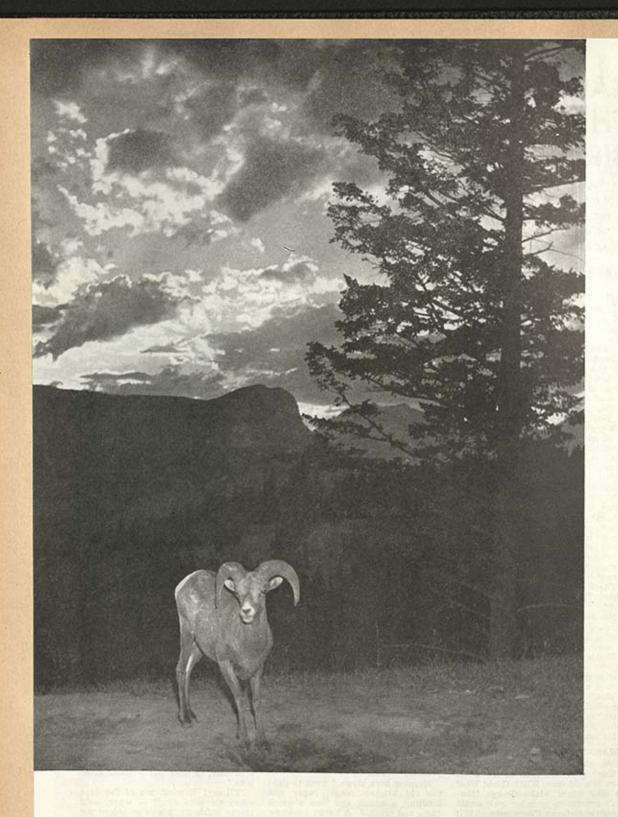
Vol. 2, No. 9

Winnipeg - Canada



JULY

Canada





PHOTOGRAPHY of wild life requires plenty of patience — lots of luck. In some ways one could compare a wild life photographer to a smart merchant who lays in a stock of goods such as to make his customers want the goods more than their cash. The photographer puts out a "lure" for his subject. If the morsel is delicious enough the animal may set aside enough of its inherent fear of a human to come close enough to permit photography. In the case of this horned gent the lure was a natural deposit — a regular lick to which this fellow came regularly and sometimes brought friends. The slightest movement was sufficient to send them flying in all directions. Since the camera was not remotely controlled this presented certain difficulties inasmuch as each time I raised my flashgun the visitors decamped.

Lady luck beamed in my direction inasmuch as she gave me a nice sunset background, a fairly well placed tree and an interesting foreground subject on a somewhat temporary basis, however.

The shot was made with a Rolleiflex Automatic, using a Heiland Flash outfit, at a two hundredth at 8 on Ansco film.

After the flash went, it is interesting to note, the animal was gone — but only for a few minutes and this was my second shot. Flashlight is a surprising medium in animal photography — so many times the subjects show far less alarm, get over it more quickly than human beings. A bulb flashing at the wrong psychological moment during an after dinner speech will often stop the speaker, momentarily deadening his line of thought it seems, but then — animals have the good sense to avoid banquets and after dinner speeches, so we'll not get far with this month's dissertation.

February, 1946

Please mention OUTDOOR CANADA when writing Advertisers.

17



(Photo by Nicholas Morant)

Woodworking seldom is done with an axe, but here is a fine piece of work done by that heavy implement on a tree seventy miles or so from Banff at a place called Grizzly camp. The tree trunk was flat-slabbed underneath the head to serve as a visitors' register.



LIGHT reflected from water on a hazy day filled in shadows enough to provide pleasant modelling on the face. Photo by Mrs. Nicholas Morant.



A GREAT many people ask me to set down some definite rule when a figure should or should not be included in a picture. Well — its like a couple of drunks fighting under a culvert, there just ain't no rules, mister. But this month's illustration is certainly a sound example of where introduction of a figure would have spoiled the result. The tree is a dwarfed growth and stands only four or five feet high. A human figure scated underneath it would have detracted too much from the tree and hidden half of the landscape background as well. Here was an instance where nature did a pretty good job in composition all by herself, with nobody's help and all I had to do was click the shutter. In order to avoid having too much foreground detail beneath the tree I have darkened the right foreground — otherwise it is a straight print. The photograph was made just south of Penticton, in the famous apple growing Okanagan Valley in British



Columbia, is of Skaha Lake — known locally as Dog Lake. Driving along the highway I caught a glimpse of this tree, and, with two ardent amateurs from Victoria, squealed for joy, pounced on our subject like a horned owl on the chicken pen and made pictures in grand style. The elation we experienced in our "find" was somewhat deflated when some kill-joy discovered we were not first on the scene — on the rocks nearby were a multitudinous array of oil colors, scrapings from the palette of some visiting artist. Later, when we were in Penticion we found a local photographer featuring the tree in his window . . . well, anyways its a nice spot and a blind man can find the trail leading in. I made this with an automatic Rolleiflex camera, rather than my larger outfit, in order to get the maximum depth of focus.



In professional, and quite often also in amateur photography, the advent of forest fire haze brings camera activity to a halt. A great deal has been written about penetrating various types of haze and smoke using red filters, infra-red films and the like, but there is still nothing like a clear fall day in the mountains for first rate work. I have used infra-red films and the various types of red filters suggested all the way down to chunks of glass so dark you can only just see the sun when you hold it up and peer through it. The results are remarkable, you can see objects miles away under photographic circumstances which would baffle the normal film users. They are, however, far from beautiful and I see very few examples of this sort of work of interest except to the scientifically inclined lads. The sides of mountains, covered with green trees, photographed on infra red, appear as if there had been a heavy snowfall.



This month's illustration shows a method of getting a nice pictorial result under difficult smoke conditions. This is Mount Burgess and it's a couple of miles from the camera and there's a lot of smoke in the valley. Your foreground material has a negligible amount of smoke to interfere so you get normal results there. So, if you are holidaying in the mountains during a fire period, try to secure prominent foreground material (nice tree arrangements or figures with animals) and let the mass of the mountains loom out of the mist as I have done here. The thing to watch carefully is that your background is massive enough, a long range of mountains fifty miles away, even if visible, has no pictorial possibilities—even on a clear day. Generally speaking, there is no change in exposure and, particularly in color, some very nice effects can be obtained in the form of deep blues contrasted against your foreground material. No filter was used in this exposure.

# this month's picture and NICHOLAS MORANT Charles

THIS PICTURE, made near Lake Louise, Alberta, shows the effect of depth that can be instilled in a photograph by using a foreground which is partly in shadow.

The heavy rockface at the left provides a partial frame to the photograph leading the eye into the far distance. The figure is also in the shadow and, as figures always do, gives the eye some gauge of relative sizes. To the amateur photographer—whether a figure should or should not be included in a landscape has always been a subject for argument.

