This is our first Annual. We hope it will become a yearly fixture for Members of the family Society. It is intended to supplement "Family Notes", the Society's newsletter. Both will contain a selection of old and new material about the lives and activities of Hubbells, Hubbes and other descendants of Richard Hubball.

Annual
1983

Distributed to members of The Hubbell Family Historical Society.

President & Chairman .................... Ernest Hubbell
Vice President .......................... Fred C. Hubbell
Vice President .......................... †Kenneth O. Hubbell
Recording Secretary .................. Rosemary Hubbell Wirkus
Corresponding Secretary .......... Sandra Sue McDonald
Treasurer ............................. Harold B. Hubbell

The Hubbell Family Historical Society invites membership from descendants of Richard Hubball of England and New Haven Colony, Connecticut, from all persons interested in genealogy and family history and from organizations supporting such activities.

Annual dues:
Husband & wife, societies, libraries .................. $15
Contributing member .................. $50

Membership-reunion meetings are held every two years.

For information, write the Society c/o 106 West 14th Street, 25th Floor, Kansas City, Missouri 64105-1992.

Editors: Harold B. Hubbell and Rosemary Hubbell Wirkus.
Impressions of the First Biennial Meeting and Reunion Dinner of the Hubbell Family Historical Society.

Rosemary Hubbell Wirkus

...and so, on September 9, 1983, we Hubbells gathered at the First Congregational Church, Fairfield, Connecticut, not far from where young Richard Hubbell, our mutual progenitor had arrived from England perhaps around 1645. We came — not “back to”, but to this southern New England town for two days of Family fellowship and business. We Hubbells/Hubbs/Hubels/Hubles came from Florida and Hawaii, Washington and Arkansas, California, Nebraska and Virginia and from Ontario Canada — Hubbells all! New England Hubbells turned out in great numbers, some for only a few hours, others for both days.

We wore name tags and were unashamed to lean over to read the name of yet another Hubbell, some few of whom we’d met two years ago in Mantoville, Minnesota, at Hubbell House, where our Hubbell Family Historical Society was conceived.

Upon calling the business meeting to order, Ernest Hubbell, President, introduced the two people without whom our gathering would never have taken place — the co-compilers of the 1980 edition of The History and Genealogy of the Hubbell Family: Harold B. and Donald S. Hubbell, and their wives. Ernest reminded us of the Society’s mission and purpose: to record and preserve our Family history, and he stressed the importance of undertaking useful projects of family interest. He echoed the hopes of many for future fellowship among family members.

As any organization is only as strong as its workers, the formation of working committees was the first order of business, and lasted until noon. Family members responded enthusiastically to the three specialized committees, upon whose growth and development the future of the Society depends: the Genealogy Committee, the History & Biography Committee, and the Membership Committee, with brothers Lester E. and Charles Woodrow Hubbell as co-chairmen. Donald singled out the State Representatives for recognition as the real backbone of the Society, each responding to the challenge of reaching all Hubbells in his or her state, province... or overseas. By the end of the day the Society had reached a membership of 295! Ernest’s stated goal of a membership of 900 by the time of 1985’s second biennial meeting can be reached if each of the present members recruits two more Hubbells into membership!

After lunch, the First Biennial Meeting of the Hubbell Family Historical Society included the usual reports of actions taken during the past two years, and the election of new officers and directors to carry the Society through the next two years, until we meet in mid-June, perhaps in Des Moines, Iowa.

Saturday, September 10th, dawned clear and inviting for a day of touring into history. Hubbells who had not been able to attend the Friday meetings came from Connecticut and nearby states — more wonderful Family members! Our buses took us first to Guilford, where we explored the oldest stone house in Connecticut, built by Henry Whitfield about 1640, near which Richard Hubbell’s cow had been gored by the neighbor’s bull — the legal account of which may be found in the Guilford Town Records (and the History & Genealogy).

An enthusiastic, lovely crowd of Hubbells greeted us when we arrived at the White Hills Baptist Church of Shelton, whc had been built in 1839, with much of the work done by Lucius and Grandison Hubbell. Several Family and Society members of White Hills (Roy Glover, Ed Coffey, Philip Hubbell Jones) spoke to us of the generations of the Hubbells who had lived there, many of whose beautiful frame and stone homes are still occupied. The cemetery adjacent to the church contains not only Lucius’s forty-three foot high stone monument, which now is a tourist attraction, but also many other graves of Hubbells, about whom their descendants told us charming stories.

