

## Earl Pratt Hubbard (1900-1944) and Rachel Fifield Hubbard (1903-1985)

735B

Earl Pratt Hubbard, son of David Hubbard and Ida Cordon, was born 11 Jan. 1900 and died 22 Oct. 1944. He married Rachel Fifield 20 May, 1923, and was sealed in the Salt Lake Temple, 7 Oct. 1925. She was born 15 Apr. 1903. He was a farmer. His wife married again to Leo Tracy. Address, 1021 G St., Rupert, Idaho.

### 5 CHILDREN (HUBBARD)

804C. Melba Raye, b. 10 Mar. 1924, American Falls, Idaho.

805C. Anita Faye, b. 3 Jan. 1926, Pocatello, Idaho.

806C. Anna Marie, b. 10 July 1927, Pocatello, Idaho.

807C. Earl Phelps, b. 12 Mar. 1931, Pocatello, Idaho.

808C. John Allen, b. 14 Nov. 1936, Elba, Idaho.

(Source: "A Biography of Charles Wesley Hubbard" 1956)

Earl Pratt Hubbard was born to David Hubbard and Ida Victoria Cordon on the 11<sup>th</sup> of January 1900. He was the 6<sup>th</sup> child of David and Ida Hubbard, and would eventually have 7 brothers and 1 sister (6 brothers living). Earl was born in Willard Utah, but not long after the Hubbard family moved to Elba, Idaho (100+ miles away). Earl would have grown up helping on the farm and with the animals.

Earl Pratt Hubbard quit school in the 8<sup>th</sup> grade, and went to go help with sheep. He herded sheep on the mountains of Elba valley which is 3 miles wide and 5 miles long. It is likely we was herding his father's sheep.

Earl Pratt may have gone to the normal school and taken an automobile course when we has 15. He knew an awful lot about how to fix cars, how to fix engines. He knew how to work with so many different things, he could make something out of almost nothing.

When Earl was 17, Earl got rocky mountain spotted fever. He lived, but his health was affected from then on. Only about 5'8". He was too young to go into the service for the 1rst world war. He was not well from the fever for very long before his mother died from taking care of people from the flu that peaked/ended around 1919. Earl had to come in from herding sheep when he developed the spotted fever.

Rachel Fifield was born on the 15<sup>th</sup> of April 1903 in Weston, Idaho, the 5<sup>th</sup> child of William Phelps Fifield and Amorette Allen. By 1909 the family had moved to Rockland, Idaho. William worked at the railroad yards and was a very stern disciplinarian.



Rachel Fifield, 3

Growing up, Rachel's sisters described her as "Cheatem." Whenever they'd play any board games, she'd cheat and she'd giggle. It was all in fun but she was a cheater. Rachel always liked playing games, particularly Chinese checkers or intellectual games.

After High School, Rachel went to the Normal School at Albion, Idaho (they educated young people to be school teachers), and took one year of teaching and got a written certificate to teach. Then she was hired at Elba to teach. Rachel must have completed Normal School by the time she was 19. Rachel Fifield was going out with Earl's brother Howard first (2 years younger than Earl), but she decided to get married with Earl.

When Rachel taught school in Elba, many of the grades were lumped together in one class room. Even had some high school students in the same school in a different room. Students from 1st up to the 10<sup>th</sup> grade.

Rachel only taught one year at Elba and then she married Earl Pratt Hubbard on the 28<sup>th</sup> of May 1923 to in Pocatello, Idaho. They were later sealed in the Salt Lake Temple, the 7<sup>th</sup> of October 1925.



Rachel Fifield



Earl Pratt Hubbard

Their first child, Melba Raye, was born a year after their marriage on the 10<sup>th</sup> of March 1924, in American Falls, Idaho. The other children were born as follows, Anita Faye, the 3<sup>rd</sup> of January 1926, Anna Marie, the 10<sup>th</sup> of July 1927, Earl Phelps, the 12<sup>th</sup> of March 1931, and John Allen, the 14<sup>th</sup> of November 1936.

(The following is reprinted from Anna Marie Hubbard's biography)

### **American Falls**

Melba Raye Hubbard was born to the family on the 10<sup>th</sup> of March 1924 in American Falls when Rachel was 21.

Marie was born in the hospital at Pocatello to Earl Pratt Hubbard and Rachel Fifield. My parents lived at 277 Wilson Avenue. Dad, 27, had been born in Almo, Idaho. Mother was 24 and originally from Weston, Idaho. Dad was a truck driver at the time; Mother was a housewife. I was the middle child of five children.

Rachel didn't go with Earl to his new jobs when they lived in Pocatello. He would leave her there and then he would go to Seattle or someplace like that trying to find work. He even would buy some apples and then stand on a street corner selling

apples to try to get a little bit of money. Finally, he decided that that was not worth it so he came back to Pocatello and found jobs. That must have been when he found the job truck driving as stated on my birth certificate. I don't know what type of work he did. He did carpentry work. He did a lot of outside work. He was a hired man for the farmers but I don't know the sequence or the different situations that he worked.

Earl and Rachel moved from the Wilson Avenue address to the caretaker's house at the Pocatello Country Club where Earl was a groundskeeper and handyman. Rachel put on dinners for people at country club. I can't remember how long he did that. It might have been about a year because I have memories of that place whereas I don't of anything previous to that time.

Earl always had twinkly eyes. Sometimes his eyes would look grey and sometimes blue. They always had a twinkle in them, like there was a little joke, you know.

### **Rockland**

The family moved to Rockland and lived near Aunt Lois and Uncle Russell Rock and their family. There was a small duck pond. They had chickens, turkeys, cattle, cats and dogs.

The house in Rockland was not too far from Uncle Russ and Aunt Lois (Lois is Rachel Fifield's oldest sister). They lived in a little house next to big farm house where Uncle Russ and Aunt Lois lived. Their youngest daughter was Joan Rock, Marie would often play with Joann. Marie was too young for school at the time.

At the house in Rockland, there was a dam at the stream that created a fair sized pond. The stream also ran through a wooden trench to run into a spring house. The water running through the building made it a cooler place. The milk and butter were put into the spring house there so they did not spoil as quickly. At homes without a spring house, people would put a wire screen box on the north side of the house on the outside of a window. This shallow box would not hold very much weight, but allowed air to circulate around, and helped the butter and milk to be cooler.

