

The Bandera PROPHEET

Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark
Special to the Prophet

Global warming has once again reared it's ugly head in our little town. Or as we like to call it, South Texas tubing and watermelon eating season. Due to our advanced age my wife and I no longer chance getting nekkid and throwing ice water to cool down here at home. And there is always a chance the grandkids might drop in.

Back in the day when teen boys were roaming around the countryside it wasn't unusual for a skinny dipping session to pop up at any given time. The sight of any body of water, regardless of the size, could trigger a swimming adventure when bathing suits weren't readily available. Creeks, stock tanks, or water troughs would work when we weren't at the river. I do recall a couple times when late at night the pool behind the Frontier Hotel in town was used. Most of the time the Purple Cow crowd was too far into the nights activities to even take notice. But now there was that one time I "heard" about. Drunk cowboys in boots are no match for barefoot kids when it comes to speed.

As younger boys we tried to avoid "The Swing" area on the river when older guys were swimming there. We didn't want to end up skinny dipping in an effort to retrieve our shorts which had been anchored with a rock and thrown into the river. By the end of summer I could dive deeper than any turtle you ever saw.

My wife and I were recently talking about the first new car we bought in 1966. It didn't have air conditioning but it had a good radio so we could listen to all that great music we had back in the day. Our first car with a/c

was a Dodge Challenger we bought in early 1971. The vehicles we drive now have cooling systems so advanced you could hang meat in them. All those years of school here in Bandera with no air conditioning in the classrooms must have been miserable at times but I truly don't recall it being a hardship. I do remember going to the library in high school during study periods because it was air conditioned. Just don't ask me to name any title of a book I checked out.

I have enjoyed many long friendships as my Growing Up In Bandera life has played out. One of the longest is with our family friend Margaret Davenport Lovelace who I have known since the first grade. The Davenport name has been around Bandera about as long as the Clarks and Kindlas who were my ancestors. Our families still maintain a close relationship as we continue to grow and make history. Sadly, it is history that no longer includes skinny dipping for me.

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