

FATHER CAPTIONS

Here are just a few of the photos taken during his life. I have a five inch three ring binder with plastic sheets filled with photos, mostly from his South American tours between 1928 and 1934.

1. My dad as a young boy in Jersey City, New Jersey. He was born in 1904, so this was probably taken around the time of WW I. His parents were both from Germany and spoke only German, as did he at home. I wonder what they thought of Germany in 1914 – 1918.
2. My fathers first tour in South America with Gulf Oil, 1928 – 1930. His note on the back of the photo says: “On shore of Gulf of Venezuela about 5 miles north of the town of Casigua & about 80 miles southwest of the Para Guana Peninsula – 1928. He is in the middle.
3. My Dad on a survey mission in the Jungle south of Maracaibo. He is on the right of the team he supervised.
4. Men shot with arrows by the wild Indians that constantly harassed the survey teams. The worker on the left has an arrow through his shoulder; the man behind him has one in his head, behind his left ear.
5. Another first tour photo. Note on back of photo says: “Boa Constrictor captured alive - La Conception – Venezuela June – 1928. Just before it was skinned.” We had this snakeskin for years and I used to play with it as a kid. I am not sure what my mother did with this trophy; like all the bows and arrows it disappeared over the years.
6. My fathers second tour in South America with Standard Oil 1934 - 1935. My father holding one of his catches. The note on the back of the photo says: El Diablo caught on light tackle and live bait. April 1st 1934, Orinoco River Venezuela, weight 6 lbs. Two fangs in lower jaw over 1 inch long. What a fighter. The cleaned skull of one of these fish can be seen on the left side of the top shelf in my 1955 gunroom photo.
7. My dad was a pitcher for the Standard Oil of Venezuela (S.O.V.) baseball team. When I was a boy we used to play catch in the driveway and I can still feel the palm of my left hand burning.
8. Taken with his mule. They used mules instead of horses because of their durability and equipment carrying capability. They would be out for weeks at a time and there are many photos of the camps they would set up in the jungle. The mules had to “pack” everything.
9. I think they call this shooting a transit line. Note the spurs. I used to wear them when I was a kid playing cowboys and Indians. Like the snakeskin, and so many other things he brought back, all that remains is one of his spurs and his compass. I wish he had been more protective than letting us play with and lose virtually all his stuff.
10. Taken at “El Chico” Restaurant, Greenwich Village, New York City, Dec. 30, 1939. Hitler was raging through Eastern Europe and I was 6 months old and probably home with Grandma. My father is in the Sombrero and my Mom is behind the squinting lady. The man in the center was from Mt. Lakes, and I am pretty sure his name was Dahlberg. His wife is behind my dad. Dad probably got a lot of attention at El Chico because he spoke fluent Spanish from his years in South America. He looks so happy and it makes me sad to realize he only had a little more than twelve years left to live.