### **Fairview**

I think I was four when we moved to Fairview, a small community on the west side of the American Falls dam and reservoir. It was during the Depression and Earl worked around American Falls and Rockland as a shepherd. He would be gone with the sheep all summer long. He'd come back very briefly and get supplies, then he'd go back out with the sheep. We were very poor.

We just didn't have any money at all. I can remember that Earl didn't even have a penny to give me to buy a sucker.

Our house at Fairview was a small frame home. We had two or three cows that Earl milked. So we had milk and we had a garden. I don't think I was old enough to go to school. The kids had gone to school in a bus to American Falls. The school house that they went to was down below the railroad tracks, not too far from the American Falls Dam. It was down in the low ground, not too far from the spillway on the south and east side of the dam.

On this day, Rachel was doing the washing. She had the washing machine out and had it full of water. It was very heavy when full of water and Rachel could not move it. It was like a lawn mower. It had a gas motor on it you started by pumping your foot on a lever. Suddenly, the washer rolled part way across the floor, then a little further. Those old washing machines were heavy cast iron up on legs and casters. Rachel thought, "Oh, there's a dumb horse or cow out there rubbing on the side of the house and making this house shake." She went out and looked around and there wasn't any animal around the house. She went back in and the machine rolled across the floor again. She wondered, "What in Sam Hill's the matter here?" What was happening was an earthquake.

Raye told us that at the time the earthquake happened, she was sitting in a reading group on these real small chairs that were kind of around the front of the room. Their chairs started shaking and tipping and tilting. The earthquake made a great, big crack from the top of the school building clear down. It cracked the brick all the way, the full length of the wall. I don't think they used the school building after that year because they thought the earthquake had weakened it too much.

Marie missed hardly any school because of illness. If she got sick, it was during Christmas break or on the weekends. Marie has a lot of little school certificates that say "neither absent or tardy". Marie walked to school at Elba, and American Falls (first grade). In high school, Marie caught the bus. She had to run from the house down to the corner, almost a quarter of a mile. Marie would have dreams of getting on the bus and realizing she did not have her skirt on. When getting dressed in the morning for school, the skirt was put on last of all so that no food got on it and so it would not get dirty. Girls wore petticoats that came down to the knees.

Rachel always had a garden of flowers and vegetables and worked hard. We had one or two milk cows. Earl worked hard, too, as a hired man or handyman. Earl helped George Peck in his fields and farm that he had and different places. He'd just work wherever he could get the work because we didn't have any property or anything. In fact, we never had any property. Everything was all rental until we finally moved to Elba.

It was during the Depression and we were all poor, but we always had enough to eat. We had chickens, some hens and that large red rooster which chased us girls, especially Raye. A pair of chicken hawks would fly over and the chickens would run around squawking. Mother or Dad would get the gun and shoot at the hawks to try to conserve our baby chicks. They'd lock the chickens up in the wire pen for safety.

The Hubbards had a couple of cows for milk. One had a new calf. Earl and Rachel were penning the calf away from its mother while we kids were watching. Anita was by the barn door holding Bud when the cow turned and bunted her, knocking her down. Earl hit the cow with a 2x4 and they were able to get her in the barn. Thankfully, neither Bud nor Anita were hurt.

### **American Falls**

Earl got a job herding sheep and did not want to leave Rachel alone so far from town, so the family moved to American Falls in 1933-34. Marie went to the second grade in that school house that had the crack in the brick. When Earl came to town for supplies after two or three weeks he had a red beard. One day after he had gone back to herd the sheep, Bud, who was two or three, pointed to a picture of Jesus with a beard on our calendar and shouted, "Daddy!"

Rachel fixed a large bundle of clean cotton rags and put them in the wagon and sent Raye, Anita and me to the newspaper company in American Falls. They paid us 35 cents, which we took home. We never had spending money or went to a movie matinee. Rachel would ask the butcher for bones, then she would boil them with vegetables for soup to feed the family, or we would have boiled beans flavored with honey and catsup.

### **Elba**

David and Annie Hubbard, my Earl's father and stepmother, came to American Falls and David said, "I'm just getting too old. I can't farm the farm anymore up there at Elba. Could you come and farm the farm and buy it from us?" So Rachel and Earl talked about it a long time and finally decided they would move to Elba and farm the farm and buy it from David and Annie Hubbard. They made up an agreement with them that they would allow them to live in their big, old brick ranch house and they'd pay them a set amount for the rest of their lives. I think it was ten dollars a month. Well, even in those days, you didn't have ten dollars a month to buy anything. But somehow or other, by Earl driving school bus during the school year and things like that, he was able to make enough money so that they could buy that ranch. It could have been forty dollars a month, I don't remember, but it wasn't very much.

If Earl had not moved taken his family to Elba to help David and Annie maintain the farm, then it would have been to the poor house for David and Annie.

We just didn't have any money at all. I can remember that Earl didn't even have a penny to give me to buy a sucker.

Dave Hubbard had built the big ranch house himself. They found a clay deposit down in this field. They took out the clay and built at least three of the houses, maybe four or even more, in the Elba valley. They made their own bricks, sunbaked them and everything. David was one of the first settlers in the Elba valley. Then he sold six acres of his ground to George Hepworth who was a neighbor for George to build a home on. He didn't have a farm there. Beechers had the one just west of David's 40 acres.

The room on the northeast of the brick ranch house was the bedroom for David and Annie. The southeast room was their front/living room. They had two rooms in the house when we moved in. I was seven at the time. We lived there for nearly three years.

### **Silver Foxes**

Dave Hubbard owned silver foxes. He had a large area in the bottom of the garden where there were pens made out of chicken wire. They had hutches about three feet square. The hutches were built on little posts so there was a space underneath them where the foxes could get in and sleep or dust bathe or whatever, or they could go in the hutches and that's where they had the kits, the baby foxes. David would keep a pair of them in each one of these little cages. There must have been about a dozen cages or perhaps more in the garden and they were about eight or ten feet high. Of course, I was small and it looked like the foxes were going up a long ways when they would run across their pens and go clear up across the top of those cages and up partway upside-down and jump down and run to the other side. That's how they got their exercise. They were lean. They looked just like the red foxes you see in the fields now, only they were silver foxes. The tip was silver. It's just like a silver-tipped grizzly. The fur was darker underneath and then the tips of the fur was white so that it looked like silver. And their fur was fairly long, two and a half or three inches long. So they had real good pelts. He raised them for fox fur collars. I guess they would even make fox jackets out of this long fur. As an adult, I had a silver fox coat collar. It was so soft and beautiful. I still have the collar. That's in the cedar chest.