Following our picnic lunch under the ages-old trees, along colonial stone walls on both sides of the quiet country road, and in the yard of Mrs. Jeanette Brewster, our hearts were quickened by the rousing sounds of fifes and drums, as the Mattatuck Drum Bank of Waterbury, Connecticut in full historic costume, entertained us with intricate marching...
formations and exciting musical selections from pre-Revolutionary times to the present. This band, we found, is the oldest continuously active band in the United States, dating from 1757!

The high point of the whole Reunion came most unexpectedly for me, when on our way back to Fairfield, we stopped at the Stratfield Burial Ground, now part of Bridgeport, but formerly in Stratfield which lay between Stratford and Fairfield. We visited a grave, marked with a small, simple headstone that read:

RICHARD HUBBALL/BORN IN ENGLAND 1626/DIED IN AMERICA 1699
FOUNDER OF THE HUBBELL FAMILY.

For me, it was a moving experience!

Arriving at the Reunion Dinner that night, we were delighted to find at each cover a commemorative goblet decorated in black and red, with a likeness of a Puritan Yankee beside the inscription “Hubbell Family Reunion, September 9-10, 1983, Fairfield, Connecticut — The Hubbell Family Historical Society” a cherished souvenir of a marvelous experience.

In his invocation Rev. George Hubbell, Jr. made thoughtful reference to important aspects of our reunion:

Almighty God we gather together this night as members of the Hubbell family,
bound together by ties from antiquity that boggle our minds. We have walked this day the same ground of our ancestors and we have been awed by those glimmering reminders of what they must have been like . . . . We praise thee Lord and thank thee for bringing us together as a family from all corners of the United States and Canada. We thank thee for giving us a common heritage, and for this opportunity to meet each other . . . .

After dinner, Ernest Hubbell briefly reviewed our Society’s beginning efforts and some of the early accomplishments. He also added his thoughts on the Society’s meaning to us all: I think that for ourselves and our children we do get a sense of continuity beyond our immediate families thru this Society. In the times that we now have, when institutions and values are in question, it seems to me that the sense of security that we have through our families is increased by our Society. The knowledge is reassuring that we are a part of a family, that in this young country, has a 335 year history of service and honorable conduct . . . . We have shown a devotion to duty and strong character . . . . We are people who are educated, enlightened and tolerant which are admirable characteristics to me. We have a tradition of public service and patriotism . . . .
Speakers for the evening were introduced by Nancy Hubbell Kausyla of the Program Committee. Robert Lamson Hubbell spoke to the issue of change in our lives, and of change as he had encountered it in developing countries of the world, and local response to it, when he was with the U.S. Agency for International Development worldwide. Giving us examples from his foreign service, he contrasted them with an example nearer home — his father, who was the 4th generation in his Ohio hometown, about which his father had written a history. His father, however, could not bring himself to confront the changes in the make up of the town’s population, and so simply omitted them from the book. Bob challenged us not only to be mindful of and thankful for our Hubbell heritage, but also to have the courage to be ready and open to deal with change as we encounter it.

George Kawaa Hubbell, Jr. spoke of Josiah Benjamin Hubbell, who had arrived in Hawaii in the 1830s and of his life and accomplishments there. George and his wife Victoria, presented Hawaiian leis to several officers of the Society, as he ended his remarks.

Last on the program, Donald Sidney Hubbell reviewed the development of the Hubbell family in his talk entitled, “The 1848 Intrusion of a Connecticut Yankee into New Mexico Territory.”

A surprise speaker added good natured levity, as Bruce McCausland of St. Catharine’s, Ontario entertained us with revealing vignettes of selected Canadian Hubbells, dwelling not only on the most upright citizens, but also telling humorous tales of a few infamous lawbreakers.

