

The following story is about both my Great-great grandfather, Garrett Van Arsdal Hubbell and his son, Jacob Reeder Hubbell. I hope you all will enjoy it as much as I have. Merry Christmas and God bless each one of you!

FOUR GENERATIONS

(Condensed from a story by Mrs. Emma Lambert in a Glenwood, Iowa, paper in 1915, with a picture of four generations of the Garrett Hubbell family.)

Garrett V. {Van Arsdal} Hubbell (ME# 2581), Age 89, March 9, 1915, and his wife Elizabeth Bogart Hubbell, age 83, April 21, 1915, were married September 8, 1850, in Shelby Co. Ohio.

While Garrett V. Hubbell was in Civil War service, his wife and oldest son, Jacob Reeder, (J.R.) had a struggle to get enough to eat. After the husband returned from the war, they still struggled to get ahead until 1872. On September 3rd of that year the father and his family, and the son J.R. [Jacob Reeder] (ME# 5042) and his young wife, with three other neighbors in a "colony", loaded their goods and started overland west to seek a home. After six weeks they reached Mills County, Iowa, and stopped for a few weeks with Garrett's brother Hezekiah, then living in Lyons Twp., but who died several years ago.

In November Garrett and J.R. each started again with a load of apples. Leaving the families in Iowa, they went on to Hamilton County, Nebraska, where they sold the apples and filed on claims nine miles northwest of Aurora. Then they came back and wintered in Mills County, Iowa, and Plattsmouth, Nebraska. In March 1873, J.R. and wife loaded their wagon drawn by ox team and started for their homestead. Garrett's family remained a month or two longer in Plattsmouth.

J.R. and wife reached their homestead and began building a sod house. They lived in the wagon box, taken off the wagon and staked down on the ground. They had the sod laid up about two feet for the wall of the house, when on Easter Sunday, April 13, 1873, they went to Aurora for provisions. They were returning about 4:00 P. M. when about two miles from camp the wind suddenly raised. The prairie had been burned off, and the dust began blowing until it blinded them. Then snow began to fly, and in fifteen minutes they could not see two rods away. He laid whip to the oxen to make them go against the storm, and they got to camp. His wife got in the wagon box and tucked all available clothes into the cracks; he unyoked the cattle and tied them to the wagon. He then crawled into wagon box, and the frightened dog crawled in with them, and proved a real help by lying on their feet, helping to keep them from freezing. The storm raged for three days and nights while they were without fire, water or anything they could get at to eat except a little frozen bread.

On the third day the storm ceased but the wind almost took his breath. His wife was afraid to have him go out for fear he would be lost, but he did go for enough to get some corn for the oxen. They had left three cows tied to stakes in a "draw" about a quarter of a mile from camp, and when he could find his way back he went for the cows. The draws were all drifted full of snow. At about the place where he thought the cows should be, all at once he went down, landing far below beside one of the cows, dead but yet warm. I think from the story he worked harder the next hour than he has ever worked since. He dug a hole and broke the hard crust of the snow to the top of the hill and got out, almost exhausted, but all three cows were lost.

On the fourth day, when the folks from Aurora came to find them fearing they had died in the storm, they saw smoke as they approached, and threw their hats in the air and shouted for joy. J.R. says that was the brightest morning he had ever seen. Even after this, they stayed and finished their house.

In the summer of 1874, on July 5th, their house and all belongings except the clothes they were wearing burned. And they still stayed! They then made a dugout and planted walnuts and set out trees and battled the drouth and grasshoppers for three years. Finally, they grew discouraged and left. The land around there is now selling for one hundred dollars per acre, but they have not forgotten their experience of settling on that eighty acres, and it took about thirty-five years for J.R. to wear off the frontier life.

In 1905 he went to Phillips County, Colorado, where he took another claim. In place of hardships, everything was fine, and luck came his way. He is now living in Glenwood, enjoying a more leisurely life.

Garrett V. Hubbell and his family left Plattsmouth, Nebraska several weeks later than J.R. They were still in Plattsmouth during the bad Easter storm, and were greatly worried until they heard from the son, knowing that many had lost their lives in the storm. They reached their destination in May, 1873, with two ox teams and one team of horses. There, one mile north of J.R.'s place, was Garrett's 160-acre homestead. He settled there, turned the prairie sod with his oxen, put in some wheat and corn, built a large sod house, and was getting along nicely until the grasshoppers came and took everything. They ate the cornstalks to the ground and left nothing in the fields.

The Pawnee Indians travelled every fall back to their reservation. They would help themselves to anything in sight; dig potatoes from the gardens, visit the hen coop, and beg when they couldn't find anything to steal. Once the Indian Chief asked Father Hubbell to kill a beef for them and they would buy it. He killed one of his nicest, hoping to make a sale, and when they came, they took the waste part only, for soup (they said) and that was all they wanted. He was forced to peddle the beef over the country to keep it from spoiling, and the neighbors were from six to ten miles apart, so it was a hard job.

After struggling with Indians, prairie fires, and grasshoppers for three years Father Hubbell traded the homestead for 108 acres in Lyons Township, Mills County, Iowa, and \$100 in cash. He and the family returned to Mills County in 1876, where they have since lived. They now reside in Glenwood, surrounded by most of their children, and enjoy talking over these early experiences.

Harry A. [Arthur] Hubbell [b. 1874] (ME# 8423) and his wife and son (Harry is the son of J.R. and grandson of Garrett) have not had quite the experience of the older ones. They, too, went to Colorado in 1907 and homesteaded 160 acres of land, but frontier life was too monotonous for them. They disliked the howling wind, prairie fires, and barking coyotes. They returned to Glenwood where they bought a home, and Harry runs a city dray [farm cart]. [On a personal note: Harry was one of my grandfather's, [Alfred Clarence (b. 1880) [8426], older brothers.]

Harry's son, Clifford, of the fourth generation in this family group, is a fine lad of ten years, now in school in Glenwood.

---Written in 1915 by Emma Lambert