

I grew up in Ealing, West London, at a time when there were still tangible remains and strong emotional feelings for 'The War' (WWII), and its great human cost. War rationing had ended just three years before I was born, in '57, and bombed out spaces still remained where peoples' homes had once been. As kids, we would play in the dark, dank, grey concrete pillboxes and air-raid shelters well into the mid-60s.

My parents owned a classic 1930s mock Tudor house that's of the type now displayed at the Imperial War Museum. As a special addition, it was blessed to have the Piccadilly and District lines of the London Underground in its backyard, literally 25 feet from the back of the house. We could hear, and feel, the trains approaching as they rumbled around the corner a half-mile away, before rattling the pictures and drowning all sound from the radio and TV as they trundled past – every twenty minutes of every day; eight minutes during rush-hour – both directions. Not perturbed, my mum would take lemonade, tea and biscuits to the men working with steam trains on the lines in the hot summer afternoons. Such polite courtesies were common in those days. None of it bothered my grandfather, however; he was as deaf as a post from being on the receiving end of one of the longest German artillery barrages at the Siege of Maubeuge during the Great War. My cozy little bedroom, built on the upstairs landing, was at the front of the house, where the train noise was subdued enough so that I could better hear the roar of planes landing and taking off from a burgeoning Heathrow Airport. Those first, proud, British made passenger jets – the ones that managed to stay aloft - were a special delight in otherwise tranquil summer evenings.

My maternal grandparents lived with us and my grandfather, a POW of the Great War, kept an allotment at the end of the cull-de-sac, which kept us well fed in vegetables and summertime berries. The main meal of the day was always lunchtime, often a roast, and with pudding to boot! - courtesy of a Yorkshire grandma. I once refused to eat the slop served up at school, even under the threatening gaze of the headmaster ("You'll be standing there a long time waiting for me to eat this!" I think I said), so I used to run home a mile every day for lunch, saving the tuppence bus fare, and then jog back with my mum on her way to work at the toy store or chemist. The Great War POWs were always close to starving, so granddad would ne'er waste a scrap of gravy and always scraped his plates spotless with a flattened knife. Mother still has his knife; nicely curved from all that scraping.

It's good to grow up with grandparents in the house. I was fortunate in that; a kid learns respect and gains a perspective that is lost to many. My grandfather was a wealth of information, about gardening, farming, vegetables, news, books, and especially about horses, since he'd been a cavalryman in the 12th Royal Lancers. In the main, I have to thank my grandfather, Walter Pearson, for my western trilogy, for teaching me all he knew about horses and me managing to remember about half of it. The other thanks must go to my father, for force-feeding me John Wayne westerns throughout my childhood. Grandfather told me I could learn a lot about people just by watching horses interact in a field. He was right, of course, and it's stood me in good stead, and it's a secret I'll keep till the next dram opens my lips.

Early on, my mum changed bedding and cleaned at my paternal grandparents' guesthouse. It was here

that I learned of the cost of war, with a sepia photograph forever watching over me from the sideboard as I laid the large guest table for my grandmother. My father's brother, Denis, was killed eight days after D-Day on the other side of the world, in the Far East battle of Imphal in Northeast India, with the 14th Army. No one quite knew how Denis had died. It was mentioned by army friends that he'd either died in a hail of machine gun fire while attacking a hill, or by a sniper whilst on picket duty. His body was never recovered from the quickly growing jungle during the monsoon, and not knowing always bothered me, so over the past twenty years I steadily picked up books trying to piece together details. It all came together with one book: *Fighting Through to Kohima: A Memoir of War in India and Burma* by Michael Lowry. Denis was the only soldier in his company killed that day, killed by a sniper whilst arriving on picket duty. The soldier before him had picked up a Japanese helmet to wear. He'd clearly been spotted by the enemy, so when Denis appeared with no Japanese helmet, he was shot. How basic. How utterly wasteful. Since I grew up with that hallowed picture, I still have it. It now sits on my mantel, wherever that mantel should reside, reminding me to live a good life. I'm glad I learned the truth before his sister died a couple of years ago – seventy years after Denis gave up all his tomorrows.

As the sixties grew closer to the seventies, I no longer would see the horrendously burned fighter pilots walking the parks. I hoped that they had all retired to the country. It was an indelible memory to a young lad before his teens, with "Don't stare" being the first thing my mother drilled into me on our way to the library. Walpole Library, where Denis's name was engraved into the memorial for two world wars. Thus it was hard for me to be removed from British wartime history, although the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, Twiggy, and a plethora of others were trying desperately to change all that. But wars still went on, only far off, in the Congo and in Vietnam – seen almost daily on the black and white BBC news, interspersed with freshly found, unreleased newsreel footage of Belsen and Auschwitz – lest we ever forget. It all made an imprint on a young brain willing to inhale everything around him, good and bad.

But childhood was coming to an end. Important exams were approaching and the government decided in all its inherent wisdom to change the curriculum and exam standards, thereby making much of the schoolwork we'd all been doing, worthless. I think it was then that I lost confidence in adult authority, certainly in arbitrary authority. I'd already lost my faith in the goodness of people after having two men grab me in the local allotments and having to fight my way to freedom, then later having a woman stop me in the street only to give me the biggest backhander anyone has yet given me (I've since been more prepared for them) for no reason whatsoever. To this day I cannot fathom why. But a soldier's duty is not to reason why, and I was always a soldier if I was honest, because everyone else in the family had been. But grandfather warned me never to sign up, so instead I left school at my earliest convenience, sixteen, and headed off to the country to farm – his other passion. The idea being that I would work a while and then go off to college before working for an uncle's farm who wasn't a real uncle in Durham, the north of England, where most of my family had hailed from at some point. Three months before graduating from college, however, my uncle remarried a woman who decided to scarper, taking half the farm with her, so I

had to look elsewhere for work. On arriving back to London after college only one thing appealed to me, so I took off to a local recruiting office, where a sergeant rubbed his hands together and gleefully assigned me to the Royal Engineers – called ‘volunteering’ in army jargon, something granddad had warned me never to do: “Don’t volunteer for anything!” He’d say. Clearly he’d had personal experience that cost him four years in a German POW camp, after helping a wounded officer to an aid station in a town about to witness unharnessed German artillery. As a POW he had his appendix removed without use of anesthetic, yet always considered himself more fortunate than most.

