



THE LIPKA JOURNAL

PHOTOGRAPHS / STORIES / OBSERVATIONS

JOE LIPKA

NOVEMBER 2024

WELCOME TO THE JOURNAL NOVEMBER 2024



We're up in the air this month. We look at the designs and eye-catching warnings to keep ground personnel safe when maintaining aircraft and we cheer for a little cloud that saved two afternoons of photography. Finally, we return our attention to more earthly pastimes as we gather around the nineteenth hole to enjoy some mostly true golf stories.



A Reminder

Zu

A Reminder

If it's important enough, you will remember what is important. If it's Life or Death Important, you need more than just your memory. That thought, that knowledge needs to be right in front of you all the time. In fact, it probably needs to be painted in big letters right in front of your face so you can't forget what it is you need to do.

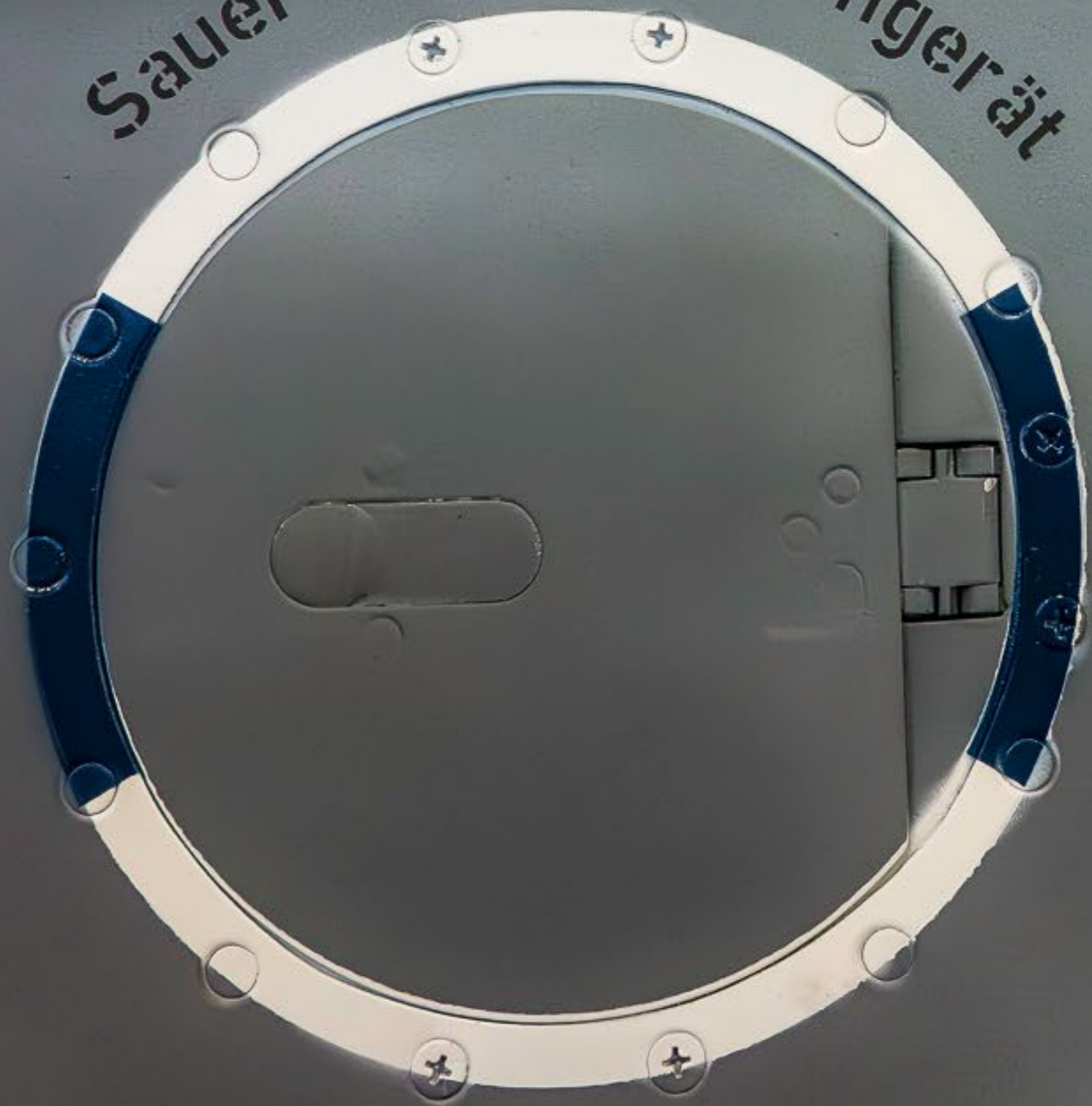




Vorsicht beim Öffnen
Kühler ist im Haubenteil eingebaut

Zu

Sauerstoff für Atemgerät





NO PUSH

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LT. E.C. ETHELL
* * * * *

U.S. ARMY P-381-5-10
AIR FORCE SER. 44-27083

CREW WEIGHT 200 LBS.
SERVICE THIS AIRPLANE WITH
GRADE 100/130 FUEL. IF NOT AVAIL-
ABLE, T.O. NO. CG-5-1, WILL BE
CONSULTED FOR EMERGENCY
ACTION. SUITABLE FOR AROMATICS



RESCUE

NO ENTRY

Signs Of Safety, Inc., Portland, ME #3061



GROUND SAFETY
PIN HOLE

MANUAL
RELEASE

CAUTION

IF RED SHAFT

IS VISIBLE

WELDS



← RESCUE

JET

INTAKE

REMOVE

BEFORE

FLIGHT



INSP

© 1997 H&M
121 123/2323
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RESCUE



Prologues

Each hat had its own story,

A Little Cloud



A Little Cloud

Sometimes in life you get in a situation where your options are limited. Your alternatives are almost nonexistent. Making do with what you have is the only thing you can do. It's up to you to make the best of your situation.

To be in a great place with superb light and a bald sky is photographic torture. You have no options. Until a little cloud floats by to save the day.



















St Andrews Links

 **CAUTION**

Golf in Progress:
MOSTLY TRUE GOLF STORIES

A partnership that protects
what matters to you



Allianz

Caution: Golf in Progress: Mostly True Golf Stories