To the professional man there can be none, for the most part-editors

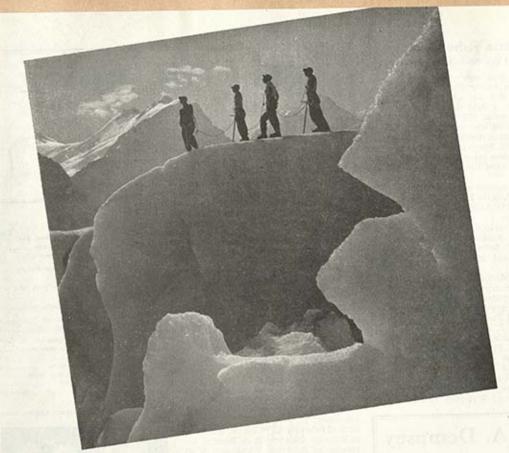
demand a figure. I can see nothing disagreeable in the inclusion of a fisherman casting for his morning's breakfast at the edge of a stream or lake whether the picture be professionally taken or otherwise. I have seen a great many good landscapes ruined because the figure included had no business there. A prairie vista, rolling plains, high cumulous clouds and a farmer ploughing in the foreground makes a picture in most any man's language-but if you substitute Aunt Martha in her new Easter bonnet; you definitely have a misplaced person in your picture.

In this month's shot you have a

young lady more or less correctly dressed for mountain hiking—even to my rucksack, which hangs a bit too low behind to suit any mountaineer who knows his stuff. Had the young lady been in a summer dress with high heels she would have appeared ridiculous. To the professional photographer the choice of models is a major problem far exceeding the technical difficulties of operating a camera. For the sporting press a picture of a fisherman without correct equipment represents time wasted.

There is a group of photographic thinkers who will disagree with me and say that nature is nature without us bothering to put a trifling human being in the scene. Sometimes they are right (and they usually call the scene "Solitude" as an excuse) but mostly it is generally agreed that some form of "life" improves most pictures. The big trick is to place the figure in such a way that it does not command more attention than the landscape itself. The illustration this month might possibly lean the wrong way in that respect—but you get the idea?





THIS month's picture looks very intrepid. To any readers accustomed to mountaineering (in the true sense of the word) it is a familiar scene, accurately portrayed in dynamic style, of a halt by a party, roped off, crossing an icefield. To those who are not "climbers" and, like myself, prefer to stand off and look up at the mountains rather than hanging on to them and looking down into the valley, it's still an attractive photograph.

The great piece of ice in shadow provides a mass—a pictorial pedestal, as it were, upon which the alpinists are "mounted." The serrated edge of glacial ice, crossing the picture diagonally, adds much to the ruggedness of the scene, yet in the original print, retains all the delicacy of backlighted



Perhaps the only faults are that, for one, the third climber stands in a rather exaggerated style. His stance, as the sculptors might say, is "in the heroic manner." The fact that these men would be wearing heavy metal "crampons" on their climbing boots might account for this relatively small complaint. The second objection—the leader's head "runs into" the mountain in the background. Had the camera been lowered a foot or so at the time of exposure, the figure would have been raised above the peak. The haze, in this case from a forest fire, has saved the day by giving far more separation than would have been the case on a clear day.

Ambitious, but faint-hearted camera-toters might be interested to know that this picture was made by a young lady in sweater and skirt wearing light, toeless style city shoes! I watched her make this picture. She stood on the tongue of the Athabasca Glacier and directed these four climbers (United States Mountaineering Troops on furlough in the Canadian Rockies) to several points of photographic vantage. She exposed five shots on the end of one roll with an Automatic Rollei-flex camera at a two hundredth at f 11 with an orange filter. Then she put in a fresh roll and tried several more, but these will never be seen. As a great piece of ice started to settle she made a jump to get clear, missed her footing, fell into two feet of glacial water along with the high priced camera. So I bawled the daylights out of her—it was my camera, I pointed out. Like most women she had the last word — " . . . and don't forget, brother." she said, shaking herself like a spaniel dog, "Tm your wife." See what I mean?

# this month's picture and nicholas markets

IN a recent column I discussed the matter of the importance of backgrounds to photographs. Here is a specific instance and, so it happens, subjectively the imaginery one discussed in the column. A fisherman carefully placed in such a manner that no single part of the main subject is interfered with by poor backgrounding.

In no place does the figure of the fisherman "cut" into the background. He is completely silhoutted and, a step further, what he is doing (always an important point in illustrative work) is also quite clearly shown and away from the conflicting background.

Had the fisherman moved a step to the right, his hat would have "hit" the log. Then we would have a solid black running from his knees at waterline, through his hat, up the log to the top right hand corner of the picture.

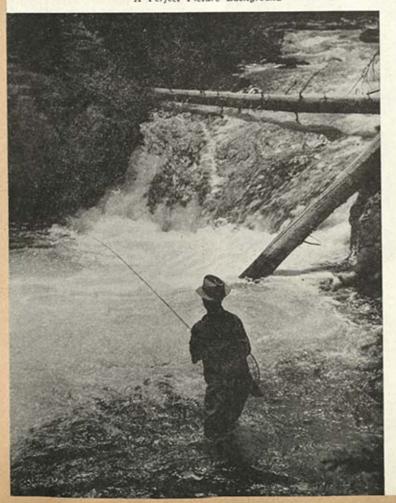
This particular illustration was one of many made on a six weeks pack trip into the mountains south of Banff, Alberta, for the Cleveland Plain-dealer newspaper. The fisherman is the editor of that newspaper's outdoor column and a well known lecturer and expert on fly fishing and light-rod exponent extraordinaire.

Technically speaking, the figure was placed by the reverse procedure of arranging the camera so that the backgrounds were satisfactory. Obviously your subject is limited, in such a case, as to where he can stand—therefore the cameraman may be the gent who has to get into the unusual spot. We cleared the creek of a lot of driftwood by crossing a log at the top and sawing some of the large pieces with a crosscut. We decided to leave the "bridge" log because all out of doors people sitting in a hot office with a flock of invoices to check in front of them on the desk, would like to imagine themselves crossing that log to get down to where our fisherman stands now. Modern illustrations, done properly, requires a great deal of thought and common sense.

The camera was a Graflex, Series D, quarter plate and the exposure was made for the highlights—though, as a general rule, in shooting against the sun, you expose for the shadow largely.

P. S. We didn't catch any fish there.

A Perfect Picture Background



# this month's picture and nicholas morant unacyses

HERE'S a picture made at Whitehorse in the Yukon of one of the many youngsters who played such a big part in recent years in the new and rapid development of our north country. It is a pretty good example of how the camera, carefully handled, can incorporate in the background material part of the story being told in the foreground.

The out of door man can very well duplicate this idea on his next fishing trip. Joe, the guide, can be sitting on a stump sharpening his axe with a hand stone—that's half the story. The background—a woodpile outside his cabin—shows the fruits of his prowess

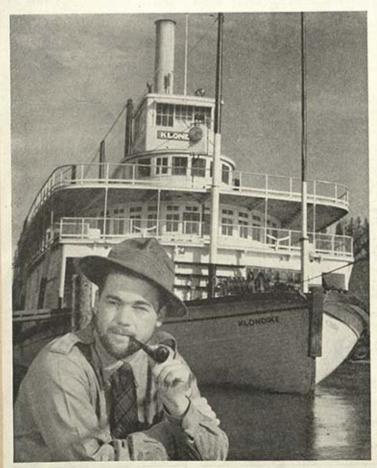
with the axe and provides visible excuse for his "act" for the camera. A close-up of some nice looking fish laid out on the grass can be made more interesting if, at the top of the picture, you showed a campfire with a hand holding a frying pan, It shows your friends the fish you caught and indicates you ate 'em too.