Upon the closing of Bruce’s remarks, Ernest adjourned the first biennial Hubbell Family Reunion Dinner. As we left the restaurant, many made plans to attend Sunday morning services at the United Church of Bridgeport, where they would see the silver communion tankard of Richard Hubbell, Jr. given to the Puritan’s Church of Christ of Stratfield in 1738, as reported in the 1980 History & Genealogy on pages 53 and 54.

Trite though it may be, “a good time was had by all.”

DUES

Inserted in this Annual you should find a notice of 1984 dues. They are payable any time after the first of January 1984. In the past, follow-up notices and mailings have been made to encourage new memberships and to remind members of unpaid dues. These mailings are quite expensive and so won’t be undertaken in the future. We believe that members would prefer to see their money go for projects more meaningful to everyone.

We hope that those interested will elect to become Contributing Members of the Society. The funds will be earmarked for special projects which have been proposed by several members, studied and approved by the Board of Directors. Notes of them appear elsewhere, and will be given in future Society publications.

The Membership Committee

HISTORY & BIOGRAPHY

Members of the Society furnished the following reminiscences. Some have been drawn from the personal recollections of Hubbells which Donald S. Hubbell is assembling. Donald expects to have published by the Society for Members a book of such entertaining biographies, stories and narratives of representative Hubbells from each state. Editing by H.B.H.

“A Sketch of the Life of Thomas Jefferson Hubbell” (5020).
From MS notes owned by James Hubbell, son of Thomas J., and presently Tennessee Representative.

Borned on the 13th day of August in the year of 1891 near Prospect Southern Methodist Church to which my parents belonged (this church is located about two or four miles west of Saltillo Tennessee, two miles northwest of Sardis and about four miles southeast of Scottshill in Henderson County) in my grandmother Hawkins home which was two-room log house with an eight-foot hall between the rooms, and a large log dining room and kitchen built about twenty feet away from the house.

I remember once father made brother Willie and myself a two-wheel wagon. The wheels of this wagon was made of black gum timber. Father thought they would not crack nor burst though they did crack and burst. For after father bought the store and before we could get moved in, we went back and forth to the store. One morning we had to have some wood to make a fire at the store and I persuaded mother to allow me to haul the wood in my wagon. And when I was about half way to the store one wheel bursted and fell apart. Then I got a scolding and had to carry the wood on to the store in my arms.

This village was called Cedar Grove - two stores, a cotton gin, a school which consisted of a one-room log building. All the students in the first grade through the eighth grade sat, studied and recited their lessons in this one room.

One day father bought a dwelling and a farm across the road and extending north down into Doe Creek which gave us quite a bit of bottom land. Soon after we got possession of this dwelling and moved in, we discovered the well curb at the top of the well had decayed and needed new timber. While father was repairing this curb, he dropped his hammer in the well and it landed on a brick curb at the bottom, about 3 feet above the water. Father tied a stick of store wood on the end of the well rope and let me down in the well to get the hammer. I got the hammer and they began to draw me up. As I got near the top, the wire that secured the pulley in its place over the center of the well about five feet above the ground broke. So, down I started with no control since when the pulley fell it knocked the rope out of Father’s hands. Mother was standing close by and seen what had happened, and ran up and caught the rope and pulled it against the side of the curb and stopped the fall just as I was reaching the water. The well was about 30 feet deep.

When I was about nine year old father had a spell of fever and the doctor was afraid it would settle on his lungs. So they advised him to go west for a few years for his health. They sold out the stock of goods and rented out the farm and store building. And on the 24th day of November 1899, we started for the west in a covered wagon. We sold all our stock but a team of mules and a cow. It seems like no one wanted to give father what he thought the cow was worth so he tied her on behind the wagon and started west. We sold the cow when we got to Memphis, then we could travel a bit faster.

We crossed the Mississippi River at Memphis, on a ferry boat. We had to go up the river about eight miles before we could land on account the river was up everywhere. Back water was up everywhere and this was the only road that could be travelled. There was no signs to guide us - only blazes on trees made there by timber cutters. The water was out everywhere. We travelled all day in water. Once in a while we would see a knoll of land about as big as a sixteen-foot room.

