

The Observer

SAN BERNARDINO VALLEY AMATEUR ASTRONOMERS
Member of The Astronomical League
<http://sbvaa.org/>



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Since 1958

July, 2015

Meeting:

July 25, 2015

Location:

Note!



The Sizzler

**1800 So. Waterman
Ave.**

San Bernardino, CA

Time:

Your editor has not been given the time but I'll guess that it will be at 5:00 p.m., the same time as usual.

Program

Just Dinner & Good Fellowship!

At The Sizzler on So. Waterman Ave. San Bern.

Pics from Grandview, June, 2015

Thanks to Robin & Megan for the photos



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Calendar of Upcoming Events

July 18, Star Party, Johnson Valley

July 25, Club meeting (dinner only --
just food & friendship)

August 15, Star Party, Johnson Valley

August 22, Annual Club outdoor BBQ

September 11 - 13, Grandview

September 19, Club meeting

Club Star Party Dates (Updated)



July 18, Johnson Valley,

October 10, Johnson Valley

August 8, Wildlands Cons., Oak Glen,

November 14, Johnson Valley

August 15, Johnson Valley,

December 12, Johnson Valley

September 11 - 13, Grandview,

Grandview, June, 2015 A personal narrative

By Jamie "Rue" Countryman

Megan! It's time to go! "In a minute" she responds. It's 9am and I'm pacing, eager to get on the road. Morning traffic should of let up by now.. and we should be able to make it across the valley and up the pass without much issue at all. It's a Thursday morning, June 11th, and we're heading to Grandview! A five and a half hour drive at the pace we seem to move. The scopes, camping gear, camera's... all ready to go. And the babies (puppies) even seem to know we're off on yet another one of our adventures. They stick to me like glue, afraid to get separated and somehow left behind. Makes me smile.

Here she comes. "You got everything... right?" "I think so" she says. "Well then let's go". And so, off we went.

The only eventful part of the trip there was, was when we stopped in Big Pine for fuel, ice and the few things we happen to eye on the shelves that might offer us some comfort while off in the middle of nowhere... you know, CANDY!!! *smiles* The babies were restless from the hours on the road. They needed to stretch, and evidently, needed to let everybody in the county know that they were there. Tugging on the leashes, barking non stop at anything and everything. It made me smile to see them tie Megan up in the leashes. *laughs* You have to enjoy the small things. She so needs to work with "Her Kids!"

From Big Pine to Grandview is a short drive up a road that can be best described as a can of malaria germs. Just take it easy and everything will be ok. Like they used to say in the days before I could drive... Ditty Bop.

2pm found us at Grandview! Steve Peters had agreed to meet us there. To help us reserve the site for the others that would be arriving on the morrow. To be there with us, so we wouldn't have to be out there by ourselves. Steve wasn't there yet when we arrived, so we set about making camp, which didn't seem to take much time at all. Steve arrived at about 4pm, and very soon after it began to rain... and I do mean rain! The kiosk there says that that area gets five to eleven inches of rain annually. What it doesn't tell you is that it gets HALF that, on the day I arrive. The down pour found the three of us and "Megan's kids" in the home away from home, our tent. Op... wait... Ruth, thank you very much for treats *feels special*. I suppose I could take this opportunity to make some sort of complaints about the rain, but that's not going to happen here. As it turned out, the rain gave us a wonderful chance to get to know our friend Steve, better, and he, us. We talked, we laughed, we shared all sorts of things, and I think I may of actually blushed more than once, during the course of the conversation... but we aren't going to talk about that... are we Steve. Before long, perhaps to soon for us, the rain let up for a bit and Steve was able to make it back to his trailer, leaving us to our much needed rest. Is good to have made a friend like Steve Peters. Very good... and did I mention his wife bakes?