David would go out hunting with his 22 rifle. I don't remember seeing a handgun. He would hunt jack rabbits and they were all over up there at Elba. He'd go a mile up by where the graveyard is now. He'd go up that way and hunt or just turn off into any place where he could onto the BLM land and go hunting jack rabbits. He'd come home with a dozen or so jack rabbits every time. He was a very good shot. He was a dead-eye and he could shoot from the hip just like the "Rifleman." He would keep the jack rabbits in a double-walled wooden shed. It would keep the jack rabbits for two or three days before he would have to go out and hunt again. The rabbits were the feed for the foxes. Anybody that wanted to go out and hunt jack rabbits could bring in the rabbits they killed and he'd use them for fox feed. He'd just throw them in and the foxes would eat everything just like they would in the wild.

We all had the measles, chicken pox, scarlet fever and mumps while we lived in the brick ranch house. There others were very ill. I did not get as sick. People also used to die from something called rabbit fever. Pioneers likely ate the jackrabbits—Tularemia, called rabbit fever. Tularemia (spread by fleas) caused in the rabbits just like the plague was cause by the fleas on the rats.

You did not see many autistic people back then, HIV not even known. Pennicillin, and neomycin, etc. were just beginning to be used at the end of Marie's first year of nursing school (1946, received their first supply). Now you never hear of

dysentery anymore (severe diaherra), cholera, diphtheria, or typhus fever. Marie was inoculated for many diseases before entering nursing training.

Earl had mumps after we did. He had bought a new young bull that early Spring. The bull got orchitis from Earl and was no good so we butchered him.

### **Our Own Home in Elba**

We lived in the brick ranch house with David and Annie for two years. We were normal, noisy kids and would run up and down the stairs to our bedrooms during the day. We girls were also curious and snoop and would go through the cupboards and find candy Grandma Annie had put away. Of course, we would help ourselves to a few pieces. Grandma would never scold us but she didn't like it. The noise made Grandma Annie quite nervous because she had never been around kids before. She had been an old maid and never did have any children of her own. She didn't like us running into the house and out of it, slamming doors and tromping up and down the stairs.

Earl and Rachel knew we were upsetting Grandma and Grandpa so they saved what money they could and bought a 2-1/2 acre piece of ground for \$25 an acre, and that broke us. The land was north of the school on the road up toward the church. Dad had to go out and work someplace else to find the money to buy that property.

Dad found somebody that had an old cabin near a mine partway up a mountain. He bought the logs from that guy for I don't know how much, but it was about all he had. He had to go up there and take the logs apart and load them on a wagon. I think someone went along with him to help. Then the horses pulled the wagon back down seven miles to the community.

The logs were about a foot and a half square. They were squared off on two sides so they could fit together somewhat, but they were round enough so that there were spaces showing in between them, too. I remember him building it. Dad hauled them down and stacked them. He and Mother lifted those great, big, long logs. Mother helped him build that house. They did it themselves. They chinked it with cement. They'd buy sacks of cement and mix it up with sand and make a slurry and chink the logs with that. Dad bought a substance called Certex. It was black on the outside and was just like sawdust packed together very tightly and covered but if you poked into it at all, it was sawdust. Slivery stuff. It had black paper pasted on both sides of it. It was the forerunner of wallboard. They put it on the walls and painted it. We bought wallpaper



Hubbard Homestead

with an ivy green and white print and we all helped put it up. That old log house was one of the warmest houses in Elba valley.

The house and land was south and up a slight rise hill from the big ranch house. It was a two-story house. It had a seven-foot ceiling downstairs and the log wall was only about two feet high in the upstairs. We had to bend over to get near the walls. From that point the roof went up to a five or five and a half-foot high pitch in the middle of our bedrooms upstairs so we could stand up in the middle of the room. Dad got tongue-and-groove pine boards that he fastened together and that was our flooring. There was no sub-floor, just the pine boards over the 2/12 floor joists.

There was a rock foundation. They knew enough not to build on logs on the ground because they would rot. The house was a small, two-room house with two rooms up a steep flight of stairs where we kids slept in two beds and a cot. There was no insulation but downstairs was warm. We finally found some cardboard boxes, which we opened flat, cut them to fit between the rafter joists and tacked them to the ceiling boards as a form of insulation. This also stopped some of the fine snow from blowing through the roof or the areas of the end wall where snow came through holes in the chinking.

The ground wasn't being farmed. It was completely covered with morning glory. That's a bind weed. You can't kill it. So Dad bought some chemicals that had just been developed recently, but it killed the ground for seven years. So our yard for a vast number of years was just bare dirt.

When he first built the house, Dad couldn't afford the upstairs flooring to go clear to the wall, so he left two feet open to the lower floor on both sides of the main flooring. But it was over to where you'd have to get down on your hands and knees to get over to it. You wouldn't step in it because there wasn't enough head-space to walk over there. But finally we got enough money to get some more lumber and finished the flooring to the edge of the walls.

In Elba, when Earl dug the basement, there was no wood for shelves to put things on. He left a ledge waist high, or higher, all the way around 2-3 sides of the basement. The shelf was about 1.5 feet wide and made of dirt. On this dirt shelf is where the bottles of fruit were kept. Earl dug the well in the corner of the basement (40 feet deep) until the water came in real good, down below the surface water. Earl did not want surface water because it might be contaminated. The well was dug with a pick and shovel, had Earl had to dig through clay and hard pan (like cement). After digging down 40 feet, when the water started to come in quickly, Earl had to scramble out. There was a log over the well that had a handle one could wind. Bucket fastened to the rope, and would lower the bucket down. Had to make the bucket turn sideways to get the water in, and then unhook the bucket and set the bucket up on the cupboard in the kitchen, and hang the dipper up next to the bucket. This was a community water dipper, everyone would use it to get a drink. The dipper was sterilized by putting the dipper in a hot water bucket on the stove.



The house that Earl built didn't have a bathroom. There was a little green shack on the hill that was the necessary house. The shack had a door and a two seater seat over a deep hole (out house). Never had to pump it out or dig it out, never overflowed, never had to move it. The family lived there in Elba from time Marie was 10-11 until after Earl died.

The house that Earl built was sold, and to another property, and used as a barn.

