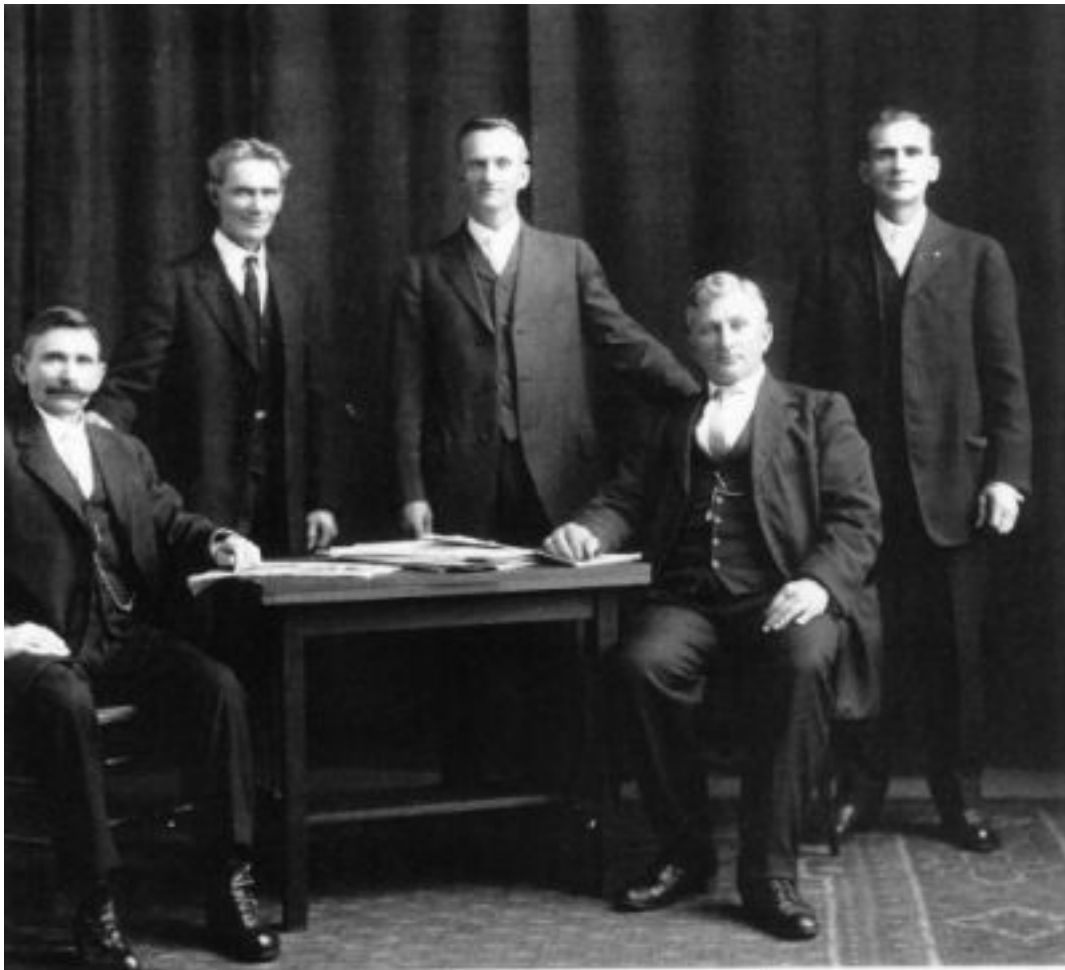


Father's Day

Posted on Jun 17, Posted by [Lois Lowry](#) Category [Uncategorized](#)

They say in Maine that the black flies will last from Mother's Day to Father's day...in other words, mid-May to mid-June...and that generally holds pretty true. The dragonflies are everywhere now, swooping and hovering like little helicopters, and the biting flies are gone. It's is Father's Day once again, a day on which I remember my own father, who lived to be 92.

He was the son of Norwegian immigrants. Here is a picture of my grandfather, whom I never knew...he died when Dad was in high school...with his stern and taciturn looking brothers.



He is the one seated on the right; his name had been Carl Augustus Hammersberg...from Oslo...but he Americanized his first name to Charles. The brothers were Andreas, Oliver, Christ, and Thorvald, if I remember correctly; and the suits and ties were not their usual dress. They were blue-collar workers...my dad's father on the railroad. After his father's premature death, the railroad pension helped Dad get through college and dental school.

Dad entered the US Army at the height of the Depression, when a newly-licensed dentist couldn't make a living by opening a practice. My sister was born when he was stationed in Fort Benning, Georgia, and three years later I was born in Honolulu.

Dad was a photography nut and he always had the best cameras and film equipment...I remember him teaching me to edit and splice movie film when I was eight or nine. He took this picture of himself on December 7, 1941, with his Leica on a tripod with a timer.





Happy Father's Day to dads everywhere.
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