Thing to watch in making such pictures is that you keep both subjects in focus. Usually it is permissible to have the background slightly out of focus but it is imperative that the foreground be absolutely sharp. This is referred to in the technical journals under the heading of "depth of focus"

and is defined in the most glorious technical prose available. To you and me—and Joe here—it means the ability of a lense, when correctly set, to resolve things at various distances from the camera into sharp focus. (If you don't understand me please tear the roof off your woodshed and write your name and address on it for free booklet on "What Questions NOT to ask a photographer").

What is more important is how to beat this depth of focus bugbear. This can be effected by use of the smaller "stops" (f numbers) on your camera and a little display of common sense with your focussing. Let's consider an ordinary folding (120 film size) focussing-type camera since they are the most popular. Joe sits with his axe six feet from the camera and, let's say the woodpile is fifteen feet from the camera. Idea is to divide up your focussing-favoring the object nearest camera. Alright set her for eight or nine feet-but this will throw you out of focus on Joe. That's where you use your "stop" setting—stop her down to F 11 or 16 and that will bring Joe sharp again and still add to your sharpness on the woodpile. Don't forget that reducing the size of your "stop" aperture also reduces the amount of light going into your camera—this means you must compensate by giving a longer exposure. To those folk who use larger cameras some suggestions: your cameras do not have the same ability to handle this type of picture and it is a very good plan to keep your foreground and background as nearly in the same plane as possible. The fact that you would likely have to stop down to F 32 would probably mean tenth or fifth second exposures and this would call for a sturdy support or better, of course, a tripod.

The illustration of the young northerner was made with a short focus (wide angle) lense on a 31/4 x 41/4 Graphic camera-using flash to brighten the shadow under the hat. More elaborate equipment was used than most amateurs might have available but the job could have been very satisfactorily accomplished with a good folding camera and tripod. Actually this picture was one of several made for a cover of a nationally circulated magazine and features my friend A. T. Phillips, of Regina, (now with R.C.-A.F.), his newly acquired beard and a red shirt borrowed from Taylor's General Store for the pictorial occa-



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# this month's picture and nicholas morant

HERE'S a picture which only good modelling made possible. A great many cameramen are too quick to accept all the credit for a pictorial result obtained when, in reality, the subject had some possibilities and talents, too! This is a picture of a very well known Canadian model, at one time with the celebrated Powers Agency in New York City, Miss Betty Lee Davidson and, since this picture was made, happily married.

Lee is a beautiful girl but more than that she's a fine model. There are lots of beautiful gals about but few indeed who can qualify as excellent models for photography. A fine model has the ability to give a certain abstract "something" to the camera, a finesse of action, that same intangible thing that a great actress telegraphs to an audience the moment she comes on stage.

The man behind the camera will provide the idea (quite often good models do that, too!), the technical ability to estimate exposure and artistic camera-arrangement but he must explain to his model what he wants and the result he visualizes. Beyond that he is a pretty helpless soul. His model must be able to enter into the spirit of the thing, she must be understanding and sympathetic to the idea. Most models offer counter-proposals, suggestions for variance in pose and

expression and the smart photographer learn to heed these because most of the time they'll turn out to be better than his own.

In out-of-door photography you have as your model, for the most part, Mother Nature. She's a fine model—but you must be able to "see her ideas," you must seek out her particular moods and catch them for she plays hard to get and challenges you and your camera to produce a fine result.

The photograph of Betsy Lee playing tennis was made with a graflex quarter plate camera for purposes of advertising illustration. The photo-(Continued on page 22)



# NICHOLAS

THIS month's photograph is the work of a well-known Canadian cameraman, Harry Rowed, a Canadian National Railway photographer on loan to the government. I chose it from his collection somewhat under protest from him. He had, he said, "better pictures of Mount Robson." He has, too. There are some excellent and unusual angles of one of Canada's topmost peaks made from aircraft in winter and some very nice ones made from the ground in summer, too.

What I like about this print is the spirit of freedom it suggests. The great snow peak backing a wide meadow with the galloping horses in the foreground provides a long-to-be-remembered subject. Any outdoorsman can visualize what happened before

the shutter rolled down. The packponies have just been ridden over the slip bars into the pasture-with a kick of their heels and a deadly bite or two from the mean old mare with the flattened ears and the yellowed ivories the whole bunch are off to the far end of the meadow and the wranglers are half way back to breakfast already.

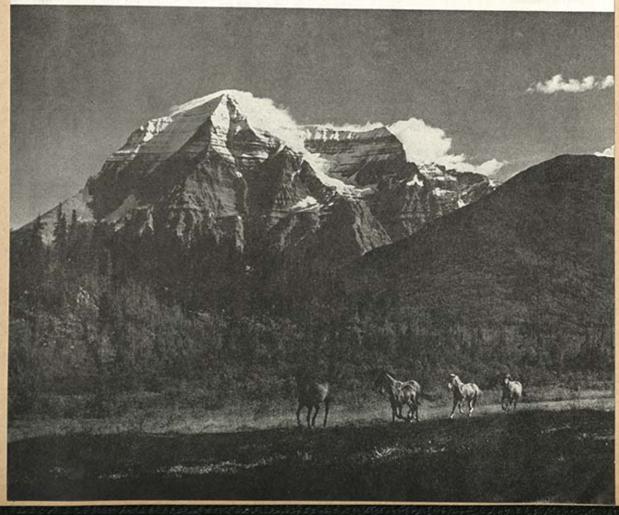
The illustration cannot help but hold an appeal to everyone, city slicker, duck hunter or farmer—or even more critical gents like amateur photographers. Like most good photographs the element of luck (or call it what you will) has entered into its success. The animals have obligingly galloped down the lighted area to catch the sunlight on their flanks and

thus make them stand out better against a dark background. Without this good fortune there would have been no picture. The only fault I could find with this print is that Harry's good luck did not hold in the case of the leading animal-but then, whoever heard of a talking horse around Mount Robson!

The negative was made with a quarter plate Speed Graphic camera and the exposure was a three-fiftieth at f 8 on the Hargreaves Ranch at Rob-

son, B.C.

Harry Rowed, it might be mentioned in congratulating him on a nice picture for This Month's Analysis, won second prize at the big Chicago photographic exhibition last year for a roundup picture made in southern Saskatchewan.





WHEN the evenings get long and you grow tired of reading about how well the world is getting along — why not try a few flash pictures with your old box camera? By the Morant technique (which is the same as everybody else's) I guarantee you will not have to buy anything but a flashbulb to make a picture in your front room. First thing is to decide on a "set-up" (the bugbear of all cameramen) which can be the simplest thing in the world: your boy filing a piece of tin on the basement vise: granddad and junior looking over a new rifle — anyway that's your worry. Dig out the old box brownie, set it on a table and pull up the "Time" setting, also pull up the "diaphragm" pinholes. The latter is a set of holes of varying sizes which govern the amount of light entering the camera — (any amateur photographer will explain it to you over the phone, if you're puzzled). Pull up the diaphragm as far as it will go. Now, get your flash bulb and pull over the bridge lamp beside the camera and about six or eight feet away from your subject. First turn off the bridge lamp then unscrew the bulb (not in the reverse manner) for that is the sure way of knowing that the current is OFF when you replace the regular



bulb with a flash lamp. All you have to do now is to await your subject's pleasure for good expression, twirl the shutter which will leave it open, turn your flash (i.e. bridge lamp) switch and, when you and your friends have regained your senses after the brilliant flash, twirl the shutter lever closed again. It's easy! This picture was made in that way — except the camera equipment cost six hundred bucks and the models are from the Power's agency in New York and the nearest bridge lamp was two miles way. It's easy, honest it is!

