

VICTOR HEAD CORRESPONDENCE—TYPED FROM ORIGINAL

409 Bensal Road
Hatboro, PA 19040
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Dear Barbara [Cater] ---

My next big project is to prepare to preach at two consecutive services on Mother's Day. I had wanted "Why I don't believe in hell," but our Baptist Church in Hatboro is all too familiar with my "heresies" in past sermons, so I'll sneak a little of that into a sermon which I think I will title "Compassion: Come back to Jesus." Out of high school I wanted to be a minister or a writer or a scientist—so my career was science and engineering. Preaching seven or eight sermons over the years. Retired in 1980. GRIST has been my writing.

Enclosed is a letter to my nephew, Ken Schulte, who is or was a geologist for the Bureau of Land Management—perhaps retired by now—and lives in Barstow on the edge of the Mojave Desert. I hope you will not find my heresies offensive. A Dr. Maas, professor at Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary, used to say that "Heresy is often truth before its time."

I don't know any brief way of answering "Why did you live with the McNetts?" My mother, Marguerite Borden, was born in Hopkinton, New Hampshire and my dad, Robert T. C. Head, in Washington, DC and they met as teenagers at a religious community at Estero, Florida. Dad had two years of electrical engineering and became a lineman in New England. My brother Norman and my two sisters, Sylvia and Consuelo, were born in Somerville, Massachusetts in 1912, 1914 and 1915. Dad studied at home and learned how the famous hunchback physicist Steinmetz, who worked for General Electric in Schenectady, New York, taught the use of hyperbolic function to calculate line losses. So when Bell wanted to link up the west coast with inter-city telephone lines they sent my dad to figure where and how close together to put reamplification stations. Mother was already pregnant with me, so I was born December 31, 1917 in East San Diego in the days when it was separated from San Diego by open country.

Way back around 1870 (?) our Postmaster General Comstock persuaded Congress to classify birth control information as "obscenity" so when mother decided that four were enough, they were divorced (when I was about 1 ½ years old I think). Mother was awarded \$75 per month alimony. Mother had a way of going "to the top" so she met Dr. Rose, head of Balboa Park, learned of the Kosmon Fraternity in Sacratro Valley, and mother and four of us lived there till I was three. This is my best guess of how we got to Sacratro Valley when I was a baby. Next she got the four of us into the Theosophical Academy on Point Loma for five years—early 1921 to January 1926. For the next 3 ½ years I was here, there, everywhere starting in Clark Cottages near the Log Cabin [Café] and Captain Parks and took third grade at Alpine under Mr. Beadle, then La Mesa where I suffered terrible abuse from kids in large more civilized school—no, I guess McNett ranch came next; my sister Connie was there for a whole school year and rode to the Indian School east of the Willows on a pony Mr. McNett provided. Patty's cousin, Keith Brabazon, went to the Indian School about the same time. Then La Mesa, where a doctor told my mother if she wanted me to live to grow up she should take me out of school and let me run wild outdoors for a year—so back to Sacratro Valley (see "Kid on the Sweetwater" in three issues of GRIST I think I sent you). Then to Foss Ranch with Bertha and Joseph Thaxter Foss, a few weeks at Alpine School, spring of 1928, with Miss McClain and the entire school year of 1928-29 with Hazel Hohanshelt. I know my sister Connie was with me part of my time at McNett's and also part of the time at Foss Ranch. Connie

hated "Sister Foss" (Bertha) and ran away down the five or so miles of winding road to be with our beloved "Sister Mary" in Sacraero Valley. Except for a few months in La Mesa, the five of us never lived together in one house. In June 1929 all except Norman moved to New Hampshire so mother could take care of her aging mother. Connie went back and married C. H. Schulte when she was 16—three sons, Ernie, Allan, Ken (C.H. mentioned by Neil Galloway on page 24 after my sister died young and C.H. remarried). Having no experience of growing up in a normal family, I guess I've been a pretty terrible father. Patty thinks I should write my life, but it's a pretty bad hodgepodge. I hated my father for many years—enough for now.

God Bless,

Vic