

Virginia H. Robb  
112 Merrimack St.  
Hooksett, NH  
03106-1417

Dear Ms. Gay,

Thank you for sending the copy of Soo Nipi. I have seen only one copy of the magazine and it was not the one with Blodgett's Landing in it.

To fill you in on some information my mother is living in the Epsom Manor Nursing Home and I am going to ask her if she remembers some things. Her memory is failing. She is 89 and not in the best of health.

I know that Joe changed the interior of the Post Office considerably but was never in it after he took it over. How he set up the rooms is unknown to me. There were no bedrooms downstairs when I lived there.

Wilbur Raymond was a life long friend of my mothers. I believe they dated when young. The folks on Croft Beach and the Landing people did not seem to associate in the old days so I am not surprised that Romayne and Wilbur claimed to be unacquainted. Mother knew both because she grew up in the Post Office as did I and we knew everyone who got mail there.

Do you know the name of the girl who was sweeping the steps of the park?

My mother never told fortunes in the tea room. The tea room was run by Joe's mother, Dorothy, when she was single and wanted to try it.

The painting on the ceiling upstairs was not done by my father. It was painted by one of the carpenters who built the Post Office, while he was on a lunch break. My father never spent time at Blodgett's Landing except in the very early spring and late fall a few times. He painted scenes on Baker Hill and along the casino path. He lived and worked in Rockport, Mass and was very active in the art world there. Our permanent home was there also.

*Yasuo  
Hirota*

I did not know that Joe had any memorabilia from the Post Office. Joe was not born during the historic period of Blodgett's Landing nor did he spend time at Blodgett's Landing when he was growing up. I am not in communication with Joe because he was calling my house all night long, drunk, and I could not tolerate it and go to work and take care of my family and cope with him. After a few weeks of that I finally told him if he wanted to talk with me he would have to call me, sober, in the daytime. He never called back after that. I do visit with his father quite often and talk to his brother, Peter, occasionally.

Regarding the Spiritualist Church, when I was very young I had a bed under those pictures on the ceiling upstairs and listened to the services. Mrs. Graham was the leader of the services some of the time. I thought it was quite exciting and wished I could go and see the proceedings. It was because I looked at those pictures so long that I asked my great-grandmother, Carrie Bell Blodgett, who painted them and she told me about the carpenters.

Do you have any idea where Shelly Candidus got the name Washington for George W. Blodgett? I would like some verification of it as I have a copy of his birth and death certificates I bought from the State Archives and they both name him George W. Blodgett. I am working, slowly, at our family genealogy and I need some proof, as that is the first time I heard of it. My great-grandmother always referred to him as G. W.

The remains of the Edmund Burke are still in the lake. I used to be a scuba diver and my former husband and I dove on it many times. I am sure the wood is still there although the LaPorte brothers took the brass propeller many years ago.

During my years at the Post Office, there was mail service by speed boat. We had mails going to Newbury to catch the train and incoming mail. Three out and three in. I can still remember the times as I had to be at the dock to help carry the heavy stuff. My grandmother, Alice Blodgett Wells, kept me every summer. She was a real Postmaster. She passed the civil services tests periodically and was amazing with math. She never went beyond grammar school but she was one of the smartest people around. She also was a real estate agent. She was the kindest, gentlest most generous person I ever knew. She was not five feet tall but she worked harder than any man I have known.

There were four very busy lodges there when I was young. The Blodgett Lodge, Taylor's Lodge (later Rogers), Wa See Wic (owned by Florence Hoyt) and The Lakeshore House. I got my spending money delivering phone call messages and special deliveries. Many to the lodges and many more I walked to Cressy's Point, Mrs. Bowles, the Goldbergs, Martins and a lot of temporary lodgers in the camps and houses there. The Casino was opened to us as a place to spend our time. During the week we played pool, shuffle board and any number of other games there. Saturdays were dance or movie nights.

There were two stores there also. Joe Bourgeois' and the store next to the Spiritualist Church/Park owned by the Carlsons (who owned the Taylors Lodge before the Rogers) and run by friends of mine. I worked there summers 7 days a week, often 12 hours a day and loved it.