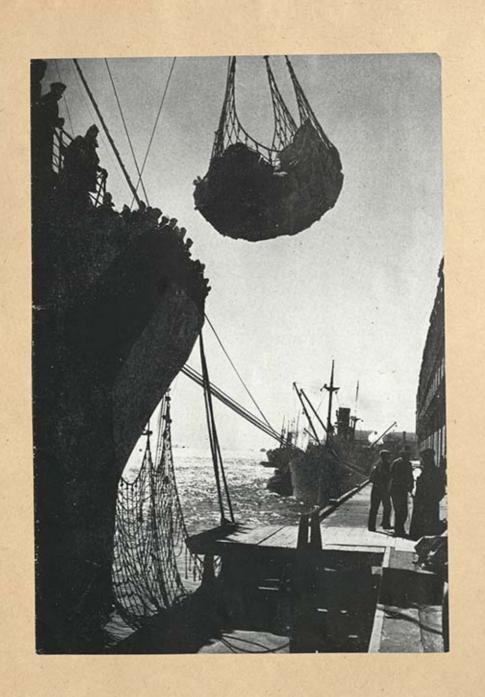
Canada's delegates. Front row: Hon. L. S. St. Laurent and Prime Minister King. Behind, Mrs. Cora T. Casselman, M. J. Coldwell, and Gordon Graydon. A plenary session of the Con ence in the Memorial Opera Ho by NINA GREENWOOD

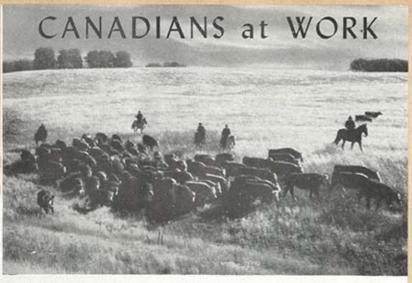
Left to right: interpreter, Foreign Commissar V. M. Molotov, Secretary of State Edward Stettinius, and Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden.

Saudi Arabian delegates, Shaikh Ibrahim, Emil Faisal's cabinet chief, and Shaikh Assed-El-Fekih.





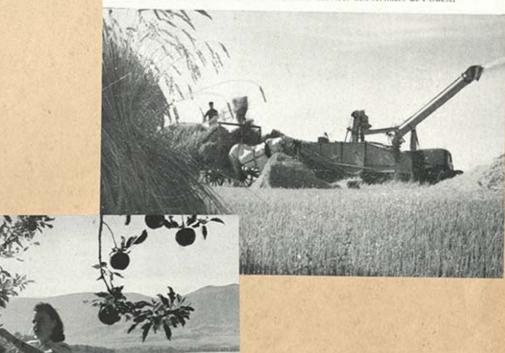




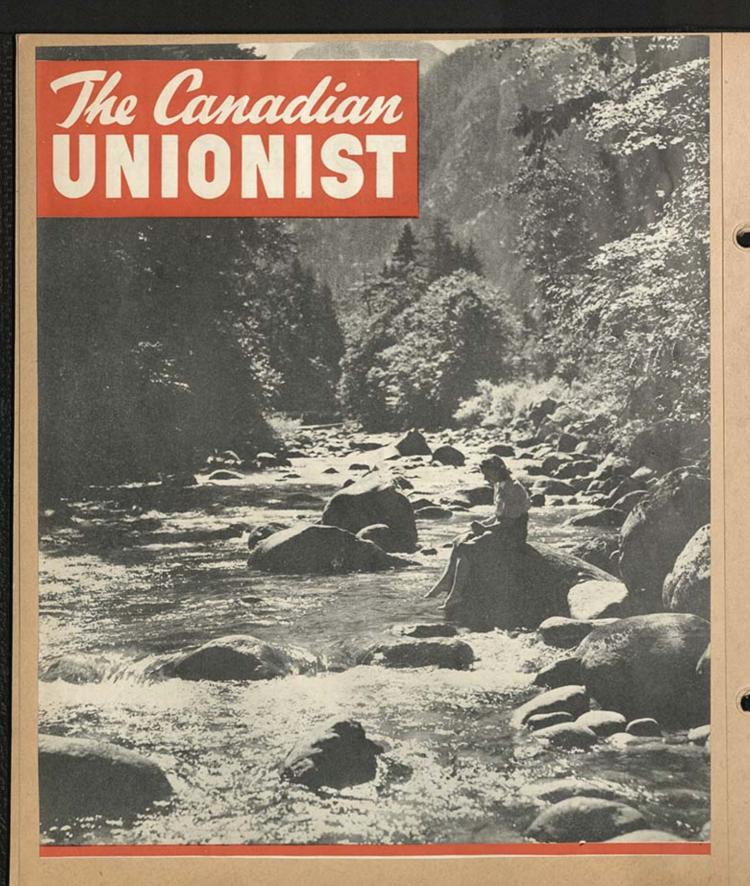
A Cowboys in the cattle country of British Columbia round up the strays.

This wheat threshing scene could take place anywhere in Canada's prairies.

Les batteuses de blé rendent d'immenses services aux fermiers de l'Ouest.



A fruit-picker harvests apples in an orchard overlooking Okanagan Lake, B.C.



Rease

### PRODUCTS OF EMPIRE: CANADIAN WHEAT



A typical harvesing scene in Alberta, Canada, showing wheat being fed into a threshing machine and the grain being loaded into the truck on the right. This picture is the third of a series illustrating phases in the production of Empire goods and foodstuff hour During and

since the war Canadian farmers have made every effort to supply the needs of Britain to supplement food grown at home, to meet the requirements of our forces oversea, and of the people of the Britain to need the requirements of our forces oversea, and of the people of the Britain to need the people of the people of

AUGUST Features

NORTH TO EVERYWHERE

MESSAGE DE Victoire

TO THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY

ARE YOU GOING INTO BUSINESS?

FROM DEATH TO LIFE

DIVORCE IN CANADA

WHAT CO-OPS MEAN TO CANADA

JOCKEY WATCH YOUR WEIGHT

WANTED — A FARM!