When we reached the Sugar Loaf Mountains in Arkansas we saw wonderful sights and heard wonders. Each night when we would camp, someone living near our camp would come
and set and talk with father and mother until bed time; and some of the wonders of the world we children would see all through our dreams. After, we crossed to the west side of these mountains. In the evening late, I was walking behind the wagon and spotted some awful large red (berries?) I stopped to eat some of them and forgot myself. When I realized that I was getting behind, I listened and could not hear the wagon clucking. It was gettin dark so I got excited and began to run in the direction the wagon had gone. Soon I came to a fork in the road. One was as plain and seemed to have as much travel as the other. In the fork of the road was a house which looked to me like a school house so I stopped and hellowed a few times. And still I could hear no wagon. Soon a woman came out of this house and asked me what was wrong. I told her we was travelling through going to Lebanon (?) Indian territory in and I stopped to pick some red balls and got behind and I did not know which road the wagon had taken. She said well sonny, I am sorry but I never noticed any wagon passing here, but either road here will take you to the town you are asking about. So there I was! So, I started on the road I thought they would have gone. Now it was dark. Sure enough, the moon was just coming up so I could see the road. So on I went, hollering, and here come a screech owl. It would come down at my head, and when it was over my head it would holler. Well, it seems I had even woken up the owls! I stopped and stood for a few minutes. When I stopped hollering the owl stopped. Then I heard a woman hollering and I realized it was my mother. Oh Boy what a feeling! But it learned me to be careful and stay in the sound of the wagon.

After we got over in the Choctaw nation, we camped one night and an old Indian man came and set with father a while. Since father had spent sixteen years of his young life in the pan handle Texas territory on a cattle ranch, he and the Indian hit up well. So this Indian told him that he would have a hard time on his next day's drive, that for about forty miles would be through a tribe of Indians that were mean and treacherous. And, we would even have to buy our water for the stock and the family use. (He said) not to show any money, except enough to pay for the water we was buying. So, we did as this Indian had told us. We camped just before we hit the settlement and spent the night. Was up early the next morning ready to travel by daylight, as we found the country just as the Indian had said it was. But, we drove until nine o'clock the next night to get out of it, so made camp near a stream of water. Just a small stream, but we could water the stock there.

While I and father was taking care of the stock, Mother and brother Willie were busy getting a fire started and getting on with supper. Soon that was over and we were preparing for bed when we heard a foot stepping in the leaves to us. It sounded like a man walking in the leaves. Well, the dog we had along began to take notice and he sneaked beyond the fire in the shadow. Father kept talking to him low, trying to keep him from barking. And this man, or animal, whatever it was, came up almost in the light of the fire. The dog could not set still any longer; he raised up and growled very vigorous - at that, this, we supposed to be a man, stopped and stood still for a while. Then father spoke out and said come on up where we can see you. Then I realized father was off about twenty steps from the wagon in the dark and behind a big tree. What ever it was turned back and for about a hundred yards moved very fast as if in a trot(ting), slowed to a walk, until we could hear it no more.

It was nice prairie country on in to Lebanon? Chickasaw nation. We reached there on the 24th day of December 1900. There was no work in the little town for a man to do so we had to try to get something to do and somewhere to live. About a mile and a half we found a man by the name of Hoffard who would rent us a place and land to farm. We spent one year in the Territory.

We stopped over in Jonesboro Arkansas on the way back, where mother had a brother and a sister living there. We rented a place from Mr. Gibson near Nettleton Arkansas and stayed one year on his farm there - had a good crop and lots of fun. Met lots of people, raised lots of cattle and hogs and marketed them in Jonesboro. Then we moved on to our own place in Cedar Grove Tennessee.

I had to stay at home and go to school. It wasn't such a good place so we sold the home and moved about ten mile to a railroad town named Was Bluff.

Well, we did very well there - had a store, and father ran his peddling wagon and we made good!
the Big Sandy Creek, and not a house did we see until we reached the present site of Helvey, Nebraska where Mr. Helvey lived. From there we went to Meridian, making inquiry regarding homestead land. We were directed to a Mr. House who lived on the Little Sandy, just west of the present Alexandria. Here we remained overnight. Finding nothing, we went west several miles along Little Sandy Creek turning south, crossing the government trail where we found a well. Thinking this a fine place for preparing our dinner and feeding our teams, we rested here while our good wives were cooking the mid-day meal. We men decided to measure the depth of this well using our lines, tugs and halters tied together, and tied to the neck yoke. But we were unable to touch water. We learned afterward that it was 190 feet deep. We decided if we had to go to China to get water we had better travel on. We went south to the Blue River, where the Hebron Mill now stands, following an old trail. It was easily forded here because of the rock bottom, and was known as Rocky Ford. We went on to Spring Creek where we stayed over night with Mr. Kingsley who referred us to the Honorable E.M. Correll, Sr., who was then living with his mother near Spring Creek where she was running a small store.