Friday was for the most part uneventful.. restful! We managed to setup the scopes and just sort of kick about for pretty much the whole of the day. Sometime late in the day, Chris Clark arrived. Sometime after that, Martin Carey graced us. Robin and Rudy snuck in Friday night as well. The place was filling up. Filling up as it was, it didn't look like the night was going to offer us much except for some good conversation. But, the sky did open up.. at least a little.

I'm not going to go into all the equipment that was there, except to make some special mention. Thank you Martin for giving Megan and I the opportunity to acquire the monster 25" f/5 from Bob Noss. My gosh that's a big scope! It was a very real pleasure to see the attention it got. Too, an education to see the dynamics of what a large scope has to offer.

Thank you Perry for the objective "Lens Made In Germany". We can't seem to pinpoint who the actual maker of the objective is, but I guess that doesn't really matter... not to me. It's amazing to see what a 90mm f/5.6 attached to a camera can do, when it doesn't blink for 20 minutes. You have to see it to believe it.

Saturday, Megan fixed breakfast, with some help from Robin, while I sat around like a bum, chatting away with the gents. I know.. I feel guilty.. honest. Even Scott Freeman got breakfast, though just barely. Should he had arrived any later, he'd of missed out.

Saturday we were suppose to rest.. you know, get ready for the evenings event... Stargazing! But, so much for the best laid plans. We spent the day looking for shade, talking with the gents, listening, laughing.... learning. Late in the day Chris and Martin went for pizza, and though the sky yet again wasn't looking good, the world just felt right.. Pizza does that! Doesn't it.

Late into the evening, Saturday, the sky did open up, and we all got a chance to take our look. I was so distracted with my own little world that I didn't get to make note of what the others were looking at... I'm sorry. I had the "Perry Lens", "The Lens Made In Germany". It was sitting up on an "Atlas" mount, which seem to dwarf the little lens. I had the Canon T3i DSLR attached to it, and I was... focused. I was hoping my alignment was good because I couldn't really see anything when looking directly through the camera. I was playing the game of math! I could hear the excited voices from across they way, as Megan and the gents put their eye to the monster 25". It made me smile. I worked so hard to get that scope ready for the trip. Martin pulling out the best of his eyepieces. Eyepieces that are for now, far beyond our reach. Poking them into the monster, so as to get the best view possible. It would get quiet. There was that few moments when whoever was operating the scope was zeroing in on their target. Then it'd be found. Then it was... well... not so quiet *smiles*.

Sunday morning. Megan and I were moving slow. Chris and Scott had checked out, headed home, sometime long before we got up. How they managed, I don't know. Martin was moving about, packing up his gear, fixing to abandon us as well. Mid morning found us again alone with but Steve Peters for company. We visited... rested. Sunday night was to be the night that Megan and I got to do our own thing. She wanted to do some time laps, wide field astrophotography, and I wanted to make a second attempt with the "Perry Lens". Though my math the night before wasn't "bad", it could be better. I owed Perry something! I needed to come home with something to show. The gift he gave us needed to be respected, and coming home with a picture or two was how I intended to say thank you. The sky that night.. well.. it was more than cooperative. It was fantastic to say the least. Steve and Megan were back and forth from scope to scope. Her 25" and Steve's 15". Megan trying to find time to get to her camera's, though not as successful as she had hoped. Me, I was wore out. I was happy to be doing what I was doing. I would push a few buttons, wait for the scope to slew, then set the camera into motion. I would find my chair, my coffee... I would wait. Sometimes 10 minutes, sometimes 20. Then there would be the "Oh Wow", or, "Holy Smokes.. Look At THAT!". The Perry Lens was giving me a smile from to ear. Perry, thank you sweetheart. 3am, I could go no longer. I had held out as best I could. I was hoping for my finally to be the Andromeda Galaxy. I was waiting for it to rise above the trees. With that image captured, I felt a sort of relief. I could go to bed now... happy... exhausted. My visit to Grandview had run its course.

My Life is better because of Megan. Is better because of the SBVAA. Is better because of the wonderful people it has allowed us to meet... to friend.

Steve, Thank You for looking after us.