LOUIS SAVOIE

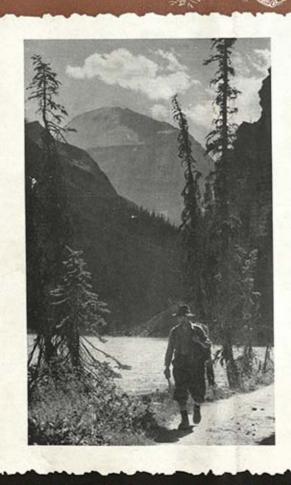
WE ARE NOT FUNNY

> DANS CE NUMERO

CANADA



## Attorn CANADA



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JANUARY - 1946 Vol. 1, No. 10 Winnipeg - Canada

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FEBRUARY - 1946

Vol. I, No. 11 Winnipeg - Canada

# MITTERS CANADA

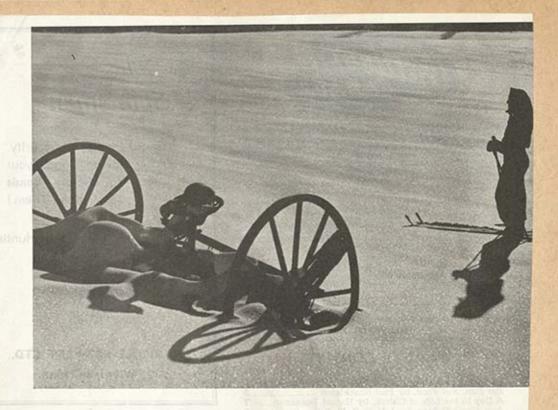


Photo by Nicholas Morant.

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JUNE - 1940 Vol. 2, No. 5 Winnipeg - Canada

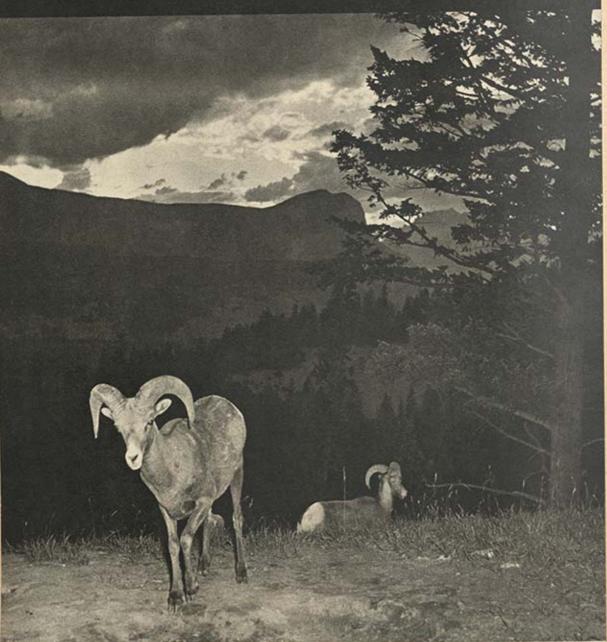


## THIS MONTH'S PICTURE AND ANALYSIS

By NICHOLAS MORANT

WINTER photography brings out the worst in me when it comes to cussing, but there is no doubt but that, on occasion, it yields some people nice pictorial results. When winter winds come whistling up from where the district meteorologist keeps them, as an outdoor photographer, I begin to wish Fate would send me off to Pago Pago or, in a pinch, I'd settle for a nice fireplace to which I could direct that portion of the anatomy designed for turning to fireplaces. There is nothing more heartbreaking to a serious photographer than to have to do battle with the wintry elements. The big fight is between your inner photographic conscience which says, "Work carefully - don't rush it, or you'll have a snapshot of inferior quality." The other little conscience shouts from behind his warm kitchen stove (presumably via walkie-talkie). "The hell with it, Morant - come in where it's warm." Everything goes wrong in winter: cameras freeze up, shutters work inaccurately, in some cases film breaks, static fogs up your film, models get cold and boil because it takes longer to set up and break down camera equipment. Oh, it's lovely to work in the winter, but if you insist on going out in the cold when you could nestle on a bearskin rug with a book and a blonde, you can get pictures - and good ones, too even on the prairies. But, if you decide to give up your book and the blonde, will you kindly leave that address with the photo editor?

## SPORTS AFFIELD Picture Section



Nicholas Moran

★ Salt lick in foreground of this Maligne Canyon, Alberta, picture is a rendezvous for mountain sheep that range the sanctuary of Jasper Park. These bighorns were photographed at sunset, in August, using a flash.



WHEN you are out picture taking or vacationing with your trusty Krautweizer III slung in among the fishing tackle and you suddenly come upon some wild life — first of all make a picture without worrying much about whether the composition is good, bad or indifferent. If I told you to study your composition first you would be almost certain to miss your picture, blame me and cancel your subscription to Outdoor Canada. subscription to Outdoor Canada.



This would never do. Get the picture first so that you have a record of "That moose I saw at Wuttle Tuttle Lake." Now, change your film before you forget it and cast about for a better location if Mr. Moose seems unaware of your presence. See if you can make a composition out of it. Show him in his natural habitat so that you have a picture you might like to hang on your wall instead of that oval thing of your mother-in-law—after all, it may be that nobody will notice that a substitution had been made in this particular instance.

The pitfalls in trying to make a composition in wild life pictures are that, firstly, the damned moose may get wind of you and scram. Secondly, you must be able to outline him against some background of a tone lighter than his weatherbeaten old hide. Thirdly, don't let the animal get too small so that you have to look three times to see him.

three times to see him.

three times to see tim.

This picture was made with special equipment along the Icefield Highway between Banff and Jasper and suffers because I made the shot just as the old fellow was making off in great haste. He is not standing so that he looks his best but I had already made seven other shots, in color, close up. What scared him was the arrival of two horses at the edge of the lake to drink. Moose do not like horses — it seems they think they are moose with their horns removed as a disguises. One word of warning — a moose can be just as terrible an adversaria as a givery we have the property as a givery when the property was a given by the property when the property was a given by the property when the property was a given by the property was a given by the property when the property was a given by t adversary as a grizzly, so treat him with due respect.





A CLOUD can make a picture. Put your hand across the cloud in this picture and nine-tenths its attractiveness is gone. The mountains don't provide sufficient background to warrant getting out a camera and the foreground action, such as it is, wouldn't set the smallest camera salon on fire. The horses are tired and definitely uninterested in the scenery—and can you blame them? In fact, about the only good thing to be said about the picture is that it has a swell cloud effect.

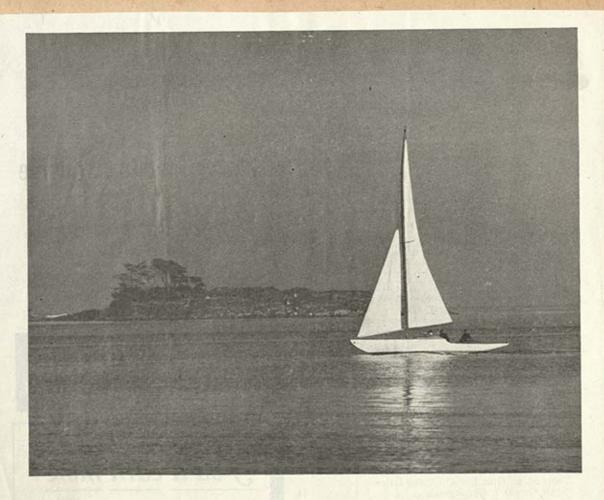
How to get a cloud effect—to put it simply without going into a book length discussion? Go to your nearest camera dealer, say good morning to him politely and tell him that you are not looking for film. He will brighten up immediately—particularly if he hasn't any film in stock.