In the morning Mr. Correll came to Mr. Kingsley's and told us he had been down on the state line the day before, finding landmarks for Joseph Lamb and Daniel Sherman and saw some fine prairie land. He directed us to James Bradd, who had just taken land near the state line and who would be able to give us all the information needed for homesteading.

We started immediately for Rose Creek, traveling across the raw prairie until we reached Dry Creek near Mr. Holly's farm. We had great difficulty in crossing on account of the steep banks. It was necessary to take our wagon apart and carry the pieces over and set it together before we could go on. The next point of interest was the "lone tree" which only pioneers of Thayer County will remember. We traveled on the Rose Creek where we struck a trail, and this we followed until we reached Mr. Sherman's and met Mr. Bradd.

He took us several miles south, up a steep rocky hill to the rolling prairie on the state line where we decided to locate. It being about sundown we enquired where we could stay for the night and were sent to the home of L.P. Luce who lived in a four-room log cabin in the bend of the creek. Here a friendship was formed with Mr. Luce and family which has lasted down through the years.

Next morning at daylight we continued on our way to Junction City Kansas, Mill now stands, by following an old trail. It was easily forded here because of the rock bottom, and was known as Rocky Ford. We went on to Spring Creek where we stayed over night with Mr. Kingsley who referred us to the Honorable E.M. Correll, Sr., who was then living with his mother near Spring Creek where she was running a small store.

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Next morning at daylight we continued on our way to Junction City Kansas, to the land office. Here I homesteaded the NW quarter of Section 5-1-1 in Republic County, Kansas.

On the 14th day of February 1870, we returned to Johnson County for our personal belongings and were back on our land by March 1st. During the five year stay on the land, I traded for the lease on school land where Hubbell now stands. In 1873 I bought the Kellogg farm which now joins Hubbell, where we lived for many years.

During our pioneer days we endured many hardships, had many thrilling experiences and formed many true friendships. Today, as we look back over the past, it is still a pleasant memory and we can truly say "those were the happiest days we have lived". I will now close, wishing the Journal many more prosperous years, and to E.E. Correll and family, happiness and prosperity.

In 1970 Phyllis Hubbell Holbrook wrote to the clerk of the Village of Hubbell and received more details of its origins from a letter of Mrs. Jesse G. Young of Hubbell:

The Village of Hubbell
Hubbell, Nebraska
June 29, 1971

Dear Mrs. Holbrook,

I will try to answer your inquiry about the name of our village, Hubbell, by copying part of a letter written by Bessie Johnson Roderick Brown for the book, "Hubbell Heritage." Mrs. Brown passed away in 1970.

Hubbell H. Johnson was my father's name. Hubbell was his mother's maiden name.

My father and mother were born at Versailles, Illinois. Soon after their marriage they moved to Carrillton, Mo. Their health was not good in Missouri, they both had Ague—which was very common there, so they decided to go homesteading. Most settlers were wanting to locate near a stream of water.

"They selected Hebron at the Little Blue River, and came there in March 1877 (sic). "Mr. E. Carrell the father of the late Ernest Carrell had land here, a homestead, and helped them get settled. It was he who took my father to his homestead two miles east of Hubbell just across the Kansas-Nebraska line.

They lived there some over a year when he sold his homestead right and bought the land where Hubbell how stands. They built a house one-half mile west of Hubbell and here I was born. We lived there till I was ten years of age and then we moved to Hubbell.

"It was learned a railroad was soon to be laid along the state line on my father's land: finished in 1880, it was then my father gave the land for a town site. The Ida settlement moved over to start the town, many buildings were erected and the town began to boom. It was then the citizens paid a nice tribute to my father by naming the town after him."

