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Growing Up In Bandera

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Special To The Prophet

I really do feel sorry for the folks who had to grow up in a big city environment. While I'm sure they had their friends it was a far cry from the lifestyle I enjoyed being a part of a small community.

An absence of traffic lights to stop vehicles and a lack of traffic noise, other than a few teens dragging main late in the evening, are some highlights of an earlier Bandera.

The local law enforcement was able to have late coffee breaks at the OST without interruptions on most nights during the week. Of course there was always a chance that some bored kid might decide to take a ride down main street on a go kart and do a doughnut in front of the restaurant just to cause some excitement. That rarely caused any pursuit and certainly didn't break up any conversation going on in the cafe. Weekends were somewhat busier as the town came alive when the local nightclubs held their Saturday night dances.

For the younger generation Friday nights meant high school football game night and Saturdays evenings were usually spent at the Bantex Theater. Sunday was church, a fried chicken meal and Dallas Cowboys game day. Monday Night Football wasn't invented yet. Just as well because I'm pretty sure my mom would not have allowed us to stay up on a school night to watch a football game anyway. Not even if it was a Dallas Cowboy game.

Our summers when we were young and out of school for summer vacation were consumed by spending as much time as possible on or in the river. Without a doubt that is my favorite childhood memory with friends. It was sometimes interrupted by my mom with her seemingly never ending list of chores. I will admit to some mornings sneaking off to the river to avoid those tasks but when I heard our old truck coming with the horn blowing you better believe I came running. "Sorry mom, I forgot".

I still enjoy sitting on the front porch in the evenings as the light of day fades. When there is a nice breeze blowing I will stay a little longer than normal. It reminds me of a time when we would sit on the front porch swing at home until

our mom would make us come into the house. Growing Up In Bandera back in the day was something that was both simple and special.

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