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of the station and everyone got out and walked the balance of the way.

While living in Hubbard ~~and~~ Aunt Zet and her son Harold visited us. His father was an Irishman and in charge of a railroad gang and cursed a blue streak. Harold was a chip off the old block, he could say words I had never heard of before.

My Uncle Bob and Bess visited us several times while we were there. I always remembered Bob because he was always joking and laughing and he loved buttermilk and hot pepper. Aunt Bess was always sickly and had many operations during her life time.

My Uncle George and Aunt Pearl had also moved to Hubbard and also my Uncle J. B. Harless.

My grand father George Washington Harless was not real tall ~~but~~ but rather stocky with a mustache (if ~~its~~ if my memory is correct).

I remember one day he brought a huge Sweet potato by our house to show us. It was a giant size must have weighed at least ten or fifteen pounds. He caught me outside playing in a cold March wind right after I had recovered from the pneumonia. He preached me and my mother a sermon that day.