The preceding was written by Mrs. Brown in 1963. I hope this will help you in some way.

FROM IDAHO FALLS TO YELLOWSTONE

These notes have been submitted by Mrs. Ellie Singleton of Nevada. They were written by Lillie (Scoggins) Hubbell, wife of John Ira (3913c), extracted from an article appearing in an Idaho Falls, Idaho newspaper.

We left Idaho Falls Thursday, July 19, 1906 about 6:30 in the evening and drove eighteen miles reaching a camp at 10 o'clock. Our party consists of the Hubbells, all but Father and Mother Hubbell and Ivan, as Ivan had to stay behind and attend to some business and may come later, Mrs. Jacobs and Helen and two Misses Detman from Salt Lake, Miss Lydia Peile, Miss McIntosh of Cedar Falls, Ia., and Miss Douglas of Los Angeles, also a man to drive the freight wagon, making fifteen members. We have the three-seated mountain wagon, a sheep wagon in which we carry the springs and bedding and a mule grub wagon. Some of us sleep in the wagons and the rest in the tent.

The second day we drove about thirty miles, but had to stop about 2 hours at noon with sick horse. After and doctoring it with all kinds of medicine and even hours of the dressing bottle, we were able to go on by leading the sick horse and putting the riding pony in its place. About dark, the mules got stuck in a mud hole in the road and they had to unload the wagon before they got it out. We were traveling through the Teton basin, and I never thought there could be so much water in Idaho. The ditches were full everywhere, and in a great many places had overflowed into the road. In some places, the water was up to the hubs and we were much afraid the water would come into the wagons and wet our provisions. We have two camping stoves and then it takes us about two hours to get a meal for fifteen. We did not reach St. Anthony until about eleven o'clock and you may be sure we went to bed without supper.

The third day was still more eventful in some respects. It was necessary for us to take more horse feed with us and it took some time to load it and fix the harness, so we left St. Anthony about 11 o'clock. We drove a few miles and stopped for lunch. After riding about one mile, three of the party were so sick it became necessary to stop and for two hours, Kittie, Miss Douglas and Miss McIntosh were very sick and some of the rest of the crowd were sick from sympathy. We concluded they were poisoned by something we had for dinner, presumably the lemonade, as the juice was kept over one day. Anyway, for a while it seemed as if we would have to send for a doctor but mustard water seemed to help relieve them. About 5 o'clock we were able to go on but did not drive more than four or five miles and went into camp by the side of a very pretty little stream, an ideal camping place, and the sick people looked as good as new.
Sunday, we only drove part of the day and went into camp at Marysville on the Snake River. The Yellowstone Stone R. is completed to this point and the stages make the drive to the park in one day by changing teams and having four horses on the rig, but it will take us two or three days, as we are not traveling very fast because of so many things to hinder us. We thought we were not going to have anything out of the ordinary Sunday but about 5 o'clock five of the horses heard the “Call of the Wild” and started a stampede. One was hobbled and we thought the others very tired and they were not tied. Fortunately, they got into a field and were easily caught or they might have gone back to Idaho Falls.

Monday we arose at 4 o’clock and had the most delightful drive of our trip. We crossed what they call the divide through the U.S. Forest Reserve, and it was very pleasant riding even if we were going uphill and had to double the teams on two of the hills. I rode two hours on the saddle horse and they took my picture. We changed off riding the pony so as to lessen the load in the buggy. The stages passed us about half way. Last year they staged it from Monida, but I think it is all done from Marysville this year, a distance of about sixty miles. They are working camp about 5:30 at Ripley’s Ranch, the place where the people going on the stage take dinner.

We had a delightful camping place. Kittie was feeling poorly because, during the afternoon, she put her head out of the wagon to look back and struck it against a tree. It might have been a very serious accident, but she escaped with only a few scratches. Her head ached and she and Glen tried their luck at fishing, wading out into the river but they only caught one. We went to the hotel to get a good night’s rest. Tuesday we continued our journey and had a most delightful drive through the pines. Sadie was nervous from the start because she knew we had to ford the Snake River. Of course, we got across alright as the water only came to the hubs. John and Glen tried their luck at fishing, wading out into the river but they only caught one. We went into camp about seven miles outside of the park as our horses seemed tired and we were not in a hurry.