Many years ago, I was fortunate enough to play golf in Ireland. One of the courses I played was the Killarney Golf and Fishing Club. As I was playing my round, I thought that Golf and Fishing were two activities that grudgingly tolerated prevarication to augment the self-esteem of the practitioner. Thusly inspired (after a twenty-five period of intellectual gestation), I began to think of the many golf stories I could tell with my photographs.

These little stories are Mostly True. As usual, the pictures are true, the stories are kinda true (maybe) and sometimes both the words and pictures are true, although I'm not quite sure how that happened.

Golfing in Maui

Yes, this tree is in Maui. I wondered what would happen should a golfer happen to smoke some of the leaves.





I had just finished playing golf at a new course and pulled my smart phone out to shut down a golf course mapping application. I looked up from behind the eighteenth green and saw this beautiful photograph. I closed down that app, switched to the camera app and made this image. It was the first times I considered that golf courses could also serve as a place for landscape photography.



A Tale of Two Par Threes

I've taken my wife to two golf tournaments; The Masters and The Phoenix Open. These courses are home to two of the most well-known holes in golf. The revered twelfth hole at Augusta and the infamous sixteenth at TPC Scottsdale. The patrons at the Masters sit quietly in small bleachers behind the twelfth tee. Sandwiches served at the Masters have special wax paper that won't make a sound when crumpled up. The fans at the Phoenix scream and yell between shots from a three- or four-story grandstand surrounding the par three sixteenth. During the Pro-Am tournament an earth-shaking sound system blasts "walk up music" for each golfer as they approach the tee. Beer cups (both empty and full) have been launched from the stands to the hole after a particularly good shot.

My wife preferred the Masters.





My Old Golf Group

We were enjoying lunch in the clubhouse after a morning round of golf. Dan came in to join us for lunch. We asked Dan why he didn't join us on the course. He replied that he used to play more when he had a regular golf group, but not anymore. We asked why. Dan replied, "Most of them have either passed away or had to go back home because they needed to be close to their children." He continued, "I really should find a new golf group." There was a momentary silence as we contemplated our mortality.

