

Married Life (7) Birth At West Point

Category: Married Life (1)

Published: Monday, 29 August 2011 11:58

Written by dave

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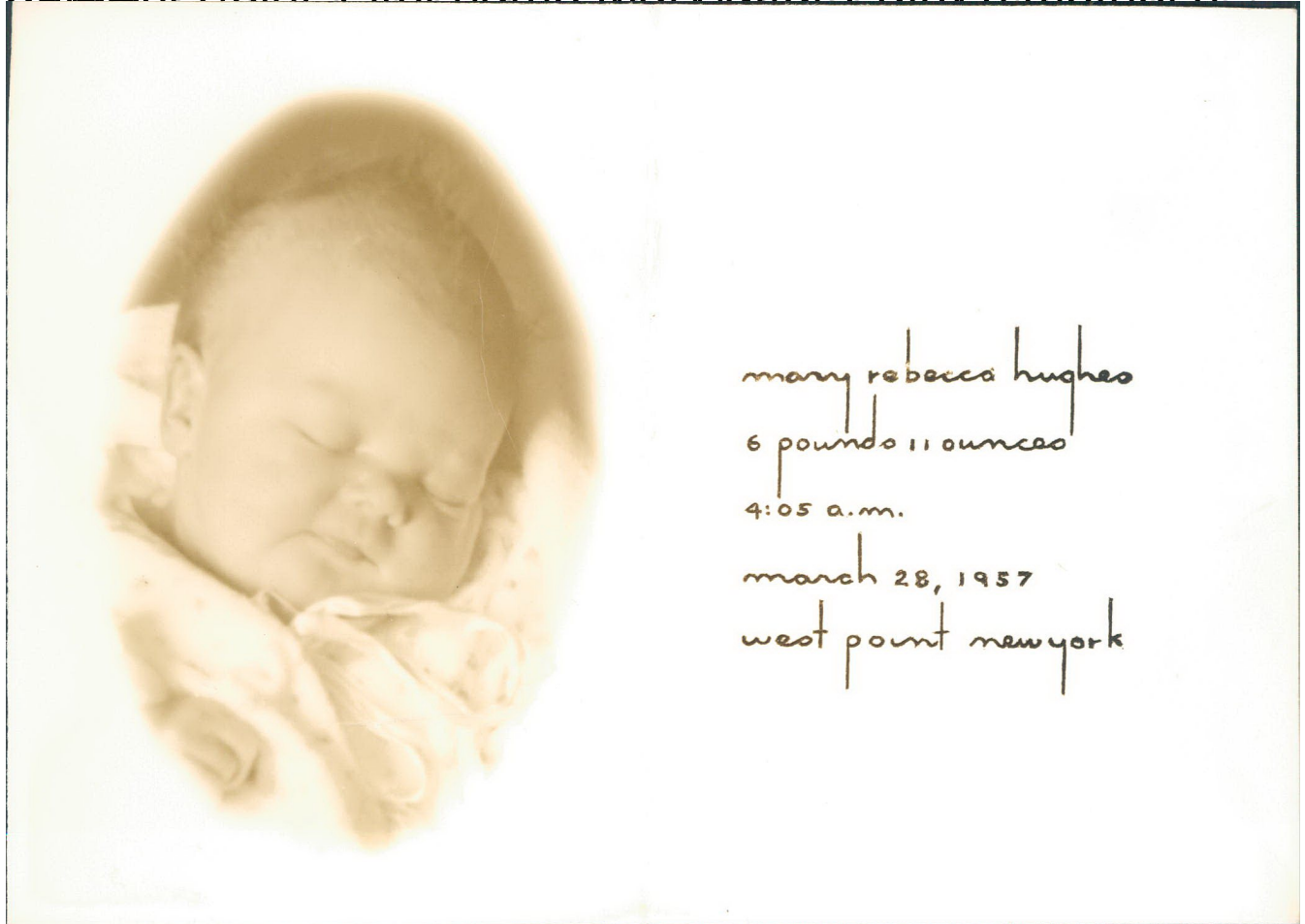
Our assigned quarters 9B at West Point in the winter of 56. In the late 1800s it held a 1st Lieutenant and his family. Both levels. By the time we got there it was for two Captains and their families - one in 9A, we upstairs in 9B. It overlooked the Hudson River. And no, we did not have to climb those stairs from the front. There was just a short stairs from the road, parking, and garage behind the house which had been built on the steep granite slope that much of West Point consisted of.



Patsy with young David in front of our house about 1956 which on Thayer Road between the Cadet area and the Thayer Hotel away paralleling the Hudson River to the left. Where the band formations could rehearse long parades in New York or else

Another Bundle of Joy

So Patsy became pregnant again. Which pleased us were married that she wanted to have a girl. It remained to be seen how many kids would be born but eight there was one, and he was born. A true baby boy. And so, without fanfare or fireworks. Mary Rebecca 28th, 1957. A year and a half later when we moved to the new house.