### **Light**

After we moved into the log house, Dad always had to pump up the gas lantern. We had a Coleman gas lantern with the little mantles. He would pump that up every night and then set it alight. That's the light we kids studied by. First we studied by kerosene lights but they were very dim. A kerosene lamp gives you about as much light as three candles. Candles smoke quite badly. They smoke up the walls and everything. When gasoline lanterns became available, Dad bought us one. He would pump that up and trim it and make sure it was filled properly and had enough air pressure so it would light the mantles all the time.

### **The Wind Charger**

Dad got tired of keeping the gas lantern going. You know, it isn't convenient to do that all the time. About that time he read through a Montgomery Ward catalog and bought two great, big cubed glass batteries and a wind charger. I was about nine years old at this time. He made a stand for it and put this wind charger up in the yard. I think he fastened the pole to the brooder house to give it stability. He wired the charger up and ran the wires to the batteries which he put upstairs where he could reach them from the stairwell, and we had electricity! It was direct current. No other house in the valley had electricity. We had one hanging light globe in each room of the main house and one in each room upstairs. They were not very bright light globes. The ones upstairs I think were probably 25 watts. They were a little bit more downstairs, maybe 60 watts in each room. But it certainly gave us enough light so that we kids could study and everything. Then after a period of time the people that lived up in those rural valleys got together and formed a co-op to have an electric line run through and promised they would pay so much a month to bring electricity into the Malta, Elba, Almo valleys. Since Dad knew how to wire houses with the direct current wire, he re-wired ours with the alternating current so that it would accept their alternating current electricity. He was hired to go into the other valleys and helped to wire the homes there. He went to Almo and Malta both. I think he went up to Bridge. That's another 12 to 15 miles on south. I can't remember whether he went over into Yost or not. That was in Utah. I don't know what they did for their electricity over there.

### **Can Cups**

Earl would make cups using tomato cans and juice cans. They would clean the cans, and cut the juice can into strips about two inches wide. Then with stiff wire (baling wire), he would roll the narrow strips of tin around the wire until both edges of the strips were curled around the wire (no raw edges of the wire exposed). He formed half circles of the wire, and welded it to the top and bottom of the can. This would make a tin cup with a

handle. They were quart sized, and real handy to move the water from one container to another when you wanted to move just a small amount. People would want him to give these cups away. Earl was very giving, and he would give the cups away. He was very helpful and giving, even with people who owed him money.

### **Chicks and Dresses; Cows, Pigs and Haying**

Mother and Dad sent for 50 baby Plymouth Rock chicks, which arrived by mail when they were three days old, before they had started to eat or drink. They were in good condition. Dad built a small 6x8 shed in our yard, purchased a light with a reflector and put it in the shed for a brooder to keep the chickens warm during cold nights. They bought dry mash in large 100# feed sacks to feed the chickens. The mash sacks were patterned with flowers and Mother would get two or three bags with the same color and pattern and make us dresses for school. The boys all wore bib overalls.

The chickens grew and began laying, providing us with large brown eggs. We sold some. Mother used them to pay tithing and to buy flour and sugar. The Plymouth Rock chickens were larger, with gray and white feathers. We would eat a hen now and then when she quit laying, or the roosters we didn't need. The next year Mom and Dad bought a used incubator, collected eggs, candled them (held them up to a light from behind) to make sure they were fertile and placed them in the incubator. Light bulbs provided the warmth. The eggs had to be turned twice a day in order for the baby chicks to grow and develop properly. There were rods in the bottom of the incubator and when pulled or pushed would roll a whole row of the eggs over. There were continually checking and candling the eggs, discarding the ones not developing properly, etc. They did not raise the chickens very long as the coop and mash were too expensive.

We had at least five to seven milk cows. The milk was poured into ten gallon cans, placed in a ditch on the outside of the fence to keep it cold, and a truck would take a load to Malta to a cheese factory. Raye and Anita did the dishes and helped in the house and I went with Dad in the evening and helped by milking one or two cows while Dad did the rest. We also raised pigs.

We three girls always worked on the hay wagon during haying. I would drive the horses between the piles of hay and stop them while the men loaded the wagon on either side. We girls would tromp the hay to pack it down and sometimes move some of the hay to even the load. We would take the loaded wagon to the field to unload into a stack or back to the barn. I rode or led the horse that was used to unload the wagons. We all took a half hour break and lay down and usually took a 15 or 20 minute nap after we had eaten dinner. We always wore long sleeve shirts and shady hats or bonnets so we didn't get sunburned. Anita would burn through some of the shirts. Mother used cool, moist tea bags on the sunburns. We would blister and peel if we did get burned.

The Hubbards did not do much farming other than hay. Earl tried to farm to make the farm profitable, to keep the money coming in to help take care of his family and David Hubbard. When they finally built the cheese factory in Malta, then they started

selling milk to the cheese factory. That brought in spending money for everyone in the valley.

When Marie was about twelve, in the evening, after home from school, and just before supper time, Marie would go down to the barn (when living in own log house that Earl built, Earl would go and take care of the cattle and the horses on the ranch, ¼ mile away.) Marie could milk 1 cow in the time it took Earl to milk 5 or so. They would dry the cow up a few months before it was time to calve. Marie's other two sisters would help mother in the house, making meals and cleaning the dishes. Marie did not have to do the dishes, and never has liked doing the dishes. Marie was four years older than Earl jr, who at this age not old enough to help Dad.

### **Church Activity**

Mother was very active in the Church and she made sure that we were all baptized, that we all went to church every Sunday, and that we went to Mutual and the other meetings. Actually, when you stop and think of it, in a small community like that, that was your social activity. If you didn't go to church, you had no social contact with anybody, really, because the farmers were so busy there was no social interaction. The schools all put on an LDS Christmas program every winter. The month of December was to prepare for this Christmas pageant that we put on. It was really a big production. We had costumes and music. Of course, the Primary would put on their programs and everything. I was usually the one who would do the singing. There was one where the kids dressed in their costumes and marched across behind me and I would narrate and sing. This was when I was about ten or so and I never did get to turn around and see what the action was behind me. I'd try to take a peek and they'd tell me, "Keep looking up front." So I missed the play.

David Hubbard had a black Model A Ford Coupe, which had a rumble seat. He would take Annie to church. We kids all walked as there was no room to give everyone a ride. The ward chapel was one mile away. I never went to Sacrament meeting until I was 12 where I lay down on a bench and went to sleep. It was 7:30 to 9 p.m. Everyone had to make two trips to attend the meeting on Sunday.