Then ask him for a yellow filter, or if you want to be technical about it, specify a "two times filter" or thereabouts. Best to use panchromatic film with it and remember that the "two times" means its "factor" to the film in use. All you do is alter your camera setting by one stop to use it successfully if you were shooting at a fiftieth part of a second at F16, then set on the filter and shoot at a fiftieth at F11. You can use a red filter, a green one, a blue one, filters in different densities of those colors, others which are yellow on top and clear below and I occasionally use one which has two colors mixed in one glass. glass.

But—to get down to earth and be practical on the trail, I used a two times yellow filter, kept my eyes on the clouds and left all the fancy filters in my back pocket 2,000 miles away. If you are the experimental type and plan on trying out all the filters (including a home-made one, green with purple spots) might be a good plan to investigate the possibilities of fitting your camera with a sunshade of a type which accepts the standard filters. A sunshade ins't necessary, but it a handy weapon sometimes. This picture was made in the Canadian Rockies, near Mount Assiniboine, B.C., and just to spoil the romanticists' pleasure might say that the cowboy is more profitably engaged in working for a telephone company now.

telephone company now.

WHA





THERE are many specialists in photography—many have been widely publicized, others go quietly about their work and are known only in their special fields, "An unknown" to most readers, but a byword in livestock circles in Canada and the States is the famous livestock photographer Stromeyer; he is the Karsh of the domestic animal world. An Ayrshire bull who hasn't been photographed by Stromeyer just "hasn't got there." In the yachting world—there is another well known artist, whose name is on

every yachtsman's tongue . This is Morris Rosenfeld—world famous for pictures of sportsmen's yachts in full sail. He is probably better known than MacAskill, who makes himself a comfortable living in Halifax, with seascapes and diffused pictures of full-rigged ships. I mention all these experts as I get ready to apologize to the last named twosome for this month's picture. In the eyes of either of these men—and their thousands of yachting fans, this would be a poor picture. The yacht is practically

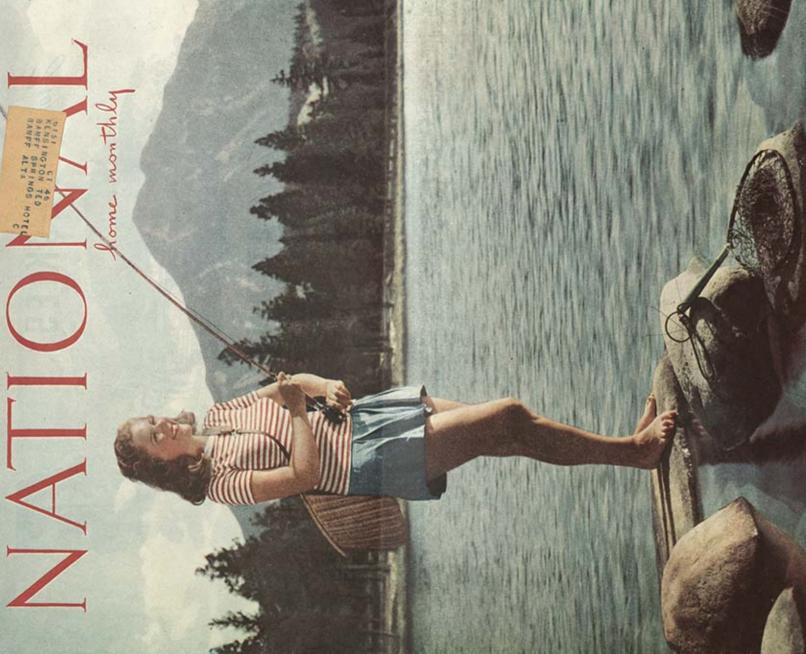
becalmed; this would never do in a Yachting Magazine. Yet, to the average person, becalmed in an office on a hot day, I think this would be a pleasing picture and it is in that spirit that I offer it to you.

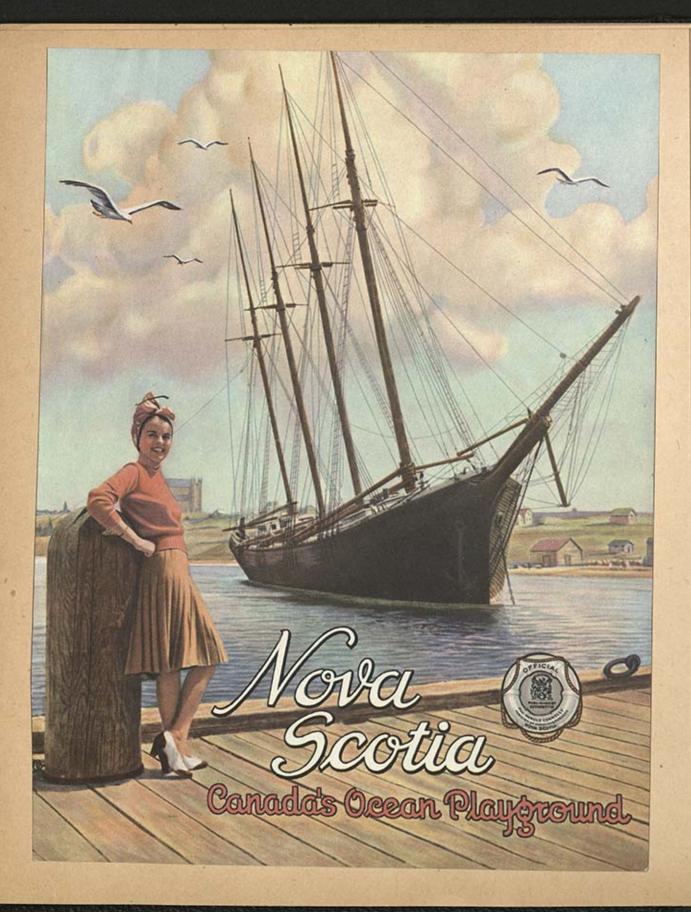
It was made one Sunday afternoon at the mouth of Cadboro Bay, Victoria, B.C., with a Graflex fitted with a 17" lens, using an orange filter and shooting into a very thick forest fire haze. The little island is nearly two miles from the camera,