Bob broke the silence and said, "I think you should find a new golf group." He paused and then continued, "Just don't tell them what happened to the last group you joined."



The Missing Links

Charlie was an avid golfer and was proud of the number and variety of courses he played throughout his life. He played golf everywhere, from the high-end resort golf courses in Hawaii to the humble muni courses in small Midwestern industrial towns. He played them all and loved them. This was the first time he saw a course he didn't want to play.



Almost a Celebration

I almost had a hole-in-one on this par 3. No amount of cheering and exhortation could make the ball roll those last few inches into the hole. Even cheers from the group on the next tee couldn't make that ball find the hole.

When we arrived at the nineteenth hole, the group ahead of us made a big show of my almost hole-in-one. One gentleman loudly proclaimed, "Since you came so close to a hole-in one, you should buy us a beer." Since I was surrounded by a bar full of thirsty golfers, I felt the only recourse I had was to respond, "Since I almost made a hole-in-one, I will almost buy you a beer." Laughter ensued. Thrift triumphed.



There's Always Hope

Many years ago, I was playing golf at the Waterville Golf Course in the West of Ireland. The wind is always a factor on the seaside links. The day I played was no exception. On one shot the wind was swirling about, randomly changing direction and velocity. I asked Seamus, my caddy, for advice on how to play the shot. His response (in a wonderful brogue) was "Hitch yer five arn an' hope."

All these years I've remembered his advice to "Hitch yer five arn an' hope" when I'm not sure what to do. The answer is to make the decision, act and not worry too much about the consequences.

The photograph above is the twelfth hole, name "Tranquility." If you have trouble finding the fairway, that's OK, I had trouble finding it too.



A Few Minutes of Beauty

While working on the driving range we had to get the range ready before sunrise to be ready for the earliest tee times. During the winter months, we began our work in complete darkness. We always stopped for a beautiful sunrise, because beauty of a sunrise is ephemeral. We traded a few minutes of work for a few minutes of beauty.

