

The Bandera PROPHEET

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GROWING UP IN BANDERA

By Glenn Clark

Special to the Prophet

I have been an avid collector of antique fishing tackle for about 35 years. Being a fisherman since early childhood I guess it was a hobby I was naturally drawn to as an adult. Over time the collection got out of hand and grew from a small tackle box to a display case and then to many more display cases. That soon gave way to a portable building full of everything to do with fishing from the late 1800s to modern bass fishing needs. I never intended to collect anything other than lures but at one point I had hundreds of reels.

In recent years I have tried to downsize in an effort to regain control of some much needed storage and living space. I have found there are certain things I can pretty much give away while others will be making the trip with me into the afterlife. Those scheduled for the long haul include items of sentimental value and others that are so unique I just can't bear to part with them. Like other antique collectibles some lures have lost value over the last few decades and I will just tough it out in an attempt to wait for a recovery period for values.

Sentimental value is the one that is almost impossible to overcome. Lures given to me by my grandkids and other family members rate very high. My wife became knowledgeable and added to the collection over the years too. Ones given by friends and co-workers also have a special place and would leave a void not only in my collection but in my heart if I were to part with them. Too many of those friends have now passed away and the lure serves as a reminder of the friendship we had.

The walls and shelves in my computer room are adorned with a healthy array of fishing items and other keepsakes. I have quite a few jars of varying sizes filled with marbles because of my friendship with Angel Martinez back in the day. I understand that his family still has some marbles that were his. Maybe they include

some he won from me playing "keepsies" on the field below St. Joseph's School. Just knowing that it's possible is a nice thought.

A mounted bass that was my first one over 10 pounds. I have been fortunate in my Growing Up In Bandera life to have caught probably more than my share of bass over that weight but vowed to never keep another for mounting. I now use a camera for keeping a fishing memory alive.

A Pinewood Derby car from my Cub Scout days preserved by my mom. A special lure presented to me during a skatepark fundraiser made possible by Byron Boyd and a few others serves as a reminder of what love and dedication can accomplish. A wide range of items covering a lifetime tells me my collecting days may not be over just yet.

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