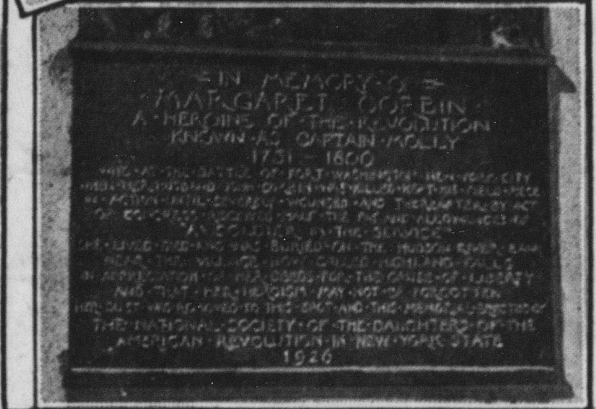
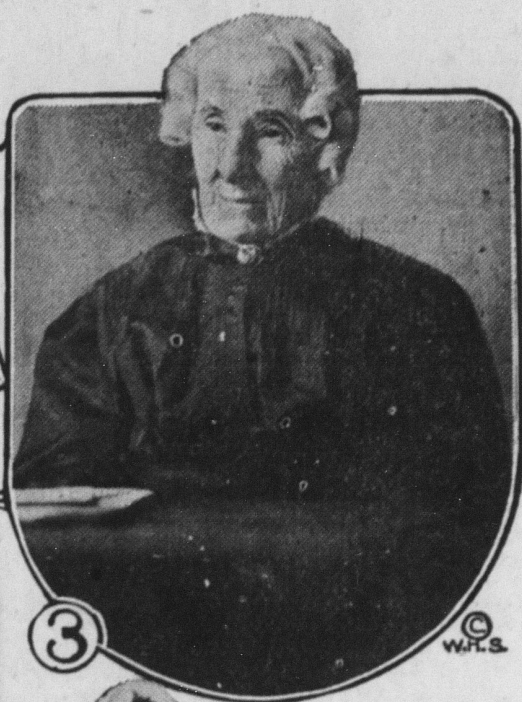
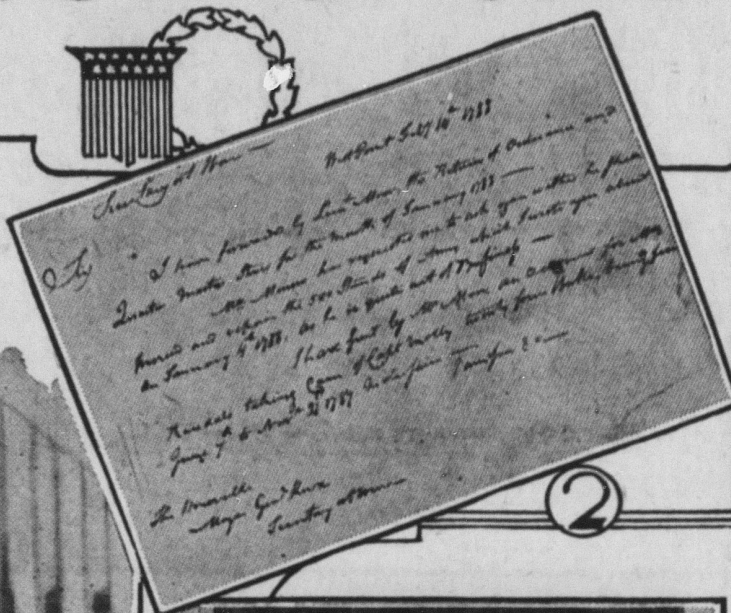


Women at West Point



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

NE does not usually think of the United States Military academy at West Point as other than a man's world, yet there have been several women who have had such a part in its history as to make their names a part of the "West Point tradition." The first of these was the woman known to fame as "Captain Molly."

In the cemetery at West Point stands a monument bearing a bronze tablet which shows in bas-relief a stalwart woman standing behind a cannon, ramrod and portfire in hand, and below it is this inscription: "In Memory of Margaret Corbin, a Heroine of the Revolution known as 'Captain Molly,' 1751-1800. Who at the Battle of Fort Mifflin, New York, when her husband, John Corbin, was killed, kept his field piece in action until severely wounded and thereafter by act of congress received half the pay and allowance of 'A Soldier in the Service.' She lived, died and was buried on the Hudson riverbank near the village now called Highland Falls. In appreciation of her deeds for the cause of liberty and that her heroism may not be forgotten, her dust was moved to this spot and the memorial erected by the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution in New York State, 1926."

Such is the brief story which the tablet tells but there are other details worth recording. Until her death in 1800 she lived in a private home near West Point, supplies for her being sent direct from the secretary of war.