Earl Hubbard had gotten so angry about the farmers stealing his portion of the water. The watermaster would go up and regulate the amount of water coming down the stream and he would open up the head gates for the different people as it was their turn to use the water. They would go out and re-regulate it and take the water before it would go down in the valley to the more original pieces of property purchased to farm. So Earl had a pretty good water right coming out of that creek. If it was a dry year and there wasn't very much snow, of course, there wasn't very much water coming down the creek. Each farmer would irrigate his fields. A certain amount of it would make it back to the creek and go on down. But as you use the water, it soaks into the ground and there wasn't all of it going down the ditch. Earl got angry about those guys stealing the water. A lot of times it was the bishop or the counselors, the people who had high positions in the church. Up until the time we moved to Elba, he was going to church. He was active while we lived in American Falls. But when we moved up to Elba, he wouldn't, and he

did not baptize me or confirm me. Somebody else did that. Dad never went back to church after that. I think it was because of the water issue. Water was their life's blood. If they didn't have the water for the crops they didn't have a crop. It was extremely serious to the people needing the water. To see someone else using it that was not entitled to that particular portion of the water was very upsetting to the people.

### **Shopping**

Dad fixed everything. The Montgomery Ward catalog was our place to shop. The batteries, wind charger, wiring, even the tin oval tub all came through the mail.

### **Bath Time**

Dad found an oval tub, a double tub. It barely had room to sit in. My knees would be up at my neck. Everybody took a bath in the round wash tub on Saturday night. But everybody in Elba envied us and our tub. We were right downtown with that tub.

### **The Car and the Chicken Coop**

Dad was very talented at making something out of nothing. Once he got hold of an old Model-T Ford. It didn't have a top on it. The brake was a hand brake that you had to pull back to stop the car. There were no foot brakes. There was no clutch. There was just a steering wheel and this hand brake and a little lever on the steering wheel that was the throttle. It was very crude. To make it go faster, you'd push over on a little lever. It didn't have any tension against it either; it was just there. Dad told Anita that she could drive it. She was about 14 and had never driven before. She's just a year and a half older than I am. So I got in the car with her and it was down by the store in Elba and he told us that we could take it home and that he would walk home. The store was about a quarter of a mile away. So we got in there and Anita started it and advanced the gas feed up just a little bit. We were going a pretty good lick, I'd guess about 20 or 25 miles an hour. When we turned in at the gate there was no way to stop the darn thing or slow it down. I was yelling, "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!" We were both so excited we didn't remember the hand brake. Dad had a little shed that he'd built for a coop so the chickens could get under a brooder light. It was just a small shed, maybe eight feet square. Anita steered it straight into that to get the car stopped. I can't remember that there were any chickens in it at that time, but it bent the tie rods on the Model-T so that the wheels in front were bent. But that's what made Dad mad, that we had run into the coop and bent the tie rods. Now, anything else would have been okay but not to bend those tie rods.

### **Car Troubles**

When we would try to make a trip to be with the relatives, to join them and have fun with the cousins, something would happen to our car. One time, a rock hit the oil pan. I think there is a little red sediment bulb that hung in the bottom of those oil pans so that you could see whether it was clean or not, I guess, or to maybe even drain it from that plug hole. The rock broke that little bulb and drained out all of the oil. So we couldn't make the trip. All we could do was limp back home.

### **More Car Troubles**

After Dad died, Mother, John and I had gone to visit family in Rockland one day and had car problems, so it was late when we were coming home and our headlights went out. It was a loose fuse. Mother said, "You're going to have to hold that fuse in place or we aren't going to have any headlights." The fuse was a little glass tube with metal on each end. It would get red hot, hot enough to burn my fingers, so finally I folded up a handkerchief and held that fuse in place to keep our headlights burning to get back to Elba from Rockland that night. I think it must have been about three o'clock in the morning before we got home. It took us two hours to drive from Rockland to Elba.

MARIE: When I was little, my parents had a car only if Dad found junk parts to make one. Our parents had a Model A. It was black. It had seating for two and in back of that it was like a trunk. A lid would fold up to expose the rumble seat. With the rumble seat you reached up to the top, right behind the back window and undid it and pulled it back and there was your upholstered back and an upholstered bench for people to ride in the rumble seat. There was no top on it, so if there was a rainstorm whoever was in the rumble seat got wet or cold. It only held two people back there, too. They were real small cars. There were no seatbelts. Dad did get hold of one that like a small bus. Have you heard the story of the surrey with the fringe on the top? This one did. Had ivy glass curtains you could roll right down. Ivy glass is mica. They'd find mica in the natural form and they'd mill it into flakes you could see through. Grandpa Dave had a little black Model A. Dad got hold of a Model T. That was the one that Anita and I run into the chicken coop. It had a hand brake, just a lever to pull back. About the only way to slow down was to hit something. It ruined the car. Grandpa was one of the few up in the valley that had a blacksmith shop on his property and he had a bin where they put the coals and bellows you pump to make the coals get hot and they'd heat the metal in that. They'd make their own horseshoes and they'd fit them right to the horse as they made them. I helped Dad make a rope one time from a bunch of twine. They had a little piece of wood that had five slots in it and a hook in the middle that would turn. They'd run the twine back and forth for as long as they wanted to make the rope. They'd make it a little bit further than the length of rope because it would tighten down and shrink just little bit as they made the rope. One guy, way out there, if he wanted to make a 50-foot rope they'd have to be out there 60 feet or so and climb back and forth and winding on two or three loops on each one of those little five slots. Then the guy back in the shop had a hook that was on a little wheel and he'd wind it. As each strip of twine got wound so many times then they would move it so there were only three lengths and then twist them together and then finally get them all down to the one hook in the middle so that it was all twisted together. The guy at the other end would have to lay back and pull to keep it stretched out but wound tight. Dad would make rope that was this big around. It was quite a skill.

I learned a lot of those things just from living on the farm. I was the one that was Dad's shadow. I was four years older than Earl. He was a harem scarem. When he got big enough to help he'd get on the bicycle and go six or seven miles across the valley and up the hillside to another family that boys his age and stay there all day and sometimes he would come home and sometimes he wouldn't, until Mother and Dad would go up and get him and bring him back. But he never did really help. Dad died when I was

seventeen. Earl was 13, going on 14. He was just getting of an age where he could learn how to help and he just never did. My youngest brother, John, was just seven.