My paternal grandfather had been in the army twice; first soon after the Ireland Troubles began and again in North Africa, Sicily and Italy during WWII. I used to enjoy running to the shop to fetch his daily ten Players cigarettes, and I’d look out from the school playground to see his bald head walking past so that I could cling to the wall and chat with him. But I never really got on with him once I turned a teenager. Although no one really did after that. He used to take the coins from the electric meter in the guesthouse to play the horses, and rather let down my grandmother in the process, who then also moved in with us before she died, meaning my mother was looking after three grandparents; a common thread with my parents, who’ve looked after just about anyone who’s ever needed it, from relations to a string of elderly neighbors – and a prodigal son returning repetitively injured or struck down with dysentery.

Three years in the army, during the slowest years in the army’s history, mostly bored me once engineer training was over and my Heavy Plant Machinery course kept being delayed, so I took it upon myself to travel, and spent nine months farming in Denmark with the European Exchange Program. I specifically requested no hogs, so they placed me on a farm with 400 of the bastards. It was a good time, though, I worked with a lovely Dutch girl and a Japanese lad, who was so polite we’d never quite know if he really understood his instructions until he went in the right direction. I once had to chase him down to stop him from discing a newly planted field of barley. After that, and continuing with the ditch-digging trait, I worked on an athletic ground where Chelsea Football Club trained under its manager Geoff Hurst, the only World Cup Final hat-trick scorer. Thus a real sporting hero to us ‘60s kids.

Then, from having western scenery blasted into my psyche, I decided to try ranching in Wyoming and set myself to convince the National Farmers Union to give me a place on a USA Exchange visit. Despite my having already been to college they agreed, and put me on a large dairy farm in Minnesota that needed help because a son was leaving for Alaska. But at least I was closer to where I wanted to be. I was soon moved to a small ranch in northern Minnesota when the son returned sooner than expected, which was fine with me. There I had complete autonomy, looking after a hundred head of whiteface beef cows, next to a lake, near the resort town of Detroit Lakes. I forwent my vacation to help hammer nails for the family daughter’s new dairy barn, thinking I would get to Australia on the extra money. But her marriage went awry and I slowly got sucked more and more into the running of the dairy. I was forced to leave the U.S. thrice because my visa kept expiring and was fast running out of options, so we decided to get married. In 1986, Ann met me in Devon and we got married in Newton Abbot, making me a Resident Alien.

The farm had struggled through the usual farming hardships - drought, low milk prices, stray voltage - but then everything started to go well. We even got our own foreign exchange student in 1989. Then one day during the drought the student came into the house saying it was raining, she could hear it. It hadn't rained for weeks and didn't look like raining till it snowed in another three months, so I was dubious. But sure enough, it sure sounded like rain on the tin roof of the house. Until I realized under a clear blue sky it couldn't be rain, it was crackling, and the barn was on fire. I raced outside to make sure no cows were in the barn, then went to tear apart the calf pens I had built, ripping two-by-sixes away from bolts as if they were balsa and throwing nine calves through the open door four yards away. The student said it was the funniest thing she'd seen; calves flying through the door before finding their feet and trying to run away on newly found legs. I'd just gotten the last calf out, had run about ten yards from the building to get away from the scorching heat - I'd blistered my arms - and the building exploded behind me, scattering wood splinters across the farmyard. Looking back, there was little left, just a concrete pad and nine piles of straw where the calf pens had been. It was a bad day. Not as bad as some, perhaps, but still bad.

The cows we managed to milk that night, despite piles of burned wood and tin siding rustling in the breeze. But it was August, soon it would be fall, and cows cannot remain viable outside in a Minnesota fall. The insurance didn't arrive for three months so we were forced to sell off the herd, leaving us with nothing but a Chevy truck, a Ford Bronco, a black lab and an assortment of farmyard cats. It was time for another occupation. I kept up with my local milk-testing job while Ann went to Idaho to work on a Forest Service Wildlife crew in the middle of the Clearwater National Forest. When Ann said there were jobs for seasonal firefighters, I packed the truck and headed off, too. But when I arrived, and they learned I wasn't a citizen, they couldn't hire me, so, since I was already there, I volunteered my time for three months, getting \$7/ day, barely paying for my food. Then, someone noticed how easy I found the work, while many others were grumbling, and they hired me as an independent contractor, earning real wages, just without getting paid overtime, even though there was a wheelbarrow-load of overtime: 14- and 16-hour days during the prescribed burning and fire seasons. No matter, the work was so much fun. I was having more fun than I'd had in years, even though I was fifteen years older than all of the others. But to me, it was just more ditch digging, and I was used to it, halfway good at it, and liked it. And after farming for years, it was easy for me, even with the mountains; they just added another challenge. And the views from those breathtaking peaks were like nothing I had ever seen before.

Two of the Forest Service managers were ex-smokejumpers and they gave me a recommendation for joining the Missoula Smokejumpers the following year, which I did after much winter training running the hills with my trusty black lab. I loved the job. Who wouldn't? We jumped into some of the most beautiful landscapes on the planet. My first fire jump was into Yellowstone National Park. I knew then, that this was the final job for me. I'd stick with this one. Who wouldn't? Two years later, when a hiring freeze had been lifted we all applied for permanent jobs that would give us more security; health insurance being the most important, but also opportunities to advance. I had no idea then that the

government had a practice of Age Discrimination. But I soon learned about it when the base manager approached me to say that I was too old to ever get a full time appointment. Too old at 35, and the fittest I'd ever been in my life – except for nine years later, when I was even fitter. I used to run 8 -14 miles once or twice a week with a 50- to 60-pound rucksack, just for fun and jollies. Needless to say, that news ripped through me, it was gut- wrenching. How would anyone feel if they found the job they loved and were told the only reason they could not have it was that they were too old, at 35? To top off the good news, my wife decided to run off with a rancher while I was on a fire, taking all my money in the process.

