

Letter

To the Editor:

I read with great enjoyment the article in the latest *Spritsail* on the history of the Woods Hole Post Office—but felt as I finished that something had been left unsaid. The reason why everyone gathered at the Post Office to await mail distribution was that in those days there was no mail delivery. When I acquired my first bicycle in 1943 the gift brought with it the obligation to bike twice daily to the Post Office for the family mail (B1/2, G1/2 combination, but I forget the Box number.) Mail delivery arrived, I believe, sometime in the 1950s, and was not a totally noncontroversial issue. Woods Hole street names which duplicated those elsewhere in Falmouth had to be changed. My grandparents' house on West Street suddenly bore the bizarre label of 25 Albatross. Before that, my total summer mail address was: Miss Marjorie Hill, Woods Hole, Mass. Main Street became Water Street; Depot Street, Luscombe; Minot Road, Mast. Mail which previously was distributed seven days a week soon after the train came in was now delivered only six times a week.

My mother has told me that during the winter of 1929, when she was teaching on Martha's Vineyard, she came back to her parents' home on West Street to recuperate from the mumps, which she had caught from a student. This was during the period when she, Bertha Veeder, had a daily correspondence with her fiancé, Sam Hill, in Princeton, New Jersey. Knowing that she could not get to the Post Office for his letters, my father wrote her Special Delivery, and every day my mother saw the postman come up her walk with her letter from Princeton—plus anything else that was in the Veeder box—an experience not to be duplicated for over twenty years!

Sincerely,
Marjorie Moore
Woods Hole