An interesting sidelight on that part of her career was revealed recently when Capt. Walter H. Wells, intelligence and publicity officer at West Point, in digging through some of the old files at the academy, came across the manuscript letters written by Maj. George Fleming, commander of the arsenal and ordnance and military storekeeper at West Point, to "The Honorable Maj. Gen. Knox, Secretary of War."

On October 7, 1786, Fleming wrote to Knox: "I have sent another account of Mrs. Swin's for taking care of Captain Molly up to the 27th of September and have removed her to another place, as I thought she was not so well treated as she ought to be."

On July 8, 1787, there was another letter which does not paint a very flattering portrait of the Revolutionary heroine. It said: "I have drawn three orders on you, for the maintenance of Captain Molly, in favor of Mr. Denniston: one is from January 19 to April 12, the other from April 13 to July 5, 1786, inclusive, which accounts were lodged in the war office last fall, and are Mrs. Swin's. The other is from September 23 to July 5, 1786, inclusive, and will be delivered by Mr. Denniston for Mrs. Randall. As Molly is such a disagreeable object to take care of, and I promised to pay them every quarter, I have been obliged to borrow the money to pay the people; if it can possibly be replaced, I should be very glad."

On April 21, 1787, there was another letter with a curious touch of an eternal feminine problem—something to wear! On that date Fleming writes: "I am informed by the woman that takes care of Captain Molly, that she is much in want of Shifts. If you think proper to order three or four, I should be glad." Two months later, on June 12, he wrote again to Knox "If the Shifts which you informed me should be made for Captain Molly are done, I should be glad to have them sent, as she complains much for want of them." Whether or not Captain Molly ever got her "Shifts" is unknown, for there is no further reference to the matter nor does her name again appear in the records after 1786.

In contrast to the militant spirit of "Captain Molly," both in war and in peace, was the spirit of another woman whose name is written high in the annals of West Point. She was Miss Susan Warner, the daughter of a New York city attorney, who upon retiring from practice in the metropolis made his home on Constitution island in the Hudson river opposite West Point.

He was accompanied there by his two daughters, Anna and Susan, and every Sunday afternoon for years Miss Susan conducted a Bible class for the cadets at the military academy. Had she lived she would have found among the names of the general officers in the World War many who had attended her classes. A frail, small woman who still clung to the poke bonnet and the silk dress of the Civil War period, she was rowed across from her island home and carried in a military conveyance to the hall set apart for her in one of the academic buildings.

She came to be regarded as almost a part of the teaching corps of the institution and on her

- 1.—Mrs. Louise Regan, maker of chevrons for West Point cadet uniforms for 50 years.
- 2.—Letter to General Knox, secretary of war, from the military storekeeper at West Point referring to an "Account for Mrs. Randall taking care of Captain Molly twenty-four weeks, being from June 7 to November 21, 1787, inclusive."
- 3.—Miss Anna Warner, sister of Susan Warner, author of "The Wide, Wide World" and Sunday school teacher for West Point cadets.
- 4.—The monument to "Captain Molly" in the cemetery at West Point.
- 5.—Inscription on the "Captain Molly" monument telling of her heroism in a Revolutionary war battle.
- 6.—Picture of Cadet Henry Moore Harrington framed in Indian beadwork.

death she was buried with military honors beside the cadet monument in the West Point cemetery. Her sister, Anna, following her wishes, gave Constitution island to the United States government, and their home there is preserved as a memorial.

But Miss Susan's connection with West Point was not her only claim to fame. Under the pen name of Elizabeth Wetherell, she wrote two books, "The Wide, Wide World," published in 1851, and "Queechy," published in 1852, which attained a wide popularity. Of "The Wide, Wide World" it has been said that "it was the most popular novel ever written by an American with the single exception of Mrs. Stowe's famous story, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'" It attracted as much attention in England as in America and it was translated into French, German and Swedish.

However, Miss Susan was indifferent to this fame for it is recorded that she "never liked" her book, "The Wide, Wide World." Perhaps she unconsciously anticipated the criticism that followed its publication. A French critic marveled at America's reception of a three-volume novel devoted "to the history of the moral progress of a girl of thirteen." An American critic described it as having little story, not a semblance of melodrama, and declared that its success was "purely artistic." It is one of the literary traditions of New York that, after the readers for George P. Putnam had advised against it, he was persuaded by his mother, who read the manuscript, to publish it.