So what did I do? I kept doing the job anyway for another eight years, till 2002. Stopping after a British doctor butchered my stomach, twice, after an appendectomy went very wrong only six months after getting remarried. So wrong they wouldn't believe I had ruptured my appendix and threatened to send me home. Home to die, apparently, because that's what I was doing in the hospital for two days before they decided to even check to see if there was something wrong with me. In that dying stupor, I heard the nurses calling me a lazy sod for sleeping (dying) all day long. One nurse even demanded that I get out of bed, unknowing that I had only been out of the operating theatre for 3 hours. Not feeling too good, I just obliged. She was a little surprised to see how far the scar actually stretched across my belly for a 'routine' appendectomy and hurriedly ushered me back to bed before anyone noticed. But I was then in more pain after the surgery than before it. After three more visits to the hospital, they eventually released an intestinal blockage that I rather feel was caused by a swab left inside me from the first operation. Why? 'Cos there was a big black mass on one of my x-rays that no one could explain: "We don't quite know what that is, we haven't seen it before," they said. So I explained it for them: "It's not supposed to bloody well be there, that's what that is!"

Despite all this, and despite a scar that refused to properly heal, leaving a hole into my stomach, I showed up for my annual Smokejumper PT test, as usual, in April. Sit-ups were a bitch, but I did them, which is more than some managed without a hole into their bellies. Pull-ups were easy enough. Push-ups were troublesome, now having no lateral muscles and a piece of webbing holding everything together, but I could still double the required number. Eleven minutes for a mile and a half was plenty, I used to do that in eight and a half minutes in old-fashioned, tendon-ripping army boots. So I was set to jump fires again, and did, till I decided it wasn't fun anymore. I was unable to eat properly to keep up my weight after expending 10,000 - 15,000 calories a day, the stomach pain became steadily more sickening, while miles away from anywhere, and having no real stomach muscles left me with two more herniated discs, to keep company with the one I already had. One day, I put on a tie and jumped my last fire. Now that was a bad day. But it couldn't be helped, I was no longer my healthy self, and couldn't face not being the best that I could be in a job that might someday demand it. (We'd already lost friends who couldn't outrun a fire in Colorado in '94, so we all well understood the possibilities.)

The fact that my new wife, Christina, stood by me during all this, holding the puke bucket on many occasions, and so soon after getting married, is a wonder to me still.

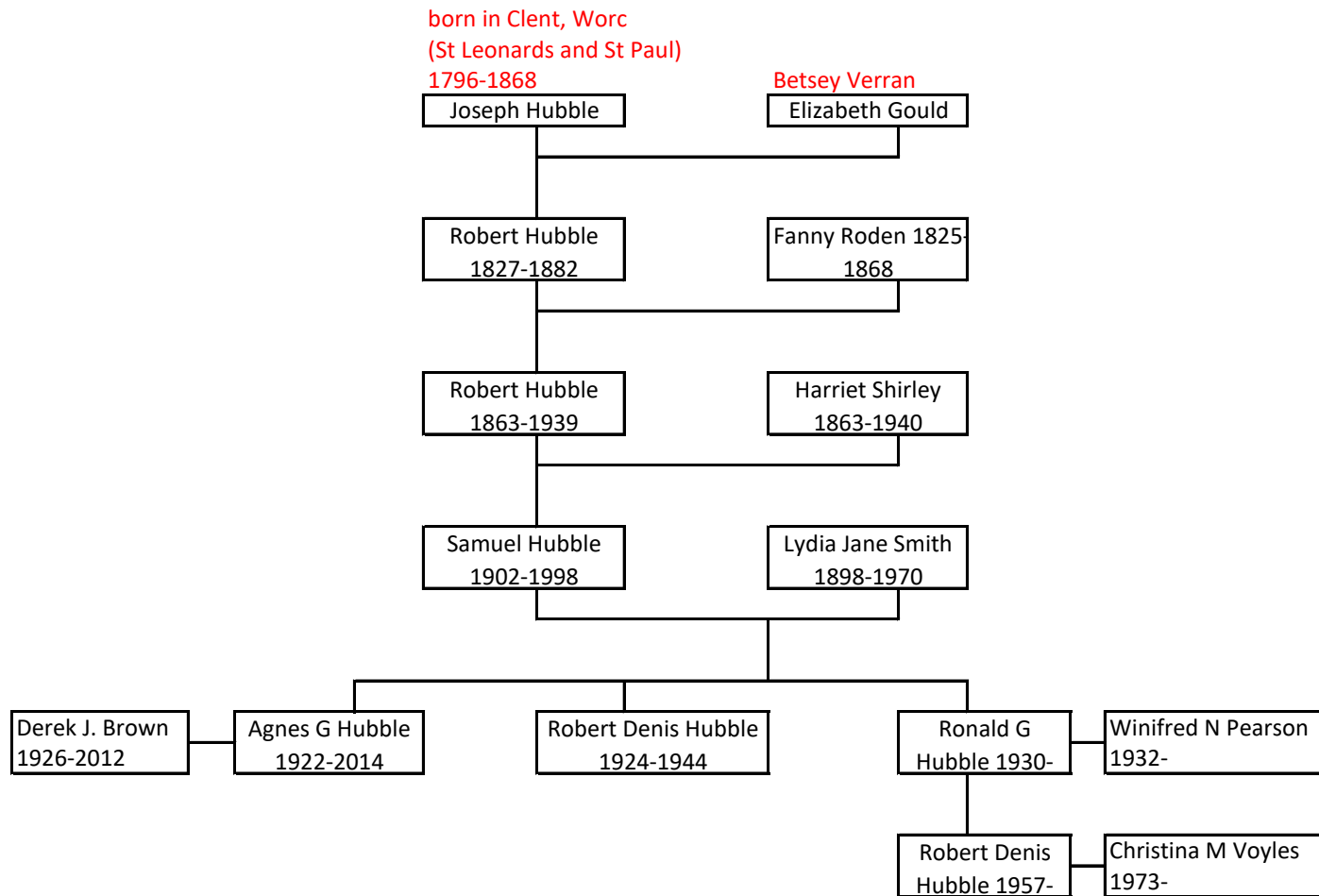
Then instead of digging ditches I continued to build websites, something I had taught myself back in '96, in a scorching hot aircraft hangar in Santa Fe while waiting for fires. I eventually became a software developer, building the front-end for a digital media storage product for the Online Computer Library Center (OCLC), before becoming an author.

