

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.

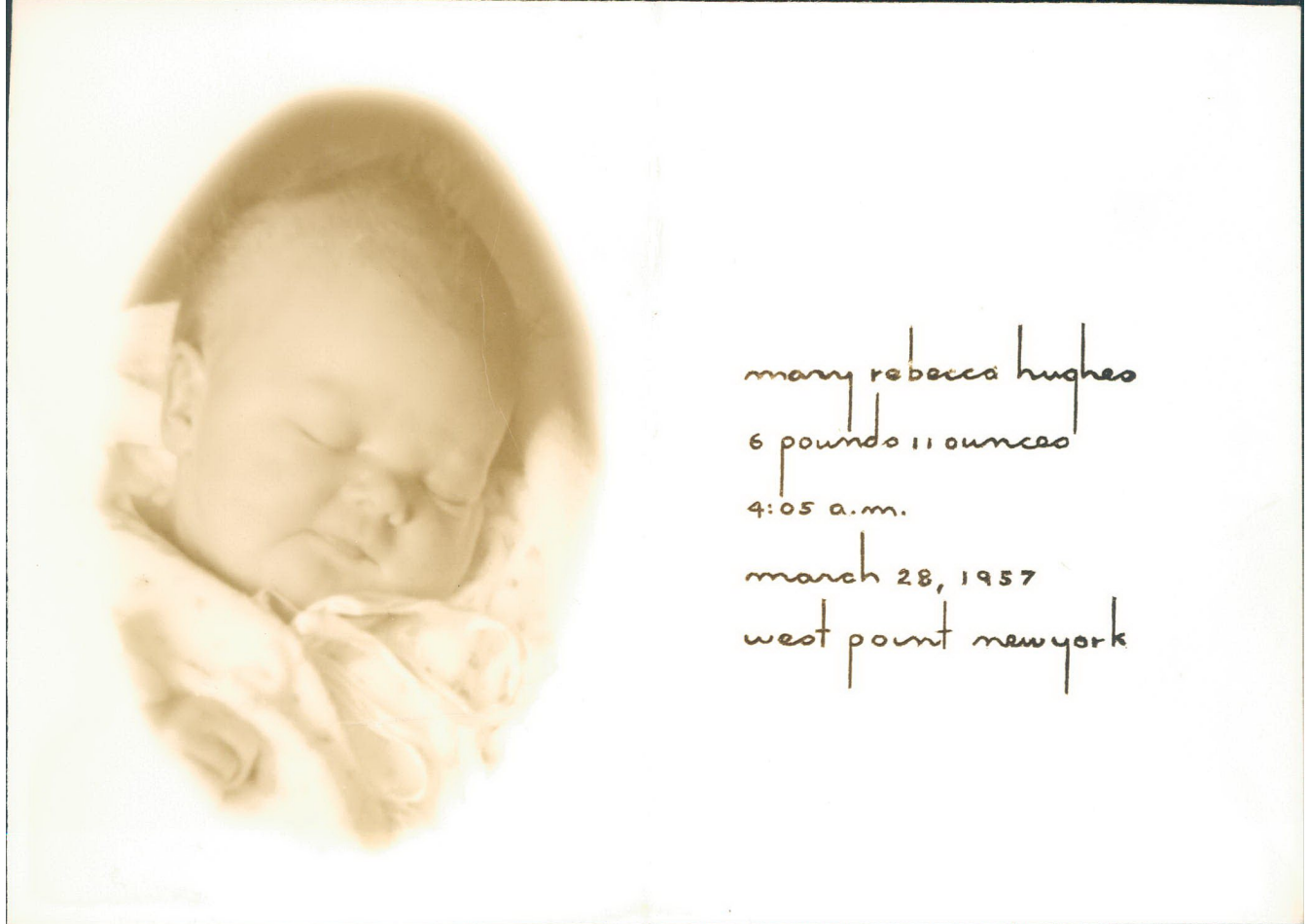


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Patsy with young David in front of our house about 1956 which on Thayer Road between the Cadet area and the Thayer Hotel away paralleling the Hudson River to the left. Where the band formations could rehearse long parades in New York or else

Another Bundle of Joy

So Patsy became pregnant again. Which pleased us were married that she wanted 2 or 3 kids before it remained to be seen how many she would have, but right there was the one to be born. A truly fabulous Army Major and so, without fanfare or nightgowns, Mary Rebecca, 28th, was a year and a half from 50 years to the 1st of March.



And I would never live down the fact that there just after birth! From the Nurses about my not being 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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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's doctor still working in Denver and living reported
his visit to the growing Hughes clan at West Point and



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

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Two feet hit and cleared off what is called the South Deck. An above deck. 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, the boat that was hit and the other that was on the way, 300 feet high up to our house to shake all the accident did no great 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 rolls. 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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Newburgh is just up river from West Point

And always Drea Mom

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Our Quarters in the New England Winter