Wednesday we entered the park at Yellowstone about 10 o’clock and had a delightful up the canyon of the Madison River going into camp about 5 o’clock as John wanted to fish. It took us six days to reach the Park because of so many hindrances, but everybody seems to be happy and glad they are here. Last night was very cold and the camp fires felt good this morning. Tomorrow we start north to the Mammoth Hot Springs.

Note: Mrs. Singleton has identified the Hubbells named in this story:
“Father and Mother” - 2361a. John C. Hubbell and 2nd wife Hulda Sampson.
“Ivan” - 3913a. Thomas Ivan Hubbell.
“Mrs. Jacobs” - 3913b. Ida Elizabeth (Hubbell) Jacobs.
“Helen” - daughter of Helen Jacobs Reger.
“Kittie” - Catherine (Peile) Hubbell, wife of 3913a. Ivan.
“John” - 3913c. John Ira Hubbell.
“Glen” - 5518a. Glen Ivan Hubbell.

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GENEALOGY

Additions and corrections to the 1980 edition of the family history. These notes include naming new issue of the 5th Generation. Male issue will be extended in subsequent issues of the Annual.

78. Comfort Hubbell. Mrs. Gibson [Dj] suggests that his second wife was Suzannah Baxter who d Apr 8 1795 in South Britain, and that there was a daughter Anne b 1756 d 1851 - per DAR #72991 vol. 73 p. 356.

87. Timothy Titherton Hubbell. Note that his second wife Ann Adams was apparently sister of Nathan Adams who mar 173. Mary Hubbell.

94. Richard Hubbell. d Apr 16 1777 of smallpox in Plymouth Ct. [Nf].

143. Jedediah Hubbell was one of a group to collect for the relief of Boston citizenry Oct 26 1774 [Vb].

151. Seth Hubbell. A “Sett” Hubbell was pyt in Capt Hack Brown’s 6th Co. in Westchester co NY; David Hubbell was also a pyt. [Sb].


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435. Rebecca d Whitestone Oneida co NY; Amaziah d Deerfield Oneida co NY.

171. Jabez Hubbell. Members attending the 1983 reunion in Fairfield may have seen his homestead there; it was part of Roger Ludlow’s home-lot grant of 1653.

617. Nehemiah b 1786, res Chatham Medina co.


668. Urania b c1772 d Apr 18 1846 Cato NY [Gen].

705. Read Frederick.

709. Roxanna b Apr 21 [Mj].


936. Lucinda. The Cornwall family has Conn roots [Kf].

1007. Agnes mar Caleb Stineman Mch 28 1813 Fairfield co Oh. [Sb].

1010. Minerva mar Mch 12 1833 Shelby co Oh. [Sb].

1012. Lois mar Mch 28 1824 Fairfield co. [Sb].

Source: Ref [Sb] contains much new data from Hilbert R. Hubbell, Md.

392. Thomas Hubbell’s 2nd wife b Nov 12 1767 d Sep 3 1825 (gs) bur Mt. Carmel Bpt cem, Cato NY [Gen].

1026. Elsie mar Geo. Armitstead, s of Joseph and Miriam (Wright), b Lyme Ct. May I 1795. [Ir][Gen].

1041. Benjamin Hubbell of Jackson co Ind d Dec 26 1845 mar Polly ? Kelly Jan 1 1818, b Dec 10 1794 d Feb 23 1838; issue: 
   v. vi. John b Apr 24 1820.
   +ii. Samuel b Apr 22 1822.
   iii. Mabel b Apr 22 1822 Ind mar Salmon Scott Nov 9 1843, b Jne 15 1815 d Nov 13 1853; issue. 
   She mar 2nd Michael A — Mch 16 1858.
   v. iv. Heman H. b Sep 15 1825.
   v. Anna
   +vi. Henry S. b Apr 11 1831.
   v. vii. Sally Maria b Feb 24 1834 Ind; res with family of Salmon Scott in Hamilton Ind per 1850 census.

Source: Family Bible in possession of HHB. Descendant may have it for the asking.