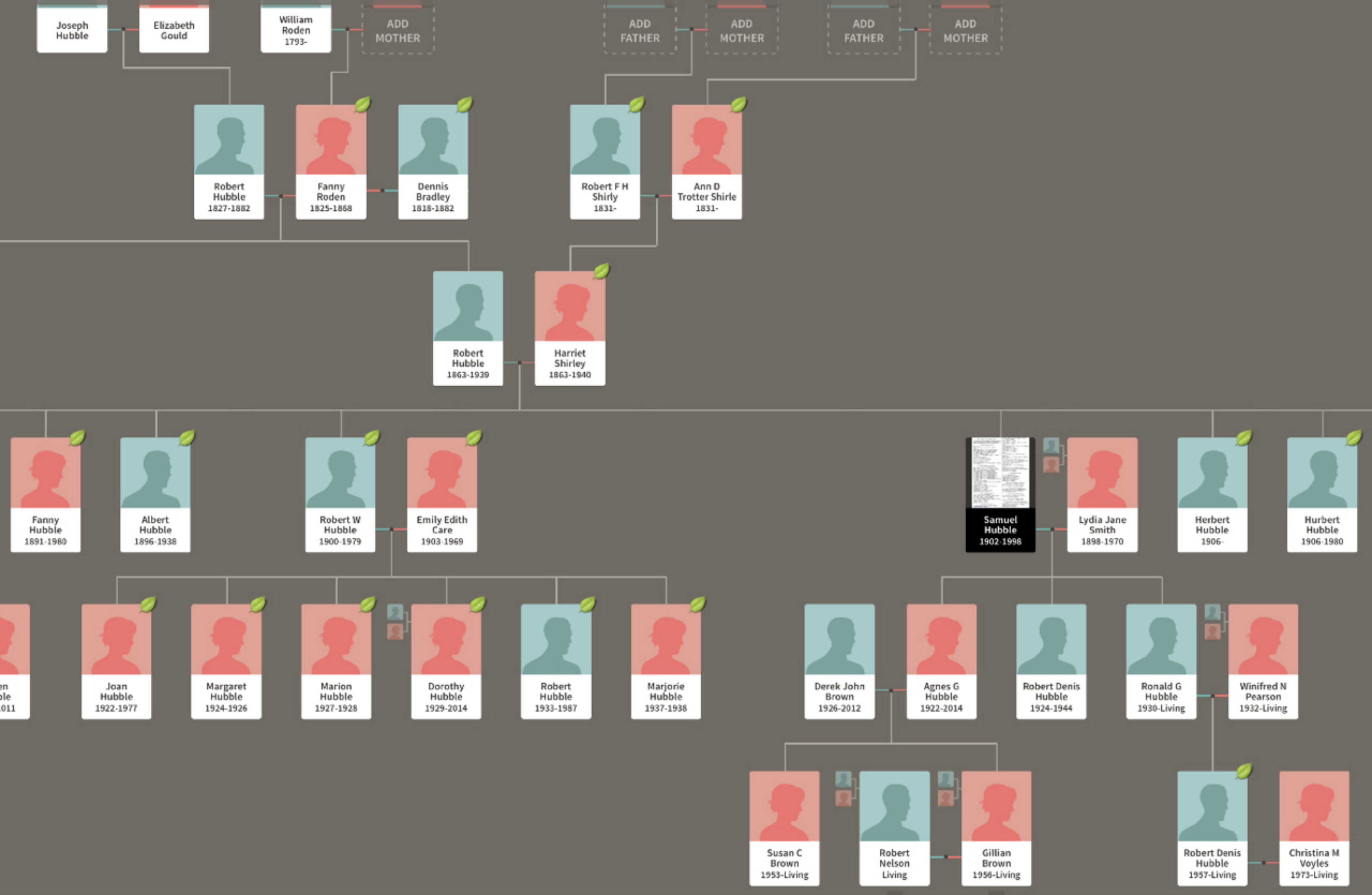
The writing began after succumbing to the fact that I could no longer be so active, and the fact that I genuinely had an urge to write, almost out of the blue. (I've always been an avid reader since my father brought home Alistair McLean's, *Ice Station Zebra*, when I was eleven. My English teacher was perfectly horrified when I once did my post-summer vacation writing study on *The Dirty Dozen*.) I decided to write about some experiences I'd had, but chose not to write them factually since I could never safely name names, because the world is a more dangerous place now for people having once done unusual things overseas in the '90s. The first book, *Inside the Great Game*, was easy; I wrote it inside of three months from memory, start to finish. The second, *Churchill's Gold*, was equally easy, written of places and people I knew with a story I knew also. It was always expected that I should write about smokejumping, but didn't want to fall into the usual trap of sensationalizing it, so *Limey Smokejumper* was a little harder because it was more personal, almost emotional for me, being 'warts and all.' It was also completely borne from memory. The first two westerns, *A Western: 1862-63 & 1863-64*, came quite easily, too, although they required a whole lot more research, though enjoyable research. I really enjoyed writing those two, knowing the places, having an intense interest in Western history, and basing characters on people I knew and respected. But life kind of hit us hard again before I finished the third. My wife learned of breast cancer and needed three surgeries; I needed a spinal fusion and was paralyzed for two days over Christmas. We were not in a comfortable environment, either, which together made sitting down to write rather difficult. But now with a new back, my wife healthy again (she just had a fifth surgery), I finally finished the trilogy. Although it was a bear to finish, to be honest, especially the editing, from having done so much writing when not really in the proper frame of mind. With it finished, though, I'm all gung-ho to find a mountain to climb and another ditch to dig. But being past retirement age, despite a newfound fitness thanks to a new back, I still cannot fight a fire.