A joke I would never live down. I came from the fact that there just after birth! From the Nurses about my not being there. The fact was I left young David in the care of attendants in the hospital, and went to the hospital after midnight. But since nothing seemed to be happening, I first called the hospital and I was nowhere to be seen. I looked around. Finally Rebecca was born. And they found me sound

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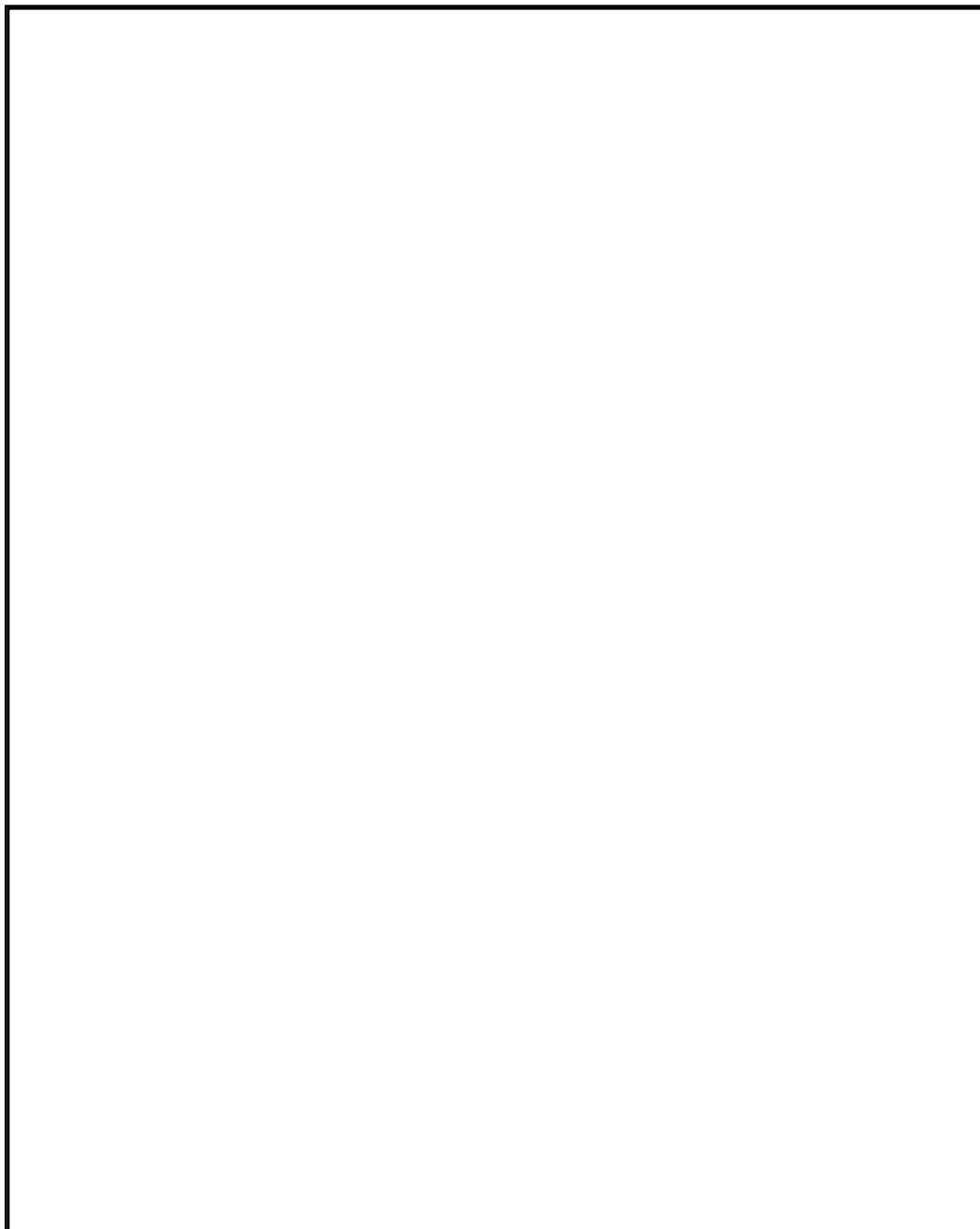
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Asleep sitting on the back stairs of the hospital where I had been sitting the time. So since I contributed nothing to the proceedings, I not say what happened up in the nursery's every where, I As soon as she was brought home, I took the above and mailed many.

Rebecca, much later, and a mom herself observed:

"David got a nice poem to go along with his birth announcement, I got the famous "Baby Basket".



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Now I don't know where the basket and wheels came from (I suspect the West Point thrift store!), but I do know that heavily pregnant mom made the skirt from scratch and decorated it with light veiling and yellow ribbons using her trusty singer sewing machine.

I guess they did not know whether the baby was going to be a boy or girl, so went with yellow!