Long before Miss Susan became the Sunday school teacher for the cadets there was another woman who had an important place in cadet life at the academy. She was Miss Blanche Bernard, who was postmaster there for half a century. Appointed by President Polk in 1847, Miss Bernard held her position there until 1897 and few of the cadets, perhaps, realized that back of her pleasant smile, as she passed out their mail to them, there was the bitter memory of a tragedy in her life. As a young girl Miss Bernard was engaged to an officer attached to the academy. One afternoon this officer rode his spirited horse, of which he was very proud, to the post office to demonstrate its good points. But the horse became frightened suddenly and threw the officer off, killing him. So the woman postmaster remained "Miss Bernard to the end of her days, true to the memory of her first and only love. But one big thrill came to her in her later life. While on leave of absence from her duties at West Point, which she spent in Europe, Miss Bernard had the honor of being presented to Queen Victoria of England.

It is an interesting coincidence that the pres-

ent postmaster at West Point is a grandniece of Miss Bernard and that there has also been tragedy in her life. For she is Miss Grace Alleen Harrington and she is the daughter of Lieut. Henry Moore Harrington of C troop of the Seventh cavalry who perished with Gen. George A. Custer at the Battle of the Little Big Horn on June 25, 1876, and who was one of the three officers whose bodies were never found, at least, not identified after the battle.

Not only is the ignorance of her father's fate one of the tragic incidents in the life of the woman who is postmaster at West Point, where so many of Custer's officers were once cadets, but there is another tragic memory which she has carried through life—a memory of her mother, who suddenly disappeared several years after the Custer battle. "Amnesia it would be called nowadays," Miss Harrington says, "but at that time it was ascribed to grief and the uncertainty of what had happened to my father. Several times we heard from Indians that a lady dressed in black had been seen on the battlefield. Other reports came from Indian territory. We investigated all these rumors and finally after two years we found her in Texas where a severe attack of pneumonia had served to bring back her memory so that she knew who she was. But she was never able to give any account of her wanderings while she was gone or why she was there."

As Miss Harrington stands behind her desk in the post office amid the busy turmoil of mail distribution for the 1,200 cadets at the academy and an equal number of officers and regular soldiers, she can look up to two pictures on the wall which serve as a link between the blood-stained battlefield of the Little Big Horn in far-off Montana and the peaceful banks of the Hudson. One of them is a picture of her father in the regimentals of the Seventh cavalry, the uniform which he wore on that fatal day in June more than half a century ago. The other is a picture of Cadet Henry Moore Harrington. It is enclosed in a frame made of beads and these beads were obtained by her mother from Indians in Dakota—perhaps members of the very same tribe who overwhelmed Custer and Harrington and all the other gallant officers and troopers of the Old Seventh.

Among the other West Point traditions is one of perfection in attire and one of the requirements for that perfection is perfectly aligned and perfectly sewn chevrons worn as the insignia by the officers and non-commissioned officers in the corps of cadets. Those ornate chevrons of gold lace, black braid and broadcloth are very difficult to make, since they require great skill and experience in the making, but there is a woman who has proved herself capable of the job.

For more than fifty years without a break Mrs. Louise Regan of Highland Falls, N. Y., has made every chevron, gold or gray, worn by the straightstanding West Pointers. She really started sewing them when she was ten years old but her uninterrupted service with the cadet store of the academy began when she was eighteen and since 1879 all the corporals' stripes and insignia from sergeants up to regimental commanders have come from her hands. She is past seventy years of age now and she has made stripes for many cadets who are generals in the army today.

It is difficult, says Harris P. Scott, manager of the cadet store, to turn the straight-rolled gold lace into the curves necessary to make those long V's turned up without drawing or wrinkling the material. Five yards of gold lace are required to make a pair of chevrons for a regimental adjutant of the corps of cadets. There is also the background of broadcloth with the silk striping between the gold lace. This lace is of real gold and is imported from France. It is all hand labor and the material must be worked in cool weather as hand perspiration deadens it. She works from January to June each year making chevrons for the cadet officers-to-be in June after graduation.

Mrs. Regan is a widow and without children. She was born in Highland Falls, moving to Yonkers upon her marriage and then returned to her birthplace. The cadet store has sent her the work wherever she was. Her health is splendid and though the work is hard on the eyes she hopes to continue as the only maker of the splendid gold and gray and black chevrons that grace the uniformed sleeve of the West Pointer.

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Current Wit and Humor



A MEATIER MEAL

He was a thin, ragged urchin and he had crawled in under the circus tent. The manager nabbed him. "Do you know what we do with boys like you?" he thundered. "We make meat of them for the lions. Here, Carl, throw him into the lions' cage."

The youngster looked up at him and said, "Oh, mister, let me see the show for nothing and I'll have the fattest boys in the place crawling under the tent tomorrow."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Right and Wrong

"Now Arthur," said the primary teacher, "if I put 11 plums in your hand and you eat four, how many will you have?" "Eleven," said Arthur. "But can that be true if you've eaten four? Think again." "I'd have 11," said the boy, "four inside and seven outside."