When Christina was going through her cancer surgeries she got a tattoo to mask the scars. Someone once suggested that I should keep her company and get one too, asking what I would get. Given that I was always looking at my grandfather Sam's forearm full of military tattoos when a kid, I thought I would match them with all my immediate family's military badges. But soon realized that the nine regimental badges would require far larger forearms. Rumor has it that we're related to Vikings. The Dupuytren's in my hand would agree. Clearly the warrior spirit is alive and well in the Hubble/Pearson clan.

As a byline: Back in the '90s I got recruited to do various jobs overseas. In that, I managed to get deported from Brazil and put under house arrest in old Soviet Russia. The State Department would deny us ever having been there, yet the IRS gladly taxed me for my efforts. Refueling the proof that the government can do anything for you or anything to you – and more usually the latter.

Robert D Hubble's genealogy





A Sojourn



*The Hubbles of the
United Kingdom & Other Commonwealth
Countries*

Douglas W. Poulter

Let's turn to another South Staffordshire community where Hubballs were found.

Kingswinford:

“A small...village...three miles WSW of Dudley and 7 miles south of Wolverhampton. Consists of several hamlets and chapelries, (including) Brierley Hill, Wordsley, Pensnett and Quarry Bank.” It was originally known as Swinford Regis and listed in the Domesday Book. (*History, Gazetteer & Directory of Staffordshire, William White, Sheffield, 1851*).

This area is, particularly, significant to the Hubballs of South Staffordshire not because the families necessarily stayed there, but rather because they originated there but ended up in other parts of the country. It is an area known for its glassmaking, as well as coal iron and pottery works. Let's look at a few of the Hubballs identified with the area.

William Hubball & Mary Raybould (1823):

William and Mary were married, by banns, in the Parish Church at Kingswinford on the 10th day of August 1823. Both signed by mark and the witnesses were William Underhill and Thos. Walker. (203) William and Mary are believed to have been born in Dudley as were their children, and they were discussed in greater detail in Chapter 3. It is interesting to note that some of their descendants also ended up in County Durham. (See Chapter 3) Why they elected to be married in Kingswinford we shall never know, but all of these families moved between the numerous villages of the area. See Appendix D-1 for a complete listing of their known descendants.

Joseph Hubball & Betsy Verran (1796-1868):

This is a most interesting family for several reasons. Although neither one of them is believed to have been born in Staffordshire, they later had connections there and, as we shall see, may have died there.

Joseph is believed to have been born in Clent, Worcs. (37) and Betsy came from distant Cornwall. Their marriage took place in the Parish Church at Perranarworthal, Cornwall, on the 16th of November 1820. Joseph Hoball (sic) was described as being a “sojourner,” while Betsy was “O.T.P.,”

meaning "Of this Parish." A copy of that entry can be seen in Illustration 26.

Joseph and Betsy had at least ten children, the first five being born in Cornwall, but the later ones in Kingswinford. The family was seen in 1841 and 1851 at The Thorns, Kingswinford. Since there were many descendants, of this family, and since they spread to many locations, it is worth looking at some of them more closely.

<i>Joseph Hoball</i>	<i>Sojourner</i>	<i>in</i>	<i>of this</i>	Parish
<i>Bachelor</i>				
and <i>Betsy Verran</i>			<i>of this</i>	Parish
<i>Spinster</i>				
were married in this	<i>Church</i>	by	<i>varms</i>	with Consent of
			this <i>sixteenth</i>	Day of
<i>November</i>	in the Year One thousand eight hundred and <i>twenty</i>			
	By me <i>Edw^d Hankivell Vicar</i>			
This Marriage was solemnized between us	<i>Joseph Hoball</i>			
	<i>Betsy Verran</i>			
In the Presence of	<i>The pastor & James Perry</i>			
	<i>James Williams</i>			
No. <i>652</i>	DEVON RECORD OFFICE			

London: Printed by His Majesty's Printers: and sold by all Booksellers.

Ill. 26. Joseph Hoball- Betsy Verran marriage, ca. 1820

William Hubball (1821-1887):

William, Joseph and Betsy's first born, may have been born while the family was living in Wales, 5 October 1821. His christening was recorded both in Wales and also in Cornwall where the family was also known to have lived. William married Elizabeth Lloyd and spent his entire lifetime in Wales. Since he was the patriarch of the Hubballs of Wales, he and his family will be discussed, in more detail, in Chapter 9.

James Hubball (1826-):

Their third child was James, born in Cornwall ca. 1826. By 1841 James shows up in Kingswinford along with the rest of the family. (197) Ten years later he is still there, now at The Thorns, and he is age 25, a nailer. (204) Within the year he was married, on December 6th 1851, the marriage taking

place at St. Andrew's Church in Netherton. His bride was Keziah Pugh, the daughter of Joseph and Sarah Pugh, she being also from Kingswinford. At the time both were "of age" and both residing in Netherton. (205)

This marriage eventually produced at least eleven children. Their eldest, Robert Isaac, was born in 1852 and the youngest, Samuel L., in 1880. Keziah's death was recorded in 1887 at Wolverhampton, when she was age 57. James' death has not been confirmed but he was still alive in 1891, widowed, age 65, living with his sons, Ezekiel, Alfred and Samuel in Wolverhampton. (55)

The children of James and Keziah, especially their sons, James, William and Ezekiel, produced children of their own, resulting in subsequent marriages into such families as Heathcock, Ganner, Webb, Harris, Westbury, Tromans, Hingley, and Wood. Many of these names lead to further research, especially that of Tromans, which resulted in pages of data relating to families by that name.