It was not until I was a preteen that Pine Street was extended from the middle street north. We went east from the Post Office on the center street and right on Pine Street. There was just woods on what is now the north end of Pine Street. My grandmother owned the house across the street from the Post Office, the two houses in back of it, (on the lake) and two lots of land on Pine Street. Part of the boardwalk was still there when I was a kid.

I stayed in the cottage across the street with my Grandmother and Great-grandmother in the winter when my parents let me go up there. We had no running water and we went to the Bowles spring with gallon jugs and got water every day. We kept two new clean galvanized 30 gallon covered cans in the kitchen with water so we never ran out but the daily water was to drink and cook with and the cans of clean water were to boil for dishes and laundry. We never wasted water. After the dishes and laundry were done we used the water to flush the toilet with. It seems like hard work and I am sure it was for my grands. I just thought of it as the usual.

I was there when the '38 hurricane struck. The trees were down everywhere and no one could get out of the landing. A lot of women came to our house and made coffee and sandwiches and the men clearing the trees came and went, day and night, to eat and rest. I was three years old but remember a great deal of it.

The landing was paradise to those of us who came for the whole summer. All through the years we 'kids' traveled in a bunch. We did not separate in couples but just gathered anyone who wanted to go and we climbed Sunset Hill, went canoeing, rode the mail boats in the early morning before the paying customers got on (we put pennies on the railroad tracks to flatten them), swam in the rain and just enjoyed being kids. I was lucky to be in the hub. They usually gathered at the Post Office. At night when the business was closed my grandmother would let my friends come in. We sat on the counters and she told us stories of her youth and the steamships. It was a good time to be young.

It was not mentioned in the Soo Nipi but the wide space between the houses on Washington St. and Pine St. had a purpose. There was a strip called the sanitary strip. It was where the outhouses for every house were. There was indoor plumbing when I was there so I never had the "pleasure" of using it.

The letter boxes that you have were hand made for the first Post Office. I have no idea what the artifacts are that you found in the cellar. My parents never took oriental things from our home there.

I was talking to Madelene Switzer last night. She owned the cottage next to the Windham (formerly owned by Mrs Howard) after Mamie and Floyd Cushman passed away. She is in her early 90's and her mind is very sharp. She is a very close friend of mine. We discussed Blodgett's Landing. If there is something in particular you would like to know let me know and I will see if she knows. She did not live there all summer but came from California to visit almost every summer with her sister. It was almost in front of her house that the steamship dock was located. My grandmother, Alice B. Wells almost drowned there as a child.

We got the first snow of the season last night. (December 29, 1998) We had a couple of flurries but it did not stay on the ground before. We have about 5" here in Hooksett tonight. I am sure they got a lot more further north. It is 5 degrees at the moment (11:45 P.M. 12/30/98) The wind chill factor is -13.

I hope Terry and her children are well and happy. I have not talked to or heard from her since she left. She got a raw deal and was abused. I felt very bad for her. She had a miserable time.

I usually drive through Blodgett's Landing once a year but do not stop. It is a sad sentimental journey for me. I do not know anyone there now. Incidentally, I never hear anyone mention the Charles Perry's who lived there most of their lives and kept the beaches clean and did a great deal for the Landing without any fanfare. They lived across from the Bourgeois' store in the little house with a front porch. Even when he was quite old he took a rake and went in the water and raked the sand at the big dock. He took out all the glass that would cut bare feet and cleaned up the junk that was thrown there all winter. They were part of the backbone of Blodgett's Landing for many many years. Their son, Clarence Perry, lived there many years also with his wife and two children. At one point he was the only policeman at Blodgett's. I suppose that is all in the hands of Newbury now.

This is all for the time being. I hope to have set a couple of stories straight and perhaps have given you a peep into the Blodgett's Landing that I knew.

Sincerely,

*Geri Robb*  
*Daughter of last Post Mistress, Hazel Wells Herota*