415. Ephraim Hubbell mar 3rd, as 3rd husband, Mrs. Irene (Burke) Gilbert Robinson 1832 in Cincinnati (?); dau of Sylvanus and Ascha () Burke. His will filed Mch 21 1837 names wife Irene and 6 children, all of age [On].

116f. Phylinda mar John Brown by 1863; issue*
+116l. Whitney b say 1820.
? Olive b Sep 21 1822 Haldimand twp Canada, d Apr 7 1843 ae 20 mar Jesse Hall; issue*. He mar
2nd 2511b. Sabra Hubbell.
Source: New notes from Mrs. Singleton [L]; *extensive data from Ray & Mable Hubbell of Mich [Hx].
+116l. Phylinda mar John Brown by 1863; issue*
+116l. Elizabeth Edwards was b Conn and d 1830 in Durham co.
+116l. Phylinda mar John Brown by 1863; issue*
+116l. Lizbeth mar John Brown by 1863; issue*
Source: Data furnished by Leslie Mancel, Ontario and Hilbert Hubble [Sb].*
1341a. Caroline Amelia Hubbell. Beryl Hubbell has sent along a note from Marriage Records of
Ontario recording her as "youngest daughter" of Dr. Elthan, mar Thomas Mair Nov 25 1841
by Rev. E. Denroche.

QUERIES

Enquiries are invited from members seeking information about lost or
sought-for Hubbells - relatives or not. Please furnish all the data you have.
Explain clearly what you wish to learn. Address Mrs. E.L. Singleton, 533
Elm St., Boulder City, Nev. 89005.

1. I wish to correspond with descendants of Lafayette P. Hubbell (4054) who resided in
Pennsylvania and who died 1929. I am his great-grandson.

Harold G. Hubbell
36 Nina Ct., Gaithersburg MD 20760.

2. Know very little of my antecedents, beginning with my grandfather who was Emery Haskel
Hubbell of Olympia, Wash. He was b in Alleghany NY and resided in Eau Claire Wisconsin
where my father and his sister were born. Would like to correspond with any descendants of this
line.

Mrs. Virginia Hubbell Henry
7215 Front Ave., Riverside, Calif 92509.

3. I have been researching the Blin family for some years, in particular, Hosea Blin of
Litchfield Conn who mar 326. Patience Hubbell, dau of 94. Richard Hubbell and Jedidah
Skidmore, b 1776. Richard Blin was b 1780. Where were they mar? When? Issue?

Jane Blin
P.O. Box 1292 Sun City Ariz 85372
MEMBERS
1982 & 1983

Numbers are from the 1982 family. A number in parentheses denotes the "Hubbell connection" of a member whose personal descent is not traced in the history, or of a Hubbell whose line has been identified subsequently by publication. An asterisk denotes a member not yet identified with a branch of the family.


4721. tClifford L. Hubbell 6325. H. Harold Hubbell 7448. Platt T. Hubbell


4740. Charles Henry Hubbell, Jr.


4845. M/M vineyard Elizabeth Hubbell 6166. Edward C. Hubbell


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CONTRIBUTING MEMBERSHIP

The Board of Directors approved an additional class of membership to recognize the desire of various members to help with Society projects which they think are exciting and deserve a special push to get going! For instance: a fund will be set up to publish the unique collection of Hubbell biographies which Donald Hubbell and the History & Biography Committee are preparing. Many members have said how much they want a Supplement to the 1980 family history. Other members have pointed out that special projects of significance to all family members will need cash which can't be raised by annual regular membership dues alone!

Contributing Membership .................... annual dues $50.
NECROLOGY

The Editors report with regret that letters have been received by the Society advising of the death of these Members:

3378. Marvin Frederick Hubbell, Webster Groves, Missouri; 1908-1982

a191. William Frank Hubbell, Biloxi, Mississippi; 1902-1983

7381. Kenneth Oneal Hubble, Lincoln, Nebraska; 1916-1983

Director 1982-3; 1983-5, Vice President 1983-5.

Kenneth supported the Society's early work, beginning at Mantorville and continued to express interest in its progress at Fairfield when he was elected Vice-President. He was active in personal genealogical work.
The Hubbell Family Historical Society

c/o 106 W. 14th Street — 25th Floor
Kansas City, Mo. 64105-1922