

VICTOR HEAD CORRESPONDENCE—TYPED FROM ORIGINAL

409 Bensal Road
Hatboro, PA 19040
Friday 10 May 2005

Dear Patty—[Patty Foster Heyser]

Again I must restrain myself from writing from my heart.

Here are the smoke prints and the photos showing how. Also enclosed a Time magazine, March 7, 2005, about the efforts to encourage women to be scientists and engineers. Pictured is Shirley Ann Jackson, PhD, for the last five years president of my alma mater. Despised and brutalized in her youth for daring to climb out of the hole that her sex and her race would have left her in, her list of high status positions must be admired.

In 1929 I bid a fond farewell to Patty Foster and moved to an environment I could never have imagined: a thirteen-room house attached to a woodshed and wood-working shop and a huge barn with a cupola and a weathervane the shape of a horse—the antique value of that weathervane today would be several times what my mother sold the entire property for in 1945, including 80 acres of land and loads of antiques, all went for \$5,000.

For two years I split all the wood for the kitchen stove, the only room we heated, and carried water from the well, often with mittens frozen to bucket handles, to fill three big washtubs on a bench in the back room. When the temperature went down to 30 below we had to use an axe to chop through a couple of inches of ice on the washtubs. We did have a hot water tank on the kitchen wood stove from which we could dip. There was a frigid “three-holer” in the woodshed.

We had no electricity, no radio, no Victrola. We had hand-cranked egg beaters with which Mother made wonderful mayonnaise, though I never succeeded. Our biggest luxury was sending clothes to a laundry.

Technology has come a long way—too far, too fast I sometimes think, when kids talk megabytes and don’t know the difference between a maple and a pine.

Still, everyone who comes in loves the things Trish has done, using “Adobe” programs. My oldest daughter, Nancy Watson, who does a lot of artwork for Christian groups, including dust-jacket art for books for people like Corrie ten Boom, uses “Adobe” programs.

But back in 1929 or 1930 I learned the “technology” of making smoke prints and thought it was a barrel of fun, and maybe Trish will smile a little too.

Love and God Bless!
Vic

P.S. Years later I heard people say the winter of 1929-30 was the worst in many years before or after, so they went out of their way to welcome this Californian!