Anyway, the hard work was done, the skirt ironed to perfection with a lot of starch, the ribbons wound around and tied into pretty bows and all stood back to admire it.

While almost 3 year old David was riding circles around the basket on his tricycle, Dad got out the camera and took a picture of this masterpiece. His wife was so proud at her thriftiness.

Without further ado, David rode into the skirt and ripped a long tear along the front.

To this day, the tear is there, with mom's hasty hand stitches.

Edward graced this basket as a newborn (his picture comes later!), and so have my children, Jennifer and Lindsey. Their pictures will be included in this narrative when they were born in 1982 and 1985.

I think I was able to get Caitlyn Patricia Tilton 2003 (Jennifer's daughter and Patsy great granddaughter) in it once for a picture. I set it up for Nathan Tilton 2006, but alas, he didn't get into it before it was dismantled and put back into storage. Lindsey declined the family baby basket for Brynn (something about wanting something newer) , but yet it still resides at my home awaiting further

babies.

Did Ed's boys end up in it for a picture?"

Mother Hughes Visits

My mother Helen, still working in Denver and living
here visit to the growing Hughes clan at West Point and



One of the things really stuck in my mind happened
and that was the first time I saw the house from the
inside. It was a very different scene, one of going to, really.
But sometimes also, the whole scene was fogged over,
especially in the spring. One night we had all retired to our rooms about 9 pm later,
normally away on that narrow waterway. Nothing unusual,
But that night the fog horns seemed more insistent than
ever, the sound so close by, rather than chucking to the sea.
Suddenly the house shook and trembled - twice.
The cargo ship had gotten lost in the fog wandered over

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Two far hit and cleared off what is called the South Deck. All above 10 feet. Right down below our house right on the beach beside the river, and then several feet on the river. Now if anyone doubted that West Point indeed sits on the river bank, here is proof that it sits on the river bank. The way it, 365 feet high, hit up to our house so shake all the accident did no extent damage to the steel ship. One deck stood. The new stone fence down where the once-broadly remember that night's proof of just how big the sound of a mighty ship run a ground after the fog night. Exciting night.



And Patsy started out with the SECOND Carriage with Becky on the outdoor second floor porch to our Quarters 9B. Hudson River in view

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Starting him early to help out.

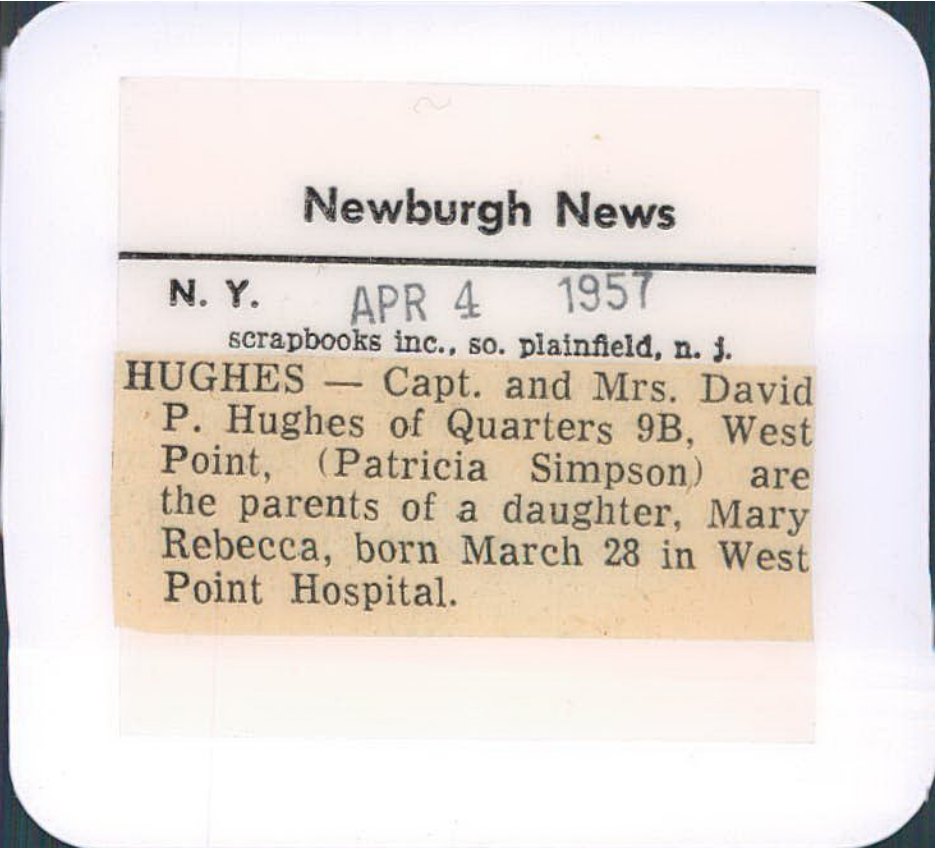

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Our Quarters in the New England Winter