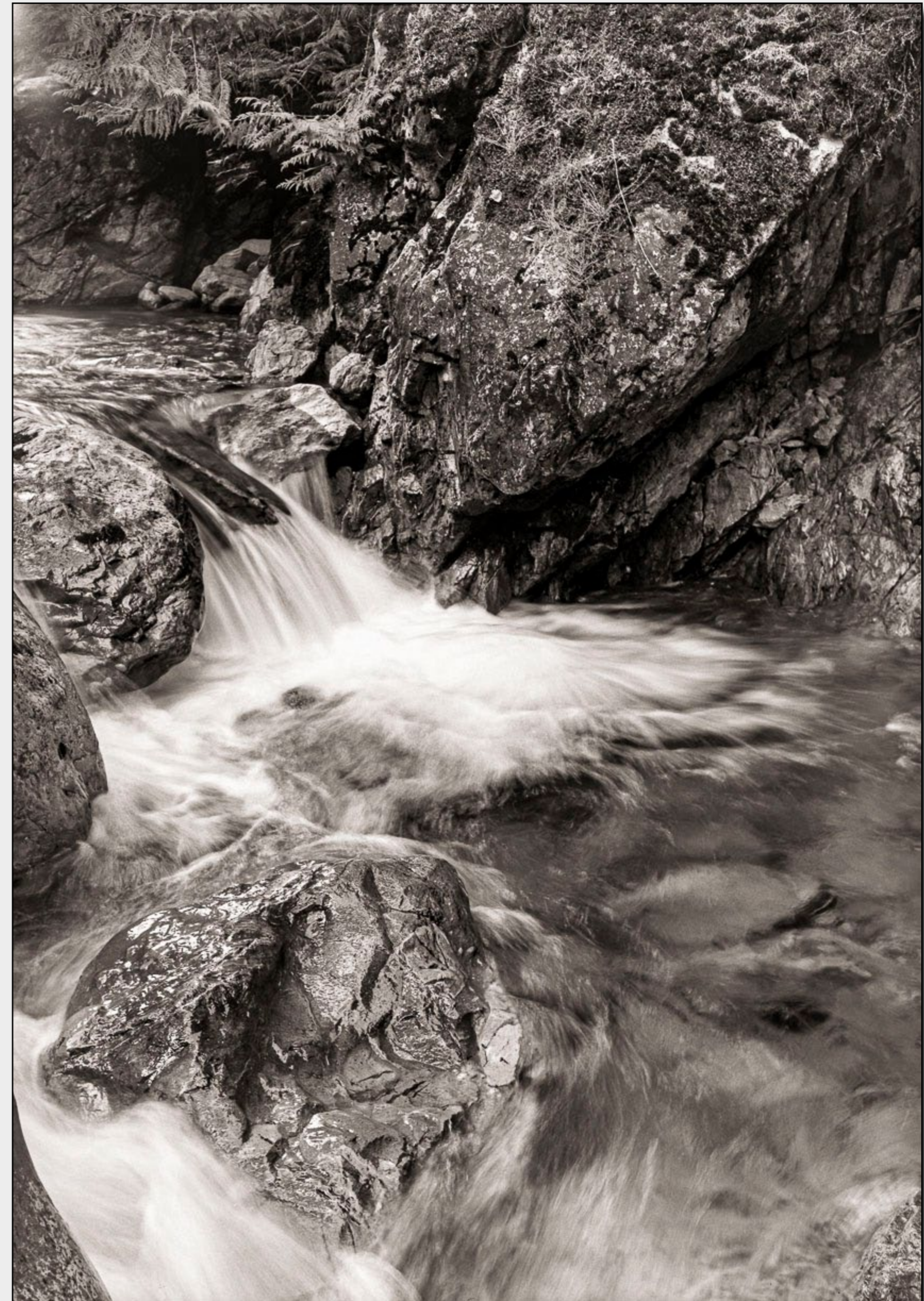
Postcards from the Creative Journey

First Published June 4, 2020

The Best Time for an Idea.

“The older you get, the harder it is to be creative without large swathes of peace, quiet and solitude to sustain you. Or maybe that’s just me?” This question was posed by Hugh McLeod (of “How to be Creative” fame) on his blog a few years back. I have always held this close to my heart because it is just as important for me not to work as it is to work. The mind needs its’ time to process the complex thoughts and influences that make great ideas.

Inspirations or solutions come to me early in the morning, often as I am waking up. Awakening with a good idea for a project, an approach to a problem to be solved is a refreshing way to start the day.



A FEW WORDS AT THE END OF THE JOURNAL



A Reminder

Growing up in the Fifties, I was fascinated by airplanes from the Second World War. Revel models of these warbirds dominated the skies of my bedroom. I do not pass up the opportunity to photograph these planes and have done so from Oregon to New York.