That's how my teenage years were before I went into nurses training. My Dad was so sick, there wasn't much we could do for him and I knew absolutely nothing. He would have me shave him occasionally with his electric razor because he was too shaky and he couldn't do it himself. He didn't have any strength in his hands and arms anymore. He'd sit and watch the kittens play. He enjoyed that. When he'd get to walking he'd have the sensation . . . .

I put in my papers fairly early on. They accepted the first applicants. I wanted to make sure I got in. You had to be in the top third of the class. Our class had about 17. But I made it. I found out how to skip read. I could cover a lot of material in a short time. I found that if I read it just before I went to bed it was with me when I woke up.

Mother had to go someplace else and try to find a way to make a living. She still had the farm and she had to work. She went and got her degree from the Albion Normal School, which was a teacher's college. She taught K through 4 and she was teaching English to Spanish. The man that she married had a deaf son and she learned how to sign. He leased the farm to others to take care of it but that was not really successful. Everybody descended on our farm and our properties like locusts and stole everything that wasn't nailed done.

Dad used to go up the canyon after wood. Dad would go up in the forest. The forest ranger would mark certain trees he could cut down, like Aspen trees for firewood and maybe just a few of the pines. He would work the logs over to a spot to where they could be picked up. Then after he got the load down along with some of the dead trees, others would take it down to the valley in wagons. Then Dad would come back to the house and get Raye and Anita and I and we would go back up and help him load those big logs onto the wagon. Then we would sit on top and sometimes walk. We wore overalls. I used to help Dad do the milking. We would go up the canyon three or four miles to get the wood.

JON: You've been getting wood all your life.

MARIE: Yes. Dad used the transmission, the rear wheel of a car and put mounted a big saw blade on a trailer and cart of some sort,, it had a table with it, it was on wheels so he could take it around to different people's yards, and would attach it to the rear wheel of a car, they'd take the tire off, and that was the power to operate the wood saw that he made, powered by a big belt. He would go around to all of the farms up there and cut up their wood for them. He was supposed to get paid for it but didn't often.

Don't remember Earl getting terribly angry. Would cuss often, but not at people, just to vent his feelings.

Dad loved to fish in the creek while he was irrigating the hay or grain fields so we often had trout for dinner. I have never developed a liking for fish. A tiny serving was enough.

Mother read to us in the evenings when we were ill or young. I read everything I could get my hands on also and still do. I loved my English literature books. We got books for Christmas and the Saturday Evening Post and the Reader's Digest each week or month. We had the Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogs in our home. Mother ordered our clothing, shoes, socks, overalls, underwear, etc. She made all our dresses from hand-me-downs from Uncle Fred's or Uncle Jessie's families. We got to visit with our cousins seldom as our cars would always break down or need tires, etc. Dad was always able to fix an old car so we had some transportation but not reliable for long trips over 30 miles.

When Dave Hubbard died, Annie moved across the street and lived with her one brother that was still living. We referred to the place as the Homer property. I think Rachel bought it from Annie and paid for it before Annie died.

Annie moved all of Grandma Ida Cordon's possessions, her pictures (they had a real nice photo album that we kids would go and look at every once in a while that had pictures of Grandma Ida and the boys as they were little and growing up), and Annie took all of those when she moved across the street. When she died the Pettingills and Annie's people came in and took all of those possessions so we lost them. I don't know who has them now. The photo album was red velvet. It was real plush and had a padded cover. The pictures were placed inside, kind of like there were little frames on the inside of this photo album. Each page of the album was real thick pasteboard, about 1/8 of an inch thick. It used to just fascinate us to look at that photo album of ancestry and history. But its gone. Somebody else has it.

### **Milking and Other Jobs**

I always used to go down with Dad and do the milking. I had one cow that I could milk. They picked one that was supposed to be drying up so it could have its calf. They usually would dry them up about two months before they were going to calf. I could only help milk them because I couldn't milk them as completely as Dad and Mother did.

We had an old blacksmith shop down at the ranch and I'd help Dad out there fairly often.

### **More Work on the Farm**

Dad kept our own little farm which was only 40 acres in Elba. You could not raise enough to have a crop to sell. It was just maintenance really. We'd have enough hay to feed our cattle and for pasture for them in the summertime. Dad had a Spring allotment to put cattle on one part of the range. When we'd use up all of the feed on the mountain then we'd move them on to the federal grazing land. The first allotment was on the BLM land east of Elba and then they would move them down to the forest.

Mother would go with Dad when he'd go down to the fields to do irrigating or anything. They would take turns before he got real sick. He would go down and irrigate one go-round. They had dams made out of canvas that they'd put across irrigation ditches and divert the water down the rows that way, and he'd go one go-round and Mother would go the next. They'd have to get up at two or three o'clock in the morning and go irrigate at that time so they took turns. Sometimes Mother would go with him and they would irrigate together. She'd go with Dad to do any of the jobs that Mother felt unsafe with letting him go do alone because she didn't want to have to go and find him if he fell down and hurt himself and couldn't get back up. So she went with him an awful lot of the time. So she was taking naps in the daytime. Now, Harland, my cousin, felt it was laziness that she would do that. I don't because I know how hard she worked with Dad to keep things going. Occasionally the Rocks would come up and visit.

### **Gathering Wood**

One year Mother went up with us after a load of wood. She made a crock of root beer, a batch of buns that were slightly sweet and some kind of meat and, oh! That was good with a serving of pork 'n beans. Dad had gotten the logs down but they were kind of scattered. We borrowed Grandpa's car to take up the whole family. We took the wagon and loaded it up. We girls rode down on the wagon.

## **EATING**

### **Meat**

I remember going down to the Conner Creek store for flour and sugar. Those were about the only things we could afford to buy. We raised the rest of it, what vegetables we could. Somebody in the valley would take turn killing a beef, maybe once every few years, and share the meat around because it wouldn't keep. Mother finally got so she would take it and cut the beef into chunks and pressure cook it in quart jars. She could open that up so it was like a roast beef dinner. She'd make gravy to go with it and vegetables to cook with it and that was always good.

Mother would do the same thing with venison. The deer would come right down into our hay fields in the summer, so they felt they were perfectly entitled to poach a deer, which they did occasionally. They had laws back then, just the same as we do now. The game warden would come up there and try to catch them. They'd have to bury the hide and the hooves to keep from getting caught. Mother would pressure cook the venison and that would make it very palatable to eat. I actually never knew what beef tasted like until I went into nurses training. Most of the meat we had was maybe one or two deer if Mother and Dad both had a draw. At that time they had to have their name drawn to get an animal. So that was our meat for the year.