Robert Hubball (1827-1882):

Robert was the fourth child of Joseph and Betsy. Like the older children he had been born while the family was in Cornwall, ca. 1827. Like his father, Robert was a nailer by trade and appeared at The Thorns, Kingswinford, in 1841. He was still in the family in 1851 but he thereafter married Fanny Bradley on November 21st 1852 at the Parish Church in Kidderminster.

Fanny was the daughter of William Roden and had been married before to Dennis Bradley and already had three children. Dennis died at age 33 in January 1852, and by November Fanny was re-married to Robert Hubball. (206)

Robert and Fanny had four children of their own and one of them, daughter Phoebe Ann, married Mark Attwood in Netherton, 7 October 1877. This marriage resulted in links to the Attwood and Round families and, also, produced lots of information relating to them and their connected families. (207) Phoebe Ann later married again, this time to Abraham Beddow in 1902, linking further names.

Fanny died when she was only 43, in 1868, while Robert lived until 1882, dying at Rose Hill, Quarry Bank on the 5th of November. His stepdaughter,

Mary Ann Williams, Fanny's daughter by her first marriage, was the informant. (208)

Jane (Jerusha) Hubball (1834-):

A daughter, Jane, was born at Kingswinford ca. 1834, and she was referred to that way on the 1841 census when she was 7. (197) In 1851 she was called Jerusha and was 18, living with the family at The Thorns. (204)

On 29 January 1855, Jerusha, now 21, married Sidney Edwin Gordon, 23, a miner, whose father, according to the marriage certificate, was "unknown." Jerusha gave her father as Joseph Hubball, nailer, and the ceremony was at the Parish Church of Netherton. (209)

Sidney and Jerusha had, at least, six children as they were all seen at the Thorns in 1871, but no later sightings were found. (89) Was this due to missing records or had the family moved away?

Josiah Hubball (1842-1918):

The last known child of Joseph and Betsy was Josiah, born ca. 1842, at Kingswinford. He had been age 9 on the 1851 census, but in 1861 he was called Joseph, then age 19. (204)

Josiah's marriage to Lucy Gordon, the daughter of Solomon Westwood, took place at the New Connexion Methodist Chapel in Stourbridge, 26 July 1869. Josiah was a bachelor age 27, but Lucy, age 28, was a widow. (210) She was first married to an unidentified Gordon and may have had two children by him. Thomas Hubball, born ca. 1862, and Betsy Hubball, born ca. 1867, both appear later, and their birthdates were before Lucy's marriage to Josiah. (89)

At the time of their marriage, Lucy and Josiah both gave their residence as Beefeater's Field, Lye, and Josiah's father, Joseph Hubball, was already deceased. Jemima Westwood, Lucy's mother, was one of the witnesses.

Lucy is believed to have died before 1881 as Josiah is seen at Lye, age 34, with his wife Elizabeth, age 29. They are subsequently seen on the 1891 and 1901 census at Lye or Wollescote. Josiah's death was known to have taken place 24 November 1918, when he was age 77. The informant was E.

Hubball, daughter-in-law. Was this the wife of his son Joseph? (211) There is a record of an Elizabeth Hubball dying at Stourbridge in March of 1918. Had his wife predeceased him?

Other children:

Joseph and Betsy's several other children either died as infants or had no known issue. Joseph, himself, is believed to have died in January 1868. His burial is recorded at Christ Church in Quarry Bank, 21 January 1868. (38) Regretfully, no record of Betsy's death, probably as Elizabeth, has been confirmed, but her maiden name of Verran created a plethora of information about that family in Cornwall. Some of her relatives have been found but her own line is less distinct. As in most branches of the tree, it remains for more research to be done.

All of the known descendants of Joseph Hubball and Betsy Verran can be found in Appendix K-2.

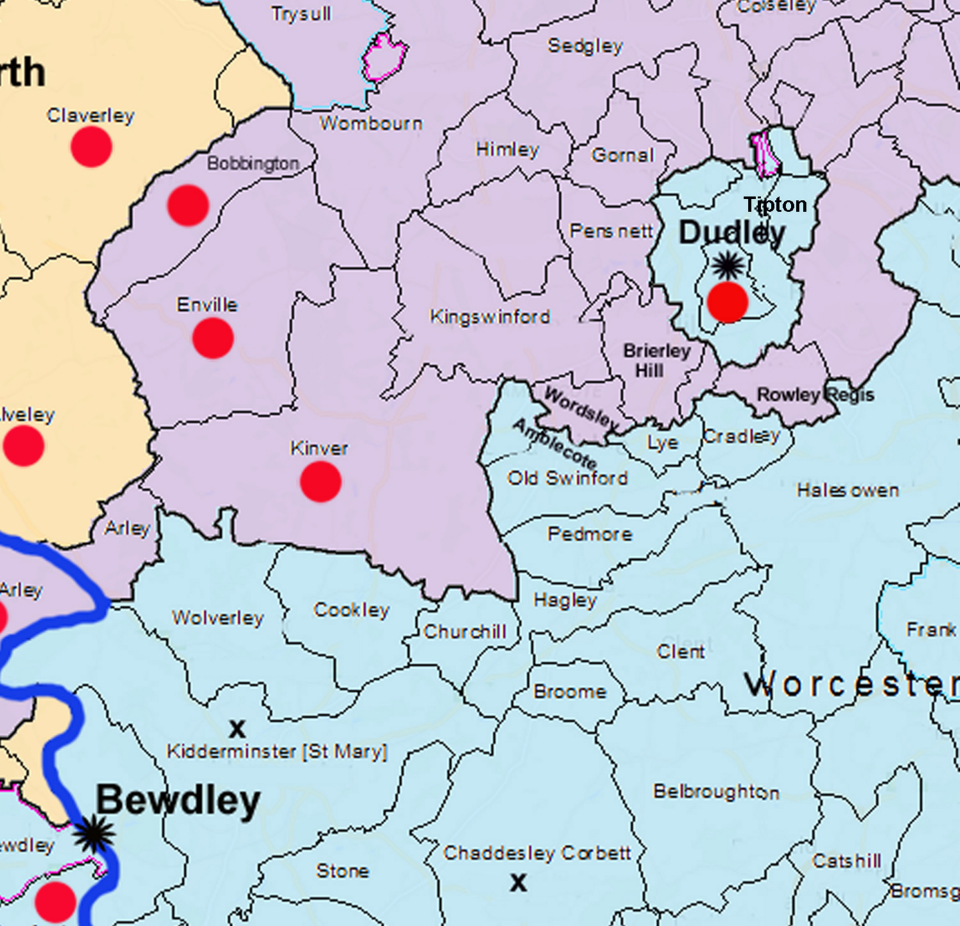
Other Kingswinford families:

John and Mary Ann Hubbard (1821-1893):

According to at least two different censuses, 1841 and 1851, John Hubbard was born in Kingswinford, ca. 1821. He may have been the son of William and Hannah (see later), but there is no proof, other than proximity in place and year. In any event, he was seen in 1841 at Bromley, married to Mary Ann with a one-year old son, Jonah. (197) Regretfully, no confirmation of his marriage has been found although there is a possibility that it took place at Wolverhampton in 1840. Unfortunately, that record failed to identify the spouse.

This family is of particular interest for two reasons. One, they retained the spelling of Hubbard through all subsequent generations and, two, the family later finds its way to Lancashire and even to the United States. Let's take a closer look at them.

They are still in Kingswinford in 1861 and by now there are seven additional children besides Jonah. (198) They have not been found in 1871, but the 1881



<http://rhubble.com/robert-denis-hubble.html>

Robert D. Hubble

Farmer, soldier, firefighter, author :- grunt



Somewhere along the way, between two miserable stomach surgeries and a successful spinal fusion, I decided to write not one, but three books, thinking anyone can write just one – and discovered anyone can also write three. Then I rekindled my intense interest in the American West, where for many years I was very fortunate to have worked, and began writing about those hardy characters and the tough land on which they lived, struggled, thrived and died. And writing such as:

"May be told by a soldier who is no writer to a reader who is no soldier." – Ambrose Bierce

[A Western: 1862-63](#)

[A Western: 1863-64](#)

[A Western: 1864-65](#)

[Churchill's Gold: the Ripples of War](#)

[Limey Smokejumper: Fighting Wildfire in the Rockies](#)

[Inside the Great Game: the Fight for Oil and Pipelines in Central Asia](#)

Robert D. Hubble grew up to be a farmer, leaving his London school at the first opportunity to do so. Immediately after college, however, life forced a change and Robert served as a Sapper in Britain's Corps of Royal Engineers. Then, still with a desire to farm, he left England to help run a Midwest dairy farm among the frozen lakes of northern Minnesota. Another life changing experience led Robert to the rugged wilds of central Idaho where he immediately fell in love with the magnificent mountains and the gritty physical work of fighting wildfires. A job that eventually enabled him to experience many years as a U.S. Smokejumper in the Rocky Mountains of Montana. Where he now lives with his wife Christina, who has twice nursed Robert back from the edge and given him time to write these six books.

The original R. Denis Hubble

Robert Denis Hubble

Son, brother, soldier



Remembrance is a good thing, it is easy and it affords respect and credibility for the sacrifices of others, which, in a more comfortable yet detached world, is often taken for granted. It also provides a very expensive perspective on life; a perspective that should not be wasted. I grew up with a sepia photograph on the sideboard beside a large oak dining table. The image of that happy, proud face remains with me. I can still see it as clear as day even now, 55 years later; Robert Denis Hubble in his distinctive Norfolk-badged side cap watching me as I laid that big table for Grandma.

I was named after another; my father's brother, an uncle I never knew, Robert Denis Hubble. He was one of the 28,878, mostly young lads, too quickly turned men, who died fighting with the Fourteenth (Forgotten) Army in Burma and Northeast India. On June 14, 1944, at only 20 years old to the month, he lost his tomorrows so we could have our todays. My task, then, is to live a good life to the best of my ability, to earn the namesake, to live the life for which Denis was unable. But also, my task is to try and not put up with the things he died fighting against; cruelty, inhumanity, misbehaviour, and general bullshit. It makes for an interesting life sometimes, but at least it's a life, and one I've already been fortunate to live three times the length that which was afforded to Denis.

Denis was originally in the Royal Norfolk Regiment, 2nd Infantry Division (United Kingdom), but after recovering from dysentery was placed into the 1st Battalion, Northamptonshire Regiment, forming part of the 20th Infantry Division (India), which was desperate for replacements during severe fighting around Imphal, where he died with men he barely knew, his body never recovered, with only an engraving on the Rangoon Memorial, Taukkyan War



Cemetery, Myanmar, as a tangible memory. And also a mark in his home town at Walpole Park, Ealing, London, which I used to pass as a young tyke each day on my way to and from school. Such are a soldier's rewards for duty to King and country. Barely twenty he was.

In this earlier photograph, shirtsleeves rolled, Denis looks like the only one who did any work that day; building the Anderson Shelter in the back garden at 79 Grange Road, Ealing, prior to the Blitz. Denis was fifteen in this photograph, with his sister, Anne's, hand resting on his younger brother and my father, Ronald, lower right. Who knew then that Denis would not see the end of the war?



Here dead we lie
Because we did not choose
To live and shame the land
From which we sprung.

