

### **David Glenn (Buddy) Johnson Jr. Remembers:**

I remember having to stand at the back of the line until all the uncles and aunts had served their plates and sometimes it seemed like we had to wait hours in line. But the food was outstanding as the aunts really knew how to cook. If you took food you had to eat it, no excuses. Then there was the ice cream making and turning the cranks until it was frozen solid.

I also remember Uncle Phillip bringing all those sweet watermelons. On July 4th, my father (Uncle Dave) would always have nearly a ton of Bull Dog Soda for the farm hands and me to put out in the corn fields at the rail road tracks before we could get ready to go to Carol Villa for the celebration. On one trip to Papa and Grandmama's house, we four older children were making a lot of noise on the back seat of the car and were warned twice to be quiet to no avail. My Father broke his glass belt on the first lick and boy was he furious.

Uncle Mac and Papa would take us to the pasture to see the cattle and crops later in the afternoon. The football games in front of Carol Villa were always fun. I didn't play football in high school but the cousins would let me play on the line at our reunions. Mickey and William Randle were usually the opposing quarterbacks. When I was 14, Grandmama gave me a Bible, a plaid shirt and a pair of corduroy trousers.

One July 4th we (Dave Johnson family) brought a German Shepherd Police puppy for Uncle Seth. We grand children took the puppy down in the pecan orchard west of Carol Villa to a bee hive and turned over the bee hive. The honey bees got in my sister's hair and she ran to Papa's house crying and screaming, "Get these damn bees out of my hair!"

And by the way, I was not involved in burning down the barn. ☹