Occasionally they'd kill a pork. I can remember the pork killing days. You'd have to take the hog and scald it, shave it to get all the bristly hairs off from it, skin it, and render out the lard. Lard was a valuable commodity at that time. It was a good food value because we really didn't have a lot of other food to eat. If Mother made any pies,



cakes, anything, the lard was what she used as the shortening. We made do with what we had.

I remember her making head cheese. That was so greasy. I never could eat head cheese. It was made out of the brains. They'd use everything of the beast. Ugh!

### **Cereals**

Grape Nuts was one of the earlier cereals. There were also Wheaties and Corn Flakes, which were three of the kinds of the cereals you could buy back then.

When I was 12, Mother had me stay home and make dinner while the rest of the family went to pull weeds down in the potato field and garden. She told me what to fix, then left. I had no idea how long it took to cook a meal so I peeled and cut up all the vegetables for a stew and boiled them for 22 hours. They were mushy but tasted good.

Mother baked seven loaves of bread twice a week and bottled peaches, pears, apples and apricots, and made jellies and jams. We would have a cake on Sunday and cookies if we girls made them occasionally. We seldom had pies but had jell-o at Thanksgiving and Christmas.

In the Hubbard house, they never did have butter, since they sent the cream to the creamery to earn spending money. They would purchase little blocks of margarine (white), and packets of oily orange stuff. To make a butter spread, you would squirt the orange stuff on white margarine, and mix it around until it turned yellow, and use it for bread. Marie never could eat it. The Hubbards would buy 50 lb bags of white flour and made very good bread. Rachel would make seven loafs of bread for the week. The oven had to be at the right temperature. If the oven was too hot, the bread would burn. Bread had to be rotated in the oven so that it did not stay too close to the side of the oven closest to the fire. Their bread pans could make 4 loaves at a time. They almost never had cookies or cake except on a holiday, and occasionally on Sunday.

When a beef or pig was butchered it was shared by others in the valley. All the families went hunting and we had venison. Mother would bottle it in the pressure cooker. The corn and green beans did not keep well so only a few bottles were canned. Mother would cut the corn off the cob and dry it in small sugar bags which had to be shook up so it wouldn't clump together and go moldy. The bags were hung on the clothesline for a week or two to dry.

### **Clipper**

I always wanted to ride a horse. I liked horses. And I didn't ever really learn how to ride so that I could move with the horse and not bounce, bounce, bounce. But anyhow, Grandpa Dave had a red horse with a black mane and tail. I think his name was Clipper. Anita and I wanted to take a ride on the horse. I don't think we even had a bridle. We just had a hackamore, a halter on it. Dad caught the horse and held it for us kids to climb up. So we got on that horse and the first thing he did was start to trot. And he'd trot, trot, trot, trot, trot. Every time he'd trot, we kids would bounce and we bounced right off the

side of him. We hadn't even ridden him five minutes. It just happened that he was going beside a big pile of hay when we fell, so we landed in that big pile of hay. I think I fell right on top of Anita.

One day we drove up to the scout camp on Mount Independence. I forget what they've named the mountain now. They've changed the name of the mountain. But everybody decided they wanted to go up to the lakes, which were three miles on up the mountain over a great big rock slide, a bunch of shale. A trail crossed that and it wound around and then the last bit of it was up a steep part of the mountain. It must have been a 15 or 20 degree grade, but that's quite a grade. So everybody piled onto the rods or into the box



Mt. Independence

or into the car and we took off up this trail. It wasn't a road to go up to the lakes. There was a nice scout cabin they built when I was a kid. The scouts had also made a big, long totem that had different figures on it. It was 30 feet long that they stuck up and it had the usual things you see on a totem pole. Anyhow, we went along a bumping and a sidling all the way up 'til we got to the bottom of that last big hill. Dad said, "It's too steep for anybody to ride, so everybody out. I'm going to see if I can get up it with the Bug." He went barreling up it like you would in a Jeep and got part way up and went over a rock and got hung up on it. One of the wheels wasn't even touching the ground. So all of the guys, my teenage cousins, got hold of the car by the hubs on the wheels or the bars and they picked it up and lifted it right off the rock. Dad decided the Bug had gone far enough up the hill, though, so he turned it around so they could go back down. There were slides up the hill the last of the way. We went up and wandered around the lakes up above.

### **The Bob Sleigh**

Dad had a big bobsleigh. It was a great, big wagon box on skis. He'd hitch up a team of horses to it. That was our transportation in the wintertime to go to church and back or to feed the cattle down in the field. He'd put the hay in the wagon box and scatter it out onto either side. We'd go down into the field and around and back again and that's how we'd feed the cows. That was a job that would have to be done very regularly. If we went out to do anything, it was so extremely cold, though it's not as cold in Elba as it is in Idaho Falls when it gets real cold (I don't remember it ever going below ten below), Mother would fill two quart jars full of hot water and tuck down in the hay or the straw down on the inside of the wagon box, and we'd wrap ourselves up with quilts and sit there in that wagon box and go wherever we had to go, to stay warm. That was how we got around Elba. Of course, you didn't go very much from Elba in that old bobsleigh.

Marie remembers that Earl being unable to keep the bobsleigh in the road because the drifts were too deep. The wagons construction was like a big wagon box with skids on the bottom. He could drive the bobsleigh over the tops of the fences where the drifts were deep in order to go to church. To help keep feet warm, bricks were heated in the oven and wrapped in towels. The Hubbards were wrapped up in quilts to go to church. Two horses would pull the sleigh, large ranch working horses, with bells on the collars. In the TV show "little house on the prairie", they always showed horses trotting. In real life, if they are working horses, the driver did not wear them out with trotting, rather they simply plodded along.

### **Rattlesnakes and Spear Points**

Once there was a rattlesnake right in the gateway in the property across the street at the Homer place. That's the house right across the street from the big, brick ranch house. The snake was laying over some rocks right in that gateway. Dad killed it and took its rattles.

