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GROWING UP IN BANDERA

By Glenn Clark

Special to the Prophet

It is strange how certain events from back in the day can be so quickly recalled in great detail after so many years. Some of those were triggered recently when I saw my classmate and friend J.M. Clements.

One in particular was the night during a home football game when he ran headfirst into the steel landing mat fence around the playing field. As hardheaded as my friend might have been, he was no match for the fence. I'll bet he still has a clear recollection of that night too. Well, what happened after the cobwebs cleared I suppose.

J.M. was fast on his feet which probably added to the velocity in which he hit the fence. He set a record as I recall in track during his high school days. If memory serves me correctly it was "Hot Rod" Harry Heim's record that he broke. His record was then broken by Greg Hicks. Maybe there's something in the water around Bandera.

We lived near the school in the fifties when the old gym was being built. Back then all levels of our school system were on the location occupied now by the middle school alone. I remember watching the gym construction and thinking what a huge change it was at the time. The old gym is gone now along with a lot of other buildings on the campus but the memories, both good and bad, are still with me.

Walking into a fried chicken restaurant can trigger a memory of a Sunday meal at the Clark house following mass at St. Stanislaus Catholic church back in the day. Believe me when I say the taste I get today will be entirely different than when my momma was frying chicken. If my wife, who is an excellent cook, happens to be frying up a batch, that will allow me to once again enjoy that unique taste.

There is just something about home fried chicken that is hard to duplicate. When quoting Guy Clark I might add a line about home fried chicken to his lyrics, "Only two things money can't buy, that's true love and homegrown tomatoes."

On the rare occasions my wife and I venture out to catch a "flick," as we called movies back in our cool years, I don't seem to enjoy myself like I did at the Bantex Theater many years ago. Not sure if it's the environment of the new megaplex

theaters or the movies themselves. I sure do miss those days when Audie Murphy and John Wayne used six shooters that could fire twelve times without reloading. As my Growing Up In Bandera story keeps rolling along I can count on the blessing of a somewhat sound mind to recall events that can carry me away from any of my modern day problems.

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