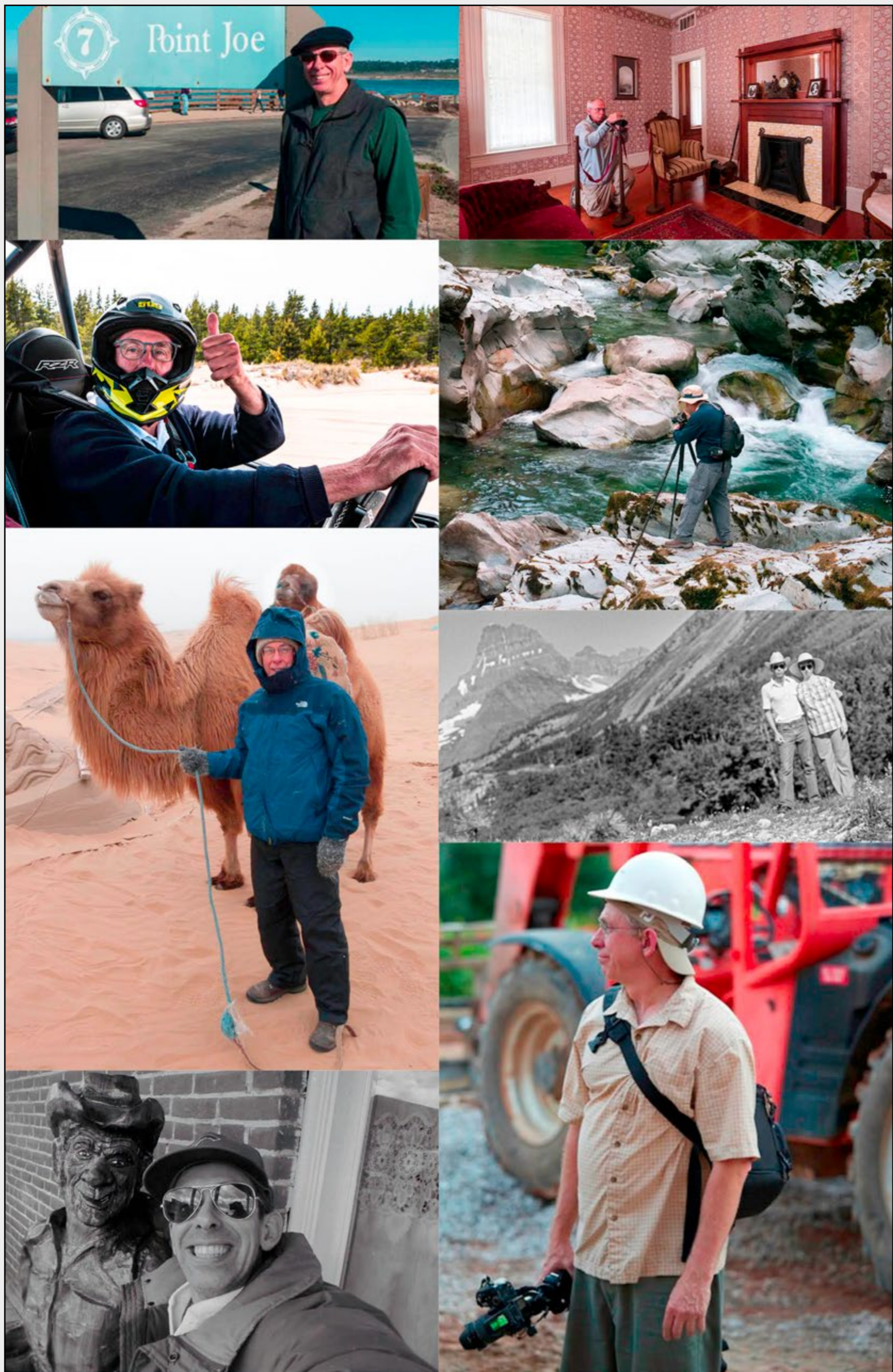
A Little Cloud

The basecamp was Goldendale Washington, a few miles from the Maryhill Museum and its reconstruction of the Stonehenge Monument. It's a fabulous place to photograph. Except for the two afternoons we were there. It was one of those beautiful "not a cloud in the sky" days that are the curse of landscape photographers. At least until some little clouds floated by to save the day.



Caution Golf in Progress

Photography and Golf take up a considerable amount of my free time since I was in my teens. Having both of those two lifetime interests has allowed me to go to many beautiful places and meet some wonderful people. It's about time I share some of these Mostly True Stories combining two of my favorite lifetime activities.



Joe Lipka has shared his vision since he began photographing.

In the last forty years, his photographs have appeared in over one hundred and twenty-five juried exhibitions, and twenty five solo exhibitions. His images have been published in *LensWork*, *Black & White Photography* (UK) and *F-Stop Magazines*. His recent book project, *Mostly True Stories*, was featured as a LensWork Bonus Edition Publication in February 2024.

His website www.joelipkaphoto.com has continuously evolved since it was launched in 2004. His blog *Postcards from the Creative Journey*, published weekly since 2010, features a photograph and a little bit of writing.

His newest blog, *The Daily Photograph*, is simply that. A new and interesting image is posted every morning at 8:00 AM.

The Lipka Journal, November, 2024

Joe Lipka

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Web site: www.joelipkaphoto.com

Blog: <http://blog.joelipkaphoto.com/>

Blog: https://joelipkaphoto.typepad.com/the_daily_photograph/

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