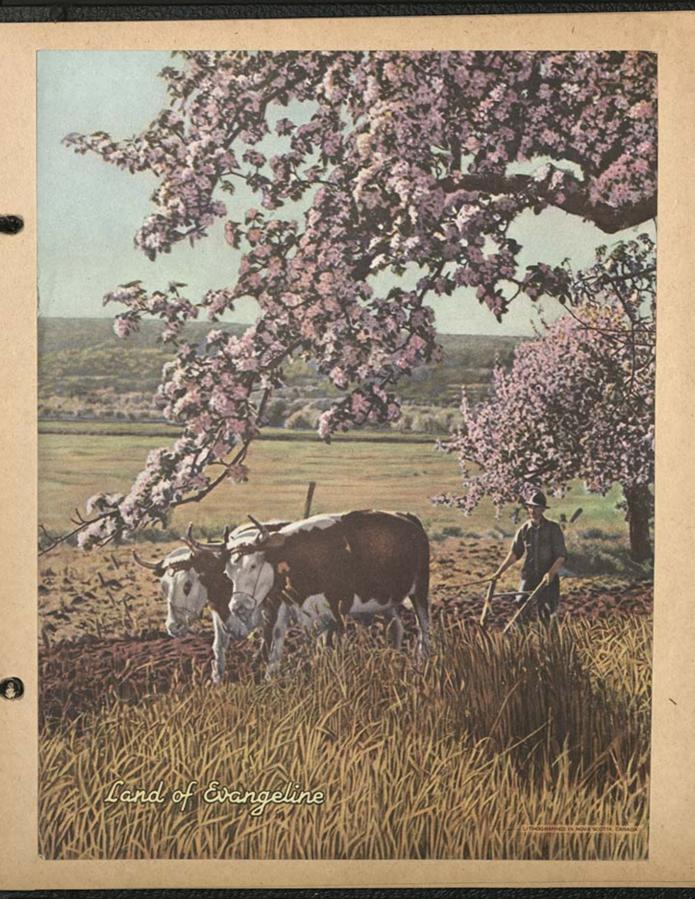
AUGUST, 1946

GENTS

TEN







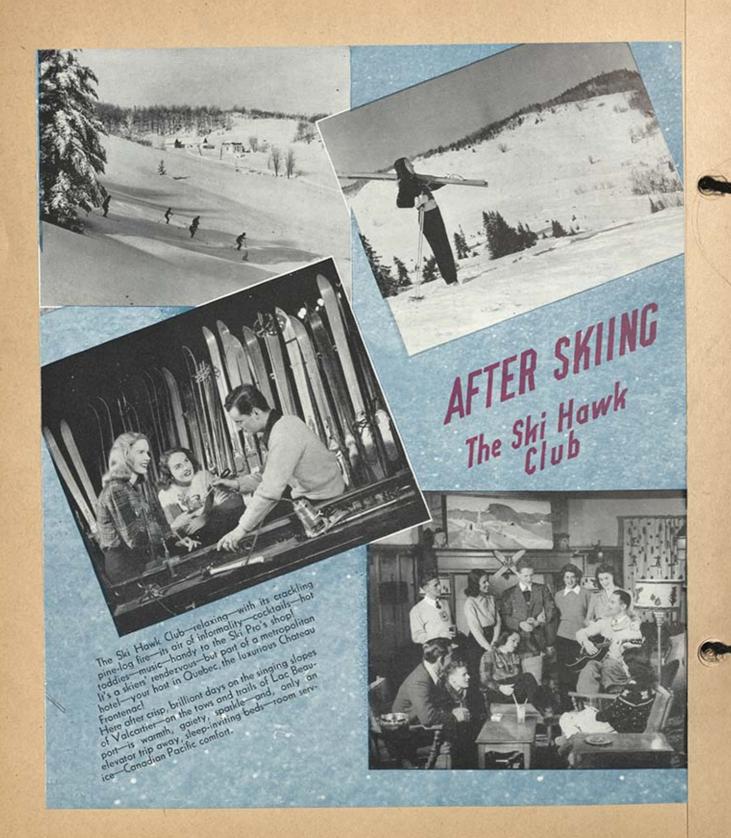


very door. Gay Christmas and New Year's festivities Low round trip rail fares.

IN OLD QUÉBEC

AN PACIFIC HOTEL









"Vorlex"

by NICHOLAS MORANT

Regarding this cat study Mr. Morant has to say: "Cat picture is montage of fresnel less off a spotlight and obliging alley cat taking annual holiday from proverbial tin roof."

## Liberty Profile:

### JIM BREWSTER

Canada's Mountain King has a secret pact with the Rockies; neither traveler nor scenery will come to any harm if he can help it

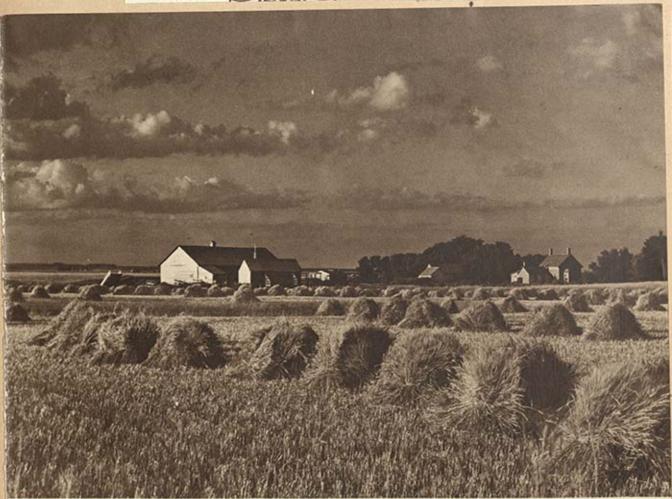
BY ROLAND WILD

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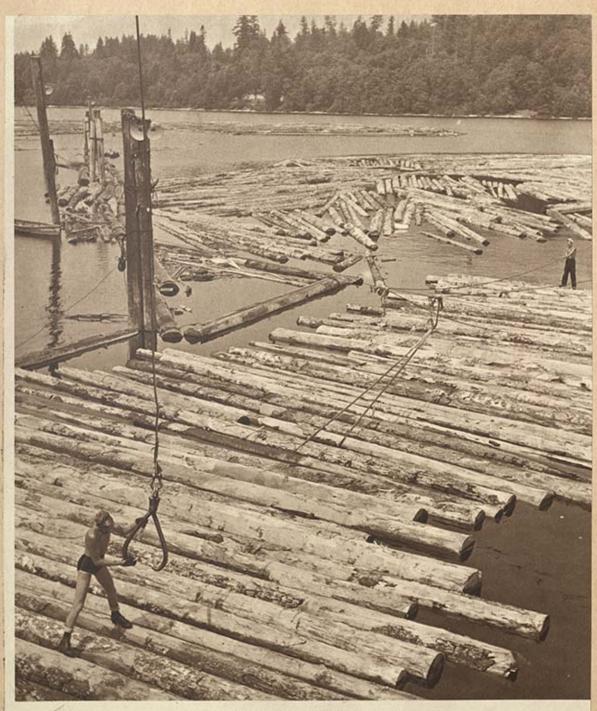
The older D.

## EMPIRE PRODUCTS

THE TIMES



A prairie homestead at harvest time in the great wheat belts of Manitoba.



The loading platform at a logging holding on Vancouver Island,



A typical harvesting scene in Alberta, Canada, showing wheat being 'fed into a threshing machine.



HERE'S a picture made in Quebec City with a Rolleiflex camera and designed to publicize the quaint Old Town atmosphere and, at the same time to make American readers conscious that there is also skiing available. The photograph was made looking out through an oldtime carriage entrance and wouldn't be too bad if it wasn't for the modern touch added by the telegraph poles.

If some of those brave hunters who go all out after all the deer in the country, in an out of season, would shoot down a telegraph pole instead — there'd be a lot of better pictures in the world.

I am a great believer in the fact that the telephone is here to stay and that Don Ameche's little invention will definitely replace the bicycle. But I wish they'd take a few lessons from radio and do away with their unsightly poles and wires which artistically inclined linesmen always drape in such a manner as to entirely spoil a beautiful bit of scenery.

Meanwhile, forget about the telegraph poles and get a good last look at some of the wild animals — the poles will be around a lot longer.