Life, to be sure,
Is nothing much to lose,
But young men think it is,

And we were young.
— A E Housman

His father, Samuel, was fighting in Italy when he heard the news of his son, having already chased Rommel across North Africa with the Eight Army, and scoured over the mountains of Sicily, again under Montgomery. The photograph was taken in Rome soon after liberation, which played second fiddle in the press to the greater success at Normandy on June 6th. For after D-day, the Northern European Theatre was the only theatre of note; Italy became a bloody mountain hopping sideshow and the Far East was dominated by the American Pacific War. With all Axis forces in retreat, the war was basically won, but for those who would yet die proving it.

How the pendulum of war does swing, even at the family level; one moment relief that the '44 "Baby Blitz" was over, and happiness at finally liberating Rome after so many trying months, the next learning of a tragic family loss in the Far East – long considered the Forgotten War, except by those with family fighting there.

Robert D Hubble

Rick,

Attached is an unedited rambling (PDF). Please use what you need. Also a snapshot of the Hubble side of the family tree if you need it.

Father - Ronald Hubble, b. May 1st, 1930. After leaving the RAF he became a university finance administrator, retiring in 1982 from Imperial College London as "Commander Hubble".

Mother - Winifred Pearson, b. February 12th, 1932. generally a housewife, with stints of work in shops, a chemist and a doctor's surgery. Spent many years looking after two, sometimes 3 grandparents. She is the rock of the family, as tough as nails. They met at the local badminton club in Ealing, West London. I'm still in touch with some of their surviving friends from a subsequent tennis club - and just returned this summer from a wedding in Berkshire related to people I met at that tennis club in the '70s.

P. Grandfather - Samuel Hubble 1902-1998. Two stints in the army.

Served throughout WWII. Then ran a large guesthouse in West London.

P. Grandmother - Lydia Smith, housewife and the general dogs body who really ran the guesthouse, to the bone almost.

They met in Durham, northern England.

M. Grandfather - Walter Pearson, 1886-1973, Farmer, Soldier (artillery), Cavalryman, Printer M. Grandmother - Olive Hillerby, 1896-1993, military nurse and housewife Met in Egypt, I think, long before WWI, when Walter was in the Royal Artillery.

Robert

> On Aug 30, 2016, at 10:17 AM, Richard Hubble <hubblerw@comcast.net> wrote:

>

> Robert,

> Your family from Tipton lies in the heart of "Hubble" country as our most recent parish surveys including the map at-

> (<https://dl.dropboxusercontent.com/u/7293282/Fresh%20map-12-X%20on%20parishes-cropped.tif>) show. Doug Poulter wrote a book on the Dudley Hubbles

> (<https://openlibrary.org/books/OL11898434M/ASojournTheHubblesoftheUnitedKingdomOtherCommonwealthCountries>) which is close to Tipton. Might be some common

> links there.

--

Compared to Richard Hubball's descendants, I'm fresh off the boat. The Hubble side of my family all originated in Tipton, Staffordshire. I'm the end of that line with my parents slogging away at 86 - now living on the edge of Dartmoor,

Devon. No one in my family ever mentioned any other Hubble's. There was a great cleavage somewhere along the line around the early 1900s - too many bastards of each variety as I've been told.

>

> I'm sure you've seen this page:

>

> <http://rhubble.com/robert-denis-hubble.html>

>

> Since the Burma Star Association is on its last legs, literally, and the page Denis had there is no longer active, I felt he deserved to have some sort of presence. The Hubble's have done their fare share of military service by all accounts. Up until the 1950s it was that or mining, I guess.

>

> You're welcome to do a story, for as much as there is. I've been a ditch digger most of my life and have just reclaimed use of my back after waiting 14 years for a spine fusion, so I'm still a little slow; physically and mentally, as always.

>

> Best,

>

> Robert.

>> On Aug 30, 2016, at 8:52 AM, Richard Hubble hubblerw@comcast.net wrote:

>>

>> Mr. Hubble

>> I am the editor of the Hubbell (also Hubble) Family Historical Society. We are a non-profit Historical and Genealogical society that promotes all things Hubbell/Hubble. I have been aware of your books but just ran across your website and now feel compelled to contact you about producing an article for one of our publications.

>>

>> Almost all Hubbell/Hubbles in the US are descendants of one Richard Hubball who immigrated to the new world around 1640. Richard and his family were from the Severn River Valley: Worcestershire county and Rock parish to be exact. A number of members of the society have been back to England a number of times and considerable effort has been expended in documenting Hubbles in England. We are well aware of the Hubble clan in the London environs and have some evidence that some families in London migrated from the Severn River Valley. It would be interesting for us to know if your origins began in the midlands.

>>

>> Although I am interested in your genealogy, I am particularly interested in writing an article about you for my readers. Although you are not a descendant of Richard Hubball, your story would be of interest to us. And after all, you are a Hubble.

>>

>> If you would be interested in participating please let me know

>>

>> Sincerely

>> Richard Hubble

> On Sep 1, 2016, at 9:25 AM, Richard Hubble <hubblerw@comcast.net> wrote:
>
> Robert,
> Thank you for the text; more than I hoped for. I will get back to you in a few days with some questions to fill in any holes in the information that I find.
> I did have trouble with the genealogy image. The text part for your father was unreadable (low resolution). If there is any info there that was not contained in your text, please send a higher resolution image.
> Hope all is well in Montana. It seems that fall is coming early to the San Francisco area-cool temps and lots of morning clouds
>
> Rick

--

Tue 9/6/2016 10:43

AM Rick,

I'll Skype my folks to find out exactly why my grandfather, Samuel, was in Durham. I think he initially went there to be a miner after leaving the Manchester Regiment, post WW1, which was then in Ireland dealing with The Troubles. But he got an orphan girl pregnant and had to find a better life when he married her. He owned a garage before buying into a 99-year lease on a guest house in Ealing. (This side of the Hubbles was never very social, since I never met any relations more distant than immediate cousins. And those who I always thought were aunts and uncles, really weren't.)

Also, the document shown in his tree, I think, is a Mention in Dispatches while he was in North Africa. I'll try to find a better copy.
Robert.