Another time Dad was helping one of the farmers who had a cow that died. They were dragging it off up the country so that it wouldn't stink up the whole neighborhood. They dragged it about three miles away so the flies wouldn't get back to the other cattle. There were precautions they tried to take to get rid of stuff like that. It would take a great, big hole to bury something like that and you'd have to dig it by hand with a shovel. It was easier to drag it off. They dragged it up an old road and the horses started shying and neighing and dancing around and acting real spooky. So Dad pulled them to the side and there was a rabbit hole. There was a rattlesnake down the hole. They got the snake out. They didn't leave it because at that time you just killed rattlesnakes whenever you found one. They didn't stop and think that it was getting rid of the mice. If it was a rattlesnake, it got killed. It was about as big around as Dad's arm and about as long as his arm. Rattlesnakes in Idaho are not real long. They killed it and skinned it and Dad cured the skin and wore it on his hat as a hatband. It had 12 rattles and a button on it. I think the big rattles were about as wide as my thumb. It was a big snake!

### **Bad Breaks**

We used to gather pine nuts. The trees that produce the pine nuts are very brittle. Dad was up in the tree knocking the cones down and the limb he was standing broke. He fell in the tree and broke some ribs and also broke his little finger. Anita has a little finger that is just as crooked as it could be and Dad had a finger like that. But after he broke it and it healed, it was perfectly straight. Mother had splinted it with popsicle sticks.

Dad was left-handed. As a kid, one year he broke his left hand and arm. It was a pretty bad break. I think it was near the wrist. So he couldn't use it to write. He learned to write with his other hand. From then on he could hammer or cut with shears with either hand. It didn't matter. I think I kind of picked that up. I thread the needle of the sewing machine left-handed and I put zippers in left-handed, and a few things like that. I can't write with my left hand but Dad could. He had beautiful penmanship.

## **A Camera**

Hard times. I knew we were poor. We didn't have any nickels, quarters or pennies. The year before Dad died, the war was just beginning to start [WWII]. Dad got a chance to go down to Ogden and work construction, building things, to make a living for us. He was just beginning to make some money and he noticed in the window of a pawn shop, a camera. He noticed it was a movie camera instead of a still camera. He went in there and that guy sold him that movie camera for \$5. This was back in 1940. So he brought it home and we took movies of us kids when I was just a Freshman in high school.

During the 2<sup>nd</sup> world war, sugar, beef, and gasoline were rationed. They would have tokens (flat red plastic) good for sugar and beef. This means there was not enough sugar to can peaches, and canned peaches do not taste nearly as good canned with honey as opposed to sugar. Rachel Fifield had a kettle can, and everything was sterilized with boiling water. The fruit brought to a boil, and syrup for the fruit made with sugar or honey. The hot fruit was boiled and barely cooked, put into each of the bottles, filled with syrup, and sealed with mason jar lids and rings. Rachel would wipe each bottle to get the sticky off, and turn the jars upside down. After so many days, the jars were turned right side up and then tested to see which ones were sealed. Any jars that were not sealed needed to be eaten right away.



Back row: John Allen, Melba Raye, Anita Faye, Rachel Fifield Hubbard, Earl Pratt  
Front row: John Allen, Anna Marie

## **The Lost Money**

During the days Dad drove school bus from Elba to Malta. He would work for the farmers. One time one of the farmers asked him if he would plow his field for him. I think it was a small tractor with a one or two furrow plow. He had previously been paid for a job so he had \$300 in his wallet. When he got through plowing he discovered his wallet was missing. He went back and re-plowed part of the field but couldn't find it. He and mother were just sick. That was their money for the year.

## DAD'S FINAL ILLNESS

When I was a teenager, Dad was just beginning to work and earn money for us when he developed malignant high blood pressure. The doctors never did learn how to control it. From that time he went downhill. He had to stop working because he would have mini-strokes or what they now call malignant hypertension, or TIA, which is an interruption of the blood supply in the brain. When that happens, you blank out for a few minutes. He would fall. He would have a stroke and he would wake up and be disoriented. He was real sick about the last five years of his life.

During the war, Dad went to Ogden to work. One of his jobs as a carpenter was roofing some buildings and things like that and he had a stroke and almost fell off the scaffolding. So he had to quit and come home. He didn't last very many years after that.

Dad drove the school bus. He moved a covered wagon with a little stove in it down to Malta so in between driving the bus he'd go in there and rest or sleep or whatever. That's when he really got bad. Before it got bad, during in-between times he would plow for the farmers in Malta and jobs like that to keep money coming in. They paid him for school bus driving but they didn't pay very much.

Dad died when I was seventeen. Earl was 13, going on 14. He was just getting of an age where he could learn how to help and he just never did. My youngest brother, John, was just seven.

That's how my teenage years were before I went into nurses training. My Dad was so sick, there wasn't much we could do for him and I knew absolutely nothing. He would have me shave him occasionally with his electric razor because he was too shaky and he couldn't do it himself. He didn't have any strength in his hands and arms anymore. He'd sit and watch the kittens play. He enjoyed that. When he'd get to walking he'd have the sensation . . . .

Dad died when he was 44. I was 17. He was born in 1900, so it was 1944 when he died in October. But he was a worker, always busy going down to milk or to change the water in the fields, to irrigate, harvest the crops, hay, grain, dry peas, beans, garden produce, etc.

Mother had to go someplace else and try to find a way to make a living. She still had the farm and she had to work. She went back to school got her teaching diploma (previously she only had a teaching certificate) from the Albion Normal School, which was a teacher's college. She taught K through 4 and she was teaching English to Spanish. The man that she married had a deaf son and she learned how to sign. He leased the farm to others to take care of it but that was not really successful. Everybody descended on our farm and our properties like locusts and stole everything that wasn't nailed down.

[Eight years after Earl Pratt Hubbard passed away, Rachel remarried to Leo Edwin Tracy on the 21st of June 1952. Marie was 25 at the time, and was married to Farrell Glen Ahlstrom as of the 24<sup>th</sup> of November, 1948.]



Mother's graduation  
1952 Albion School

### **More Car Troubles**

After Dad died, Mother, John and I had gone to visit family in Rockland one day and had car problems, so it was late when we were coming home and our headlights went out. It was a loose fuse. Mother said, "You're going to have to hold that fuse in place or we aren't going to have any headlights." The fuse was a little glass tube with metal on each end. It would get red hot, hot enough to burn my fingers, so finally I folded up a handkerchief and held that fuse in place to keep our headlights burning to get back to Elba from Rockland that night. I think it must have been about three o'clock in the morning before we got home. It took us two hours to drive from Rockland to Elba



Marie & John Hubbard