By NICHOLAS MORANT

THIS
MONTH'S
PICTURE
AND
ANALYSIS

Outdoor Canada

### WITH THE CRITIC

THIS MONTH'S CRITIC: JONATHAN TICHENOR



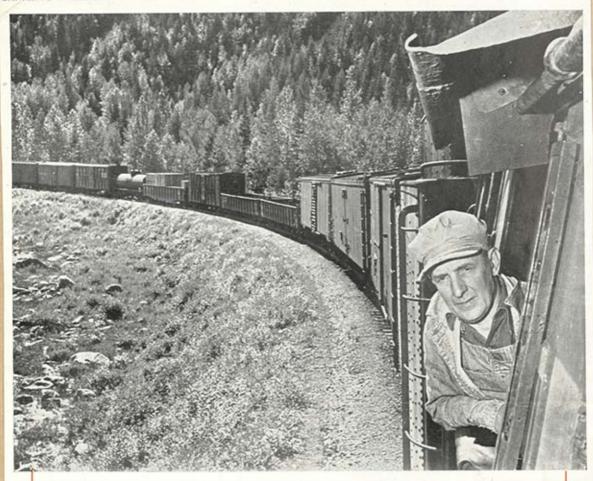
WET STREET

Nicholas Morant

WET STREET by Nicholas Morant is an excellent example of the pictorial slant in photographic thinking. Whether it was accidental or deliberate, the reflections from the wet pavement add a great deal to the shot. The car pulling out of the group to turn the corner adds still more interest, and both points add up

corner adds still more interest, and both points add up to a good feeling for composition.

In spite of the lights from the street lamps, the cars and the buildings, there isn't too much glare, yet there's enough light to get detail in the buildings. This comes as a pleasant surprise because it looks as if the shot had been made with purely natural lighting. Everything in this picture makes a contribution to the message the photographer has tried to get across. The overall grey tone, the wetness, the loneliness of the deserted street in the daytime, all heighten the effect and intensify the mood. I think the cropping might have been improved if Mr. Morant had taken a portion off each side of the picture. If he has anything on the bottom of his negative, he might also have given us more foreground and cut off that maze of wires on top that does nothing but try to lead the eye out of the picture.



Photograph by]

The front end of a big Canadian Pacific freight train

[Nicholas Morant

#### FREIGHT TRAFFIC

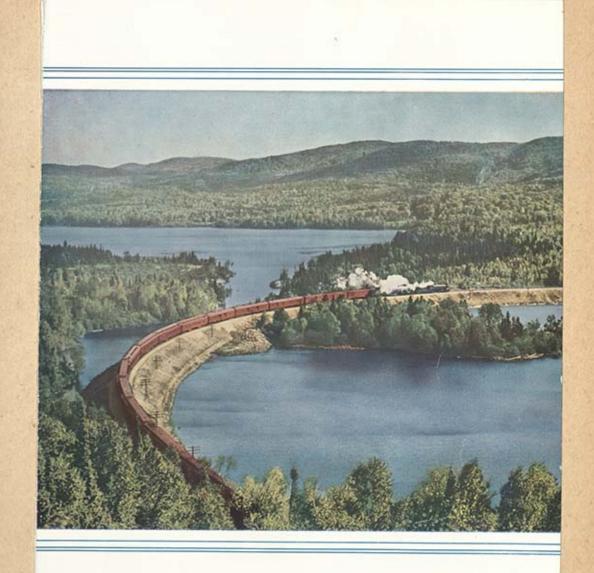
There are many ways of saying that Canada is a very large country. Here is another:

Last year the average distance travelled by every ton of freight shipped by the Canadian Pacific Railway was—497 miles! The total "ton miles" of all freight—that is, one ton of freight hauled one mile—reached the impressive figure of 27,251,533,000. For the sake of comparison, this was more than twice as large as in 1938.

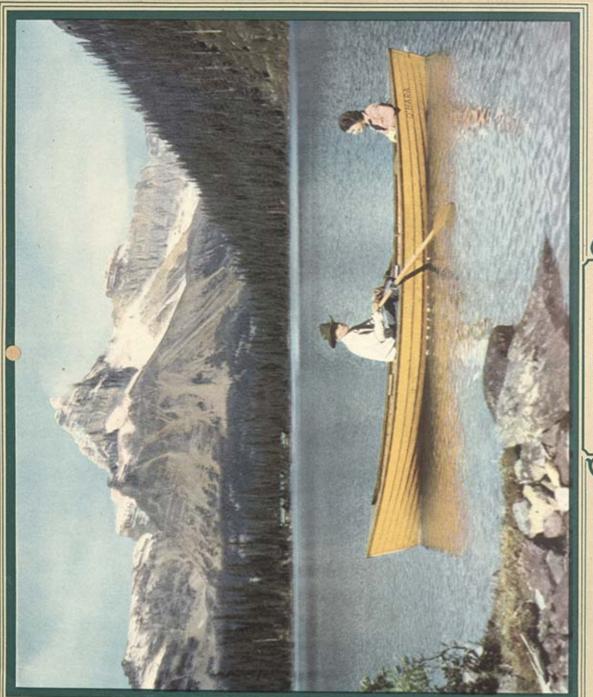
## Canadian Pacific

RAILWAYS . SHIPS . AIR LINES . HOTELS . TELEGRAPHS

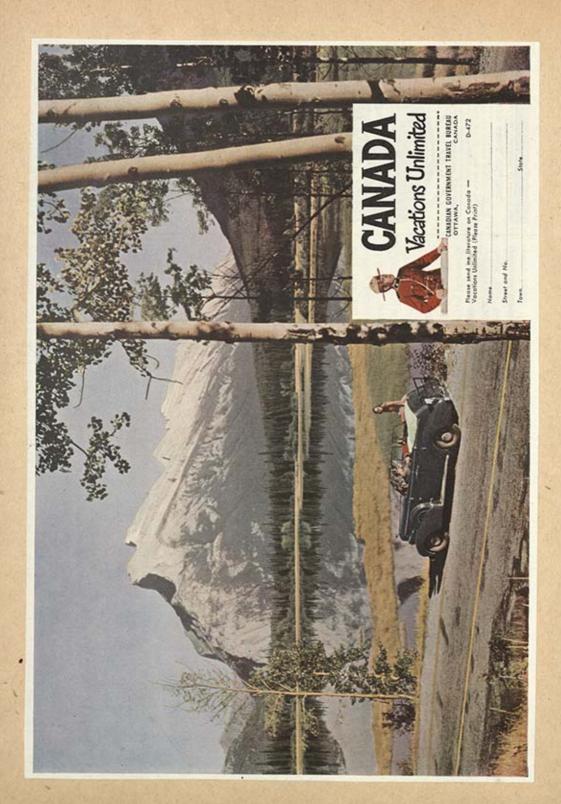
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JACKFISH CURVE LAKE SUPERIOR - ONTARIO



Cathedral Mountain, B.C.



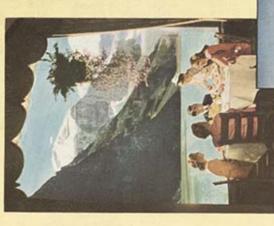


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