Equal to Emergency

Captain—Now, suppose you are on duty one dark night. Suddenly a person appears from behind and wraps two arms round you so that you can't use your rifle. What would you say? Cadet—Let go, honey.—Edmonton Bulletin.

Bid Below Value

Young Man—Tommy, tell me what your sister thinks of me and I'll give you a nickel. Tommy—Aint a good laugh worth more than that?—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

It Didn't Work

Family Paper—If not convenient to move household furniture outdoors to clean, place a damp cloth over the piece of furniture and then beat it. We tried his and the wife made us come back.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Thanks

"An author's life must be a thankless task." "Not at all. Every time I send a manuscript to a publisher he sends it back with many thanks."

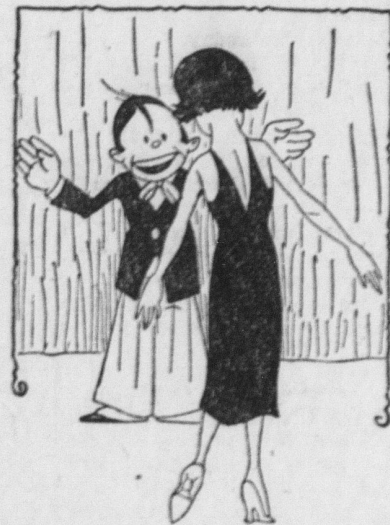
PROOF

The lecturer was getting warmed up to his subject. "And, friends," he said impressively, "I tell you once again, medicine never did anyone any good." "That's not true," came a voice from the back of the hall. "Not true?" echoed the lecturer. "What do you mean?" "Medicine did my family a lot of good," went on the heckler. "But, my friend," said the lecturer, "you have no way of proving that statement." "Oh, yes, I have," replied the heckler, "my father owns a drug store."

Practically Minded

"Daughter," said her mother, "has that young man you are going with ever mentioned the subject of marriage?" "Oh, yes!" yawned daughter, "but I told him dad was so hard up he even couldn't afford tires for the car, let alone a husband for me."

MUTUAL HOPE



Jill—I trust, Jack, that our marriage will not be against your father's will. Jack—I hope not, too. It should be mighty hard for us if it would change it.

Those Americans

"How long has America been discovered?" "About 400 years." "There you are, and yet I read in a paper about 1,000-year-old giant trees of America—you can't believe anything these Americans say."—Leipzig Der Lustige Sachse.

No Danger

Back-seat Driver—John, be careful. There's a car behind you. John (patiently)—But, my dear, I've never hit anything behind me yet.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
		11							
12	13	14				15			16
17	18	19	20		21			22	
23		24				25			
26		27							28
29		30							31 32
33	34						35	36	
37			38				39	40	
41		42					43	44	45
				46		47	48	49	
50								51	

Horizontal.

- 1—Vast plains of S. A.
- 6—in a vessel
- 11—Original manuscript
- 12—A measure of weight (abbr.)
- 14—Negative
- 15—Exist
- 16—Title for adult male (abbr.)
- 17—Evergreen tree
- 19—Coin
- 22—Tool for cutting weeds
- 23—Entrav
- 25—Capsules of legumes
- 26—Prefix meaning away
- 27—Makes holy
- 28—Prefix meaning out
- 29—A king of Bashan
- 30—Severe toll
- 31—Prefix meaning from
- 32—Small dogs
- 35—Speck
- 37—A leguminous plant
- 38—Bluish-green gem
- 40—Mental obscurity
- 41—Alternative conjunction
- 42—Preposition
- 43—Like
- 45—Back, a prefix
- 46—Elevation
- 49—A weasel-like animal
- 51—Commands

Vertical.

- 1—Coral animals
- 2—Mother
- 3—Verbal quibble
- 4—Minute particle
- 5—Thus
- 6—Measure of area
- 7—Infant
- 8—To open
- 9—Expressing surprise
- 10—Hardship
- 13—Beasts
- 16—One who restrains
- 18—Personal pronoun
- 20—Work
- 21—Capture
- 22—A command to halt
- 24—Encourages
- 25—Sacred song
- 29—Contradict
- 32—Produces
- 34—Southern state (abbr.)
- 36—A preposition
- 38—Gift
- 39—Red of a wild beast
- 42—Prefix meaning three
- 44—Turf
- 46—Afternoon (abbr.)
- 47—Personal pronoun
- 48—Preposition
- 49—Point of compass

THIS RED TAPE SIMPLIFIES THINGS!

W. 251
WